

JULY 1917

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

Vol. XXIX

No. 9

*"All in my honor,
I know."*

*"We'll make her
marry one of us!"*

*Their progress up the
street resembled a
triumphal march*

*"Oh, Mac, we're married
Don't send me away."*

*"To my independence!
Gone, snatched from me."*

*Published at
AUGUSTA MAINE*

A DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE See story-page 8

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Productive Industry and Commercial Enterprise Must Not Be Crippled by Excessively Heavy War Taxes

THE fact that Congress has voted a war appropriation of seven billion dollars as a starter, while the war plans on foot and in prospect involve a probable expenditure exceeding that sum, indicates clearly enough that the government is in urgent need of a vast sum of money, all of which must be obtained from the people by some means or other, for they are the source from which it must come. And it is equally clear that in order to enable them to furnish these funds the prosperity of the country must continue unimpaired. To this end normal business conditions not only must not be seriously interfered with but the innumerable industries on which the earning capacity of the nation depends must thrive and even be stimulated and speeded up. In other words the people must be busily employed producing and earning to an extent never before realized here and at the same time spending and consuming liberally, for, let it be emphasized, that any considerable curtailment of consumption will surely result in the closing of many industrial establishments and thereby throw out of employment many hands, demoralize business and reduce the earning power of labor and capital.

Production and consumption are equally indispensable links in the endless chain of prosperity. Therefore the tendency which present high prices have toward reduction of consumption must not be materially aggravated by excessively high taxation which, according to the form in which it is applied, will either cripple industry in the first instance or work the same havoc secondarily by reducing the purchasing power of the people.

How, then, is the government to obtain the necessary funds with which to carry on the war? There are but two possible ways. Taxation is one and borrowing is the other. It has been decided, as a matter of course, that both means are to be used, and the only question is as to the respective proportions in which they shall be employed. Congress has already ordered the issuance of two billion dollars of government bonds (the so-called Liberty Loan) and they are now being offered for sale to the people. But for two months Congress has been considering and, at the present writing (June 8th), is still undecided as to how much shall be raised by war taxes. As pointed out, this is a question of vital consequence.

We expect, and the country can stand, a considerable increase of taxes during the war, provided the increase is not excessive and is so apportioned and applied as not to unduly burden and cripple any industry nor largely reduce the purchasing power of the people by absorbing their earnings in large direct and indirect taxes. But the war revenue bill which the House of Representatives in its obsession by the fetish of raising as much money as possible by taxation, regardless of consequences concocted and passed is a monstrosity of un wisdom and will be disastrous to the country unless radically reformed before finally enacted. It aimed to raise nearly two billion dollars the first year by a variety of taxes many of them oppressive and some so excessively heavy as to threaten the crippling or destruction of important industries. A deaf ear was turned to the remonstrances that poured in from all sections of the country, and arguments and pleas for rational and considerate action were met with the stupid excuse "the government needs the money and we can not bother to look into and rectify the defects and injustices of the bill." The remark of one of the leaders who, after acknowledging various defects in the bill, said "I shall shut my eyes and vote for it," reflects the unreasonable attitude of mind that swayed the House.

The bill is now in the Senate Finance Committee which has listened with respectful attention to all interested parties who wished to be heard. It is expected that, on recommendation of its committee, the Senate will amend the bill

so as to reduce the total of the first year's war tax to or below one billion and one half and eliminate the glaringly unjust, unwise and excessively burdensome features—in other words, make it over into a livable taxation plan which will permit the country to prosper so that by means of continued prosperity it can sustain the burdens of war. Of course this means that if less is raised by immediate taxation more will have to be procured by borrowing. But if prosperous the people will be willing and financially able to lend the government all the money it can possibly require. Furthermore, the difference in the amount to be borrowed in consequence of mitigating the proposed war taxes will be less than the figures would seem to indicate, because of the known fact that a moderately large tax always produces more revenue than an excessively heavy tax.

When the tax on a given article is raised to a certain point the price becomes nearly prohibitive and the consumption of the article declines to a degree that yields less revenue than a smaller tax which does not materially lessen consumption. The high tax, by reducing consumption, cuts down the market demand and imperils or destroys the industry which produces the article. There is one safe rule which should be the basic principle of our war taxes, and that is to put the taxes, reasonable taxes, on profits where practicable; this would impose no hardship on anybody and would distribute the burden in proportion to ability to bear it.

Everybody that Can Should Own a Liberty Bond

WE hope that every COMFORT reader, man, woman and child, that can scrape together fifty dollars or more of spare cash has subscribed for one or more Liberty Bonds according to his means. We would have mentioned this in our last month's editorial if the full details of the bonds had been obtainable before our June issue went to press. When this reaches our readers it will be too late to subscribe for bonds of the present issue, as subscriptions to this offering, which is limited to two billion dollars, closed June 15th. But other bond issues will be offered during the war to meet the government's needs; therefore all should know their duty and interest to help float the war loans.

To own a Liberty Bond is a good investment, good policy and a patriotic duty. It is a U. S. government bond, the safest investment in the world; you can have it registered in your name so that there will be no danger of loss by theft. It pays interest at the rate of three and one half per cent a year, payable twice a year, December and June. You can borrow money on it at any bank; it will have a market value the world over and be salable anywhere at any time. Principal and interest will be tax free; neither Federal or State government nor any county, city, town or district in the United States can tax you for it. They are war bonds sold by the government to raise money to carry on the war, as stated, and it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to help by buying them to the extent of his available means. Men of wealth, the banks, insurance companies and large corporations have bought heavily of them. Like postage stamps, they are offered in large or small lots or single bonds at the same price to anybody and everybody.

It is good policy to subscribe for as many Liberty Bonds as you can pay for. Although wealthy individuals and large corporations have subscribed for large lots, a number of them for million dollar blocks or bigger, still these are not enough to cover such a large loan and the government has to rely on the great mass of the people of moderate means to come forward and invest their savings in the purchase of small blocks or single bonds. The bonds will be issued in denominations of \$1000, \$500, \$100 and even as small

as \$50 each to come within the means of small investors. All banks, postmasters and express offices receive subscriptions, and if you are short of ready cash you can pay two per cent when you subscribe and your local bank will arrange for you to pay the balance in small installments. The government needs your money, wants everybody that possibly can to own a Liberty Bond and has made it easy for you to subscribe and buy on your own terms. The present issue has been over-subscribed but the small subscriptions will be given the preference in the allotment of bonds.

The government must have the necessary money for war purposes and as there are only two ways of obtaining it—borrowing and taxation—if each issue of the Liberty Loan is not fully subscribed the natural consequence will be to raise the war taxes above the contemplated rates. The plan, as explained, is to procure part by loan and part by increase of taxes. Is it not good policy for the people to buy the Liberty Bonds, which are an interest-paying investment, rather than to pay a larger share of the war expense by immediate war taxes? Is there any other escape from burdensomely high war taxes? Don't be deterred from buying these bonds by the expectation that there will be another war loan perhaps at a higher rate of interest. The government ought to be able to borrow all the money it needs at any time for three and one half per cent, but the possible contingency has been provided for by the government's specific agreement that in case it issues any later bonds at a higher interest rate during the war the bonds of the present issue shall be exchangeable for the bonds of the higher interest rate; the government will swap even with you, bond for bond.

Government to Guarantee Farmers a Minimum Price for Farm Produce

ONE of the most important war measures now under consideration by Congress is a bill to establish a guaranteed minimum price to producers of non-perishable agricultural products under regulations to be prescribed by the President. As the purpose of the bill is to induce the farmers to make the utmost effort to raise as large crops as possible by a government guaranty against loss through low prices in case of overproduction, it should have become law two months ago, before planting time had passed. Present indications point to its adoption within the next few weeks, but the delay, already too long, in acting on it is inexcusable under the existing exigency and impending danger of a world famine. Under any circumstances it is a reasonable, proper and much needed measure with every reason in its favor and none against it; in the present crisis it is imperative.

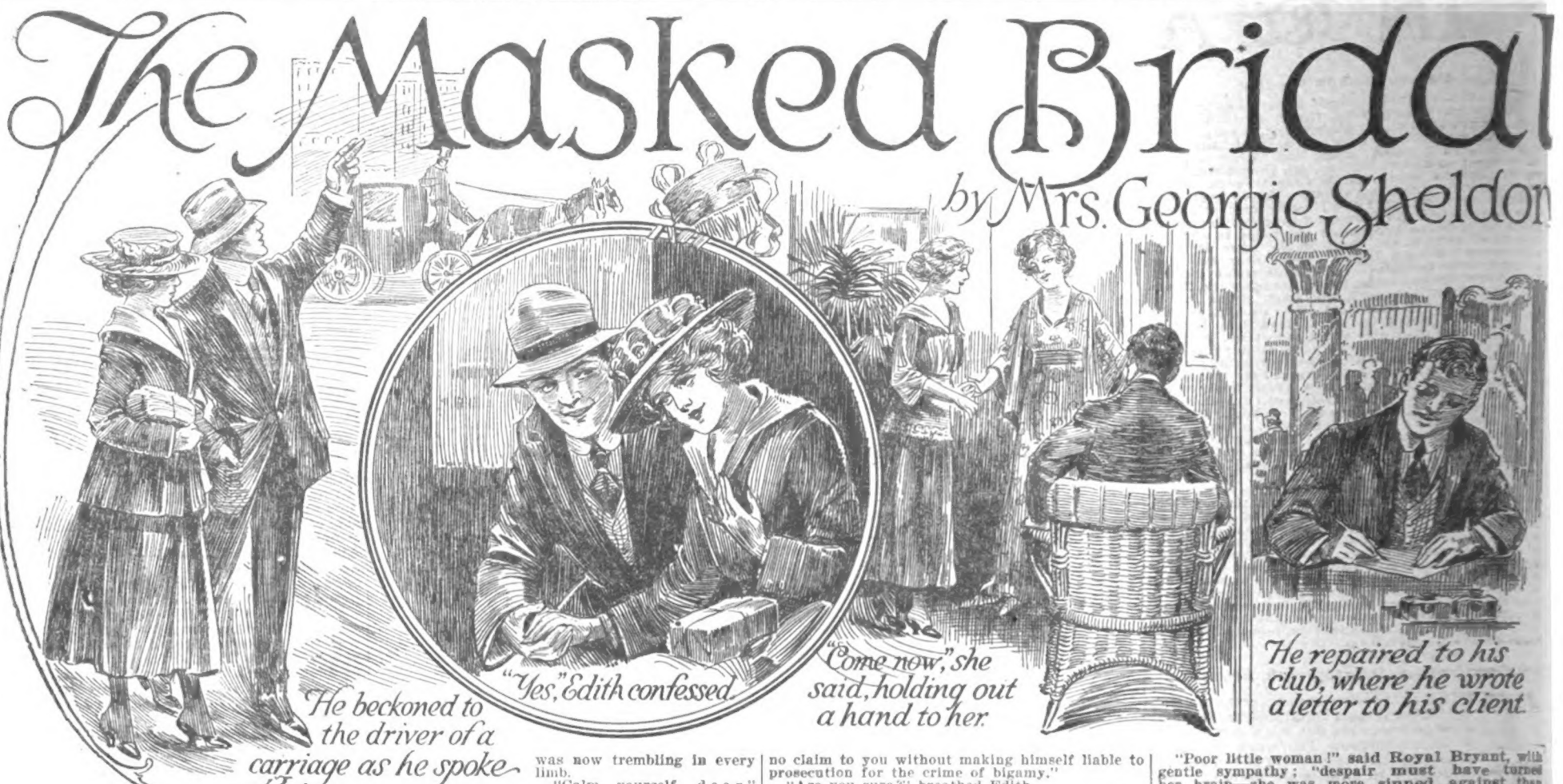
By bitter experience the farmers have learned the disastrous effect of overproduction, of too large crops which depress prices below the cost of production. A comparatively small surplus over what is required for the year's consumption drives prices down to a losing figure. Therefore the farmers aim not to produce a surplus and consequently the surplus carried over from one year to another in this country is so small that an extensive crop failure any year is likely to put the entire country on short rations. So we live under the continual menace of famine. The speculators buy the crops as cheap as they can, carry over the surplus and take a chance of realizing a profit by a short crop the following season. The only remedy is for the government to stand ready to buy the surplus, however large, at a fair, living price and store it as a safeguard against famine in case of one or more years of general crop failure. This is the only way whereby the farmers can be assured of fair prices and the country protected against famine and the consumer against extortionate speculative prices.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year; foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. *We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do.* If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we must have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send both. We do not supply back numbers.

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He beckoned to the driver of a carriage as he spoke.

"Yes," Edith confessed.

"Come now," she said, holding out a hand to her.

He repaired to his club, where he wrote a letter to his client.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A SAD STORY DISCLOSED TO AN EAGER LISTENER.

"I DO not understand you, sir. I think you have made a mistake; this lady is under my protection."

"But I have orders to intercept a person answering to this lady's description," returned the policeman.

"By whose orders are you acting, if I may inquire?" demanded the young man.

"A Boston party."

"And the lady's name, if you please?"

"No name is given, sir; but she is described as a girl of about twenty, pure blonde, very pretty, slight and graceful in figure, wearing a dark-brown dress and jacket and a brown hat with black feathers. She will be alone and has no baggage," said the policeman, reading from the telegram which he had received some two hours previous.

Mr. Bryant smiled loftily.

"Your description hits the case in some respects, I admit," he observed, with an appreciative glance at Edith, who stood beside him outwardly calm and collected, though the hand that rested upon his arm was tense with repressed emotion, "but in others it is wide of its mark. You have her personal appearance, in a general way, and the dress happens to correspond in everything but the hat. You will observe that the lady wears a black hat with a scarlet wing instead of a brown one with black feathers. She did not arrive alone, either, as you perceive, we got off the train together."

The officer looked perplexed.

"What may your name be, sir, if you please?" he inquired, with more civility than he had yet shown.

"Royal Bryant, of the firm of Bryant & Co., Attorneys. Here is my card, and you can find me at my office between the hours of nine and four any day you may wish," the young man frankly returned, as he slipped the bit of pasteboard into the man's hand.

"And will you swear that you are not aiding and abetting this young lady in trying to escape the legal authority of friends in Boston?" questioned the policeman.

"Ahem! I was not aware that I was being examined under oath," responded the young lawyer, with quiet irony. "However, I am willing to give you my word of honor as a gentleman, that this lady is accountable to no one in Boston for her movements."

"Well, I reckon I have made a mistake; but where in thunder, then, is the girl I'm after?" muttered the officer.

"Does your telegram authorize you to arrest a runaway from Boston?" Mr. Bryant inquired.

"Yes, a girl from the smart set, who don't want any scandal over the matter," replied the man.

"But she may not have come by the Boston and Albany line," objected Mr. Bryant. "There are several trains that leave the city from different stations about the same time; you may find your bird on a later train, Mr. Officer," he concluded, in a reassuring tone.

"That is so," was the thoughtful response.

"Then I suppose you will not care to detain us any longer," Mr. Bryant courteously remarked.

"Come Edith," he added, turning with a smile to his companion, and then he started to move on.

"Hold on! I'm blamed if I don't think I'm right after all," said the policeman, in a tone of conviction, as he again placed himself in their path.

Royal Bryant flashed a look of fire at him.

"Have you a warrant for the lady's arrest?"

"No; I am simply ordered to detain her until her friends can come on and take charge of her," the man reluctantly admitted, while he heaved a sigh for the fat plum that had been promised him in the event of his "bagging his game."

"Then, if you are not legally authorized in this matter, I would advise you, as a friend, to make no mistake," gravely returned the young lawyer. "You might heap up wrath for yourself; while, if your patrons are anxious to avoid a scandal, you are taking the surest way to create one by interfering with the movements of myself and my companion. This young lady is my friend, and, as I have already told you, under my protection; as her attorney, also, I shall stand no nonsense, I assure you."

"Beg pardon, sir; but I'm only trying to obey orders," apologized the official. "But would you have the goodness to tell me this young lady's name?"

"Certainly," he responded, with the utmost cheerfulness, "this lady's name is Miss Edith Allandale, and she is the daughter of the late Albert Allandale of Allandale & Capen, bankers."

"It is all right, sir," said the officer, at last convinced that he had made a mistake, for Allandale & Capen had been a well-known firm to him. "You can go on," he added, touching his hat respectfully, "and I beg pardon for troubling you."

Without more ado he turned away, while Edith and her escort passed on, but the frightened girl

was now trembling in every limb. "Calm yourself, dear," whispered her companion, involuntarily using the affectionate term, as he hastened to lead her into the fresh air. "You are safe, and I will soon have you in a place where your enemies will never think of looking for you."

He beckoned to the driver of a carriage as he spoke, and in another minute was assisting Edith into it; then, taking a seat beside her, he gave the man his order, and as the vehicle moved away in the darkness, the poor girl began to breathe freely for the first time since alighting from the train.

Mr. Bryant gave her a little time to recover herself, and then asked her to tell him all her trouble.

This she was only too glad to do; and, beginning with the death of her mother, she poured out the whole story of the last three months to him, dwelling mostly, however, upon the persecutions of Emil Correlli and the climax to which they had recently attained.

"I was in despair," Edith finally remarked in conclusion, "until yesterday, when, by the merest chance, my eye fell upon that advertisement of yours and it flashed upon me that the best course for me to pursue would be to come directly to New York and seek your aid; I felt sure you would be as willing to help me as upon a previous occasion."

"Certainly I would—you judged me rightly," the young man responded, "but—bending nearer to her and speaking in a slightly reproachful tone—"tell me, please, what was your object in leaving New York so unceremoniously?"

"I—I thought it was best," she faltered.

"Why for the 'best'?—for you or for me?"

"Tell me, please," he pleaded, gently.

"For—both," she replied.

"I—you will pardon me if I speak plainly—I thought it very strange," he remarked gravely. "It almost seemed to me as if you were fleeing from me, for I fully expected that you would return to the office on Thursday morning, as I had appointed. Had I done anything to offend you or drive you away—Edith?"

"No—oh, no," she quickly returned.

"I am very glad to know that," said her companion, a slight tremulousness in his tones, "for I have feared that I might have betrayed my feelings in a way to wound or annoy you; for, Edith—I can no longer keep the secret—I had learned to love you with all my heart during that week that you spent in my office, and I resolved, on parting with you at the carriage, the morning of your release, to confess the fact to you as soon as you returned to the office, ask you to be my wife and thus let me stand between you and the world for all time. Nay—"

as Edith here made a little gesture as if to check him—"I must make a full confession now, while I have the opportunity. I was almost in despair when I received your brief note telling me that you had left the city and without giving me the slightest clue to your destination. All my plans, all my fond anticipations, were dashed to the earth, dear. I loved you so I felt that I could not bear the separation. I love you still, my darling—my heart leaped for joy this afternoon when I received your telegram. And now, while I have you here all to myself, I have dared to tell you of it, and beg you to tell me if there is any hope for me? Can you love me in return?—will you be my wife?"

"Oh, hush! you forget the wretched tie that binds me to that villain in Boston," cried Edith.

"No tie binds you to him, dear," he whispered, tenderly. "Do you think I would have opened my heart to you thus if I had really believed you to be the wife of another?"

"Oh, do you mean that the marriage was not legal? Oh, if I could believe that!" Edith exclaimed.

"Tell me, Edith, if I can prove it to you, will there be hope for me?" he whispered.

Ought she to answer him as her heart dictated? Dare she confess her love with that stigma of her mother's early mistake resting upon her? she asked herself, in anguish of spirit.

"I—dare not tell you," she murmured at last.

"You 'dare' not tell me!" he cried, joyfully.

"Darling, I am answered already! But why do you hesitate to open your heart to me?"

A sudden resolve took possession of her; she would tell him the whole truth, let come what might.

"I will not," she said. "I have a sad story to tell you; but first, explain to me what you meant when you said that no tie binds me to that man?"

"I meant that that marriage was simply a farce, in spite of the sacrilegious attempt of your enemies to legalize it," said the young lawyer, gravely.

"Can that be possible?" sighed Edith.

"I will prove it to you. You have told me that this man Correlli lived with that Italian woman here in New York for two years or more."

"Yes."

"Do you know whether he allowed her to be known by his name?"

"No; but she told me that he allowed her to appear as his wife in the house where they lived."

"Well, then, if that can be proven—and I have not much doubt about the matter—the girl, by the laws of New York, which decree that if a couple live together in this state as husband and wife, they are such—this girl, I say, is the legal wife of Emil Correlli, consequently he can lay

no claim to you without making himself liable to prosecution for the crime of bigamy."

"Are you sure?" breathed Edith.

"So sure, dear, that I have nothing to fear for your future, regarding your connection with this man, and everything to hope for regarding your happiness and mine, if you will but tell me that you love me," her lover returned, as he boldly captured the hand that lay alluringly near him.

She did not withdraw it from his clasp.

"Forgive my impatience, dear, and tell me the 'sad story' to which you referred a little while ago."

A heavy sigh escaped Edith.

"You will be surprised to learn," she began, "that Mr. and Mrs. Allandale were not my own parents—that I was their adopted daughter."

"Indeed! I am surprised!" exclaimed Mr. Bryant.

"I did not discover the fact, however," the young girl pursued, "until the night after my mother's burial."

And then she proceeded to relate all that had occurred in connection with the box of letters which Mrs. Allandale had desired, when dying, to be burned.

She told of her subsequent examination of them, especially of those signed "Belle," and the story which they had revealed.

Royal Bryant listened to the pathetic tale without once interrupting the fair narrator, and Edith's heart sank more and more in her bosom as she proceeded, and feared that she was so shocking him by these revelations that his affection for her would die with this expose of her secret.

But he still held her hand clasped in his; and when, at the conclusion of her story, she gently tried to withdraw it, his fingers closed more firmly over hers, when, bending still nearer to her, he questioned, in fond, eager tones:

"Was this the reason of your leaving New York so abruptly last December?"

"Yes."

"Was it because you loved me and could not trust yourself to meet me day after day without betraying the fact when you feared that the knowledge of your birth might become a barrier between us? Tell me, my darling, truly."

"Yes," Edith confessed; "but how could you guess it—how could you read my heart so like an open book?"

"Is said that 'love is blind,'" he said, "but mine was keen to read the signs I coveted, and I believed, even when you were in your deepest trouble, that you were beginning to love me, and that I should eventually win you."

"Why! did you begin to—?" Edith began.

"Did I begin to plan to win you so far back as that?" he laughingly exclaimed, and putting his own interpretation upon her half-finished sentence. "My darling, I began to love you and to wish for you even before your first day's work was done for me."

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

"And now, love," the eager wooer continued, as he dropped the hand he had been holding and drew the happy girl into his arms, "you will give yourself to me—you will give me the right to stand between you and all future care or trouble?"

"Then you do not mind what I have just told you?"

"Not in the least, only so far as it occasions your unhappiness or anxiety," replied the young man. "You are unscathed by it—the sin and the shame belong alone to the man who ruined the life of your mother. You are my pearl, my fair lily, unspotted by any blemish, and I should be unworthy of you, indeed, did I allow what you have told me to prejudice me in the slightest degree. Now tell me, Edith, that henceforth there shall be no barrier between us—tell me that you love me."

"How can I help it?" she murmured.

"And will you be my wife?"

"Oh, if it is possible—if I can be," she faltered.

"Are you sure that I am not already bound?"

"Leave all that to me—do not fret, even for one second, over it," her lover tenderly returned. "Then he added, more lightly: 'I am so sure, sweetheart, that tomorrow I shall bring you a letter which will proclaim to all whom it may concern, that henceforth you belong to me.'"

He lifted her face when he ceased speaking, pressed his first caress upon her lips.

A little later he inquired:

"And have you no clew to the name of your parents?"

"No—all the clew that I have is simply the name of 'Belle' that was signed to the letters of which I have told you," Edith replied, with a regretful sigh.

"It is perhaps just as well, dear, after all," said her lover, cheerfully; "if you knew more, and should ever chance to meet the man who so wronged your mother, it might cause you a great deal of unhappiness."

"I have not a regret on his account," said Edith, bitterly; "but I would like to know something about my mother's early history and her friends. I have only sympathy and love in my heart for her, in spite of the fact that she erred greatly in leaving her home as she did, and, worse than all, in taking her own life."

"Poor little woman!" said Royal Bryant, with gentle sympathy; "despair must have turned her brain—she was more sinned against than sinning. But girls do not realize what a terrible mistake they are making when they allow men to persuade them to elope, leave their homes and best friends, and submit to a secret marriage. No man of honor would ever make such proposals to any woman—no man is worthy of any pure girl's love who will ask such a sacrifice on her part; and, in nine cases out of ten, I believe nothing but misery results from such a step."

"As in the case of poor Giulia Fiorini," remarked Edith, sadly. "But maybe she will be somewhat comforted when she discovers that she is Emil Correlli's legal wife."

"I fear that such knowledge will be but small satisfaction to her," her companion responded, "for if she should take measures to compel him to recognize the tie, he would doubtless rebel against the decision of the court; and, if she still loves him as you have represented, he would make her very wretched. However, he can be forced to make generous settlements, which will enable her to live comfortably and educate her child."

"And he will be entitled to his father's name, will he not?" inquired Edith, eagerly; "that would comfort her more than anything else."

"Yes, if he has ever acknowledged her as his wife, or allowed it to be assumed that she was the child is entitled to the name," returned her lover. "Then, as the carriage stopped, he added: 'But here we are, my darling, and I am sure you must be very weary after your long journey.'"

"Yes, I am tired, but very, very happy," the fair girl replied, looking up into his face with a sigh of content.

He smiled fondly upon her as he led her up the steps of a modest but pretty house, between the draperies at the windows of which there streamed a cheerful light.

"Well, we will soon have you settled in a cozy room, where you can rest to your heart's content," he remarked, and at the same time touching the electric button by his side.

"Really, Mr. Bryant, I cannot help feeling guilty to intrude upon an entire stranger at this time of night," Edith observed, in a troubled tone.

"You need not, dear, for I assure you Nellie will be delighted; but—bending over her with a roguish laugh—"Mr. Bryant does not enjoy being addressed with so much formality by his fiancée. The name I love best—Roy—my mother gave me when I was a boy, and I want always to hear it from your lips after this."

A servant admitted them just at that moment, and upon responding to Mr. Bryant's inquiry, said that Mrs. Morrell was at home, and ushered them at once to her pretty parlor.

Presently the young hostess—a lady of perhaps twenty-five years—made her appearance and greeted her cousin with great cordiality.

"You know I am always glad to see you, Roy," she said, giving him both her hands and putting up her red lips for a cousinly kiss.

"I know you always make a fellow feel very welcome," said the young man, smiling. "And, Nellie, this is Miss Edith Allandale; she has just arrived from Boston, and I am going to ask you to receive her as your guest for a few days," he concluded, thus introducing Edith.

Mrs. Morrell turned smilingly to the beautiful girl.

"Miss Allandale is doubly welcome, for her own sake, as well as yours," was her gracious response, as she clasped Edith's hand, and if she experienced any surprise at thus having an utter stranger thrust upon her hospitality at that hour, she betrayed none, but proceeded at once to help her remove her hat and wraps.

Tears sprang to the eyes of the homeless girl at this cordial reception, and her lips quivered with repressed emotion as she thanked the gentle lady for it.

"What was that Roy was saying—that you have come from Boston this afternoon?" queried Mrs. Morrell, hastening to cover her embarrassment by changing the subject. "Then you must be nearly famished, and you must have a lunch before you go to rest."

"Pray, do not trouble yourself—" Edith began.

"Please let me—I like such 'trouble,' as you are pleased to term it," smilingly interposed the pretty hostess; and with a bright nod and a hurried "excuse me," she was gone before Edith could make further objections.

Fifteen minutes later she reappeared, a lovely flush on her round cheeks, her eyes bright with the pleasure she experienced in doing a kind act for the young stranger, toward whom she had been instantly attracted.

"Come, now," she said, holding out a hand to her, "and I know Roy will join us—he never yet refused a cup of tea of my own brewing."

"You are right, Nellie," smilingly replied that gentleman; "and I believe I am hungry, in spite of my hearty dinner at six o'clock. A ride over the pavements of New York will prepare almost anyone for an extra meal. I only hope you have a slice of Aunt Jane's old-fashioned gingerbread for me."

Mrs. Morrell laughed out musically at this last remark.

Then she led them into her home-like dining-room where a table was laid for three.

As soon as the meal was finished, Mrs. Morrell, who saw how weary and heavy-eyed the fair girl appeared, remarked to her cousin, with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILKINSON WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE letter below from "Kindling Wood" brings to mind a stirring editorial printed recently in a well-known and popular monthly magazine, to the effect that loyal American women can do their "bit" by practicing efficiency and economy, as never before, in the home, and this writer goes even a step ahead of that by utilizing apparently waste products outside the home. Economy does not mean that we must deprive ourselves of nourishing food and sufficient clothing but rather devise a way to provide all this at less cost than ever before. This rests with each individual and no rule can be given to cover all cases. Let each of us do our best to keep the living expenses down to a reasonable limit and find our reward in the feeling of satisfaction that follows a duty well and cheerfully done.—Ed.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DEAR SISTERS: In these strenuous times it behooves every loyal American to conserve even the seemingly insignificant products of nature. Apropos of this, if the industrious owner of a city lot will devote one little corner or a border to the growing of the sunflower, the result will be like the scriptural bread thrown upon the water. The writer has for several years practiced the following:

A shielding from view of unsightly fences or out-buildings.

A shade from an otherwise too sunny chicken yard.

A feast for the eyes when the flowers burst into bloom.

Partial feed for the chickens.

The seed sabbat at the near by drugstore—perhaps.

Some seed saved at home for medicinal purposes.

Last, but of most importance in the writer's estimation, the dried stalks allowed to stand long after flowers and leaves have disappeared, become of the consistency of wood and make excellent kindling. The writer used such stalks, broken into proper length, all winter to the exclusion of other kindling wood. Some of my neighbors thought this funny but since these warlike days, conservation may prove to them to be food for serious thought.

In this locality of middle Hoosierdom the beautiful catalpa tree flourishes. My neighbor's sidewalk holds two beautiful specimens whose blossoms, white, flecked with purple rays, charm by their fragrance each spring. Later on the long green pods or beans form. These, at first, seemed to be a constant nuisance, falling daily on the writer's clean strip of lawn from just on through fall into winter. However, instead of sweeping them into the gutter and burning them with the leaves as was done by most of the neighbors, I gathered and made them into small faggots, as they are from a foot to eighteen inches in length and very brittle when dried. These proved a good adjunct to the sunflower stalk kindling. Let him laugh who wins. "Kindling Wood."

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to ask the mothers of large families for some advice. I have three children and all of them are bothered with adenoids and enlarged tonsils. My little girl, two and one half years old, is bothered some. She has weak spells. She will seem well and will be playing around when suddenly she will say, "I fall," and she falls to the floor unless I get to her in time. She becomes limp, can't walk, pale, her body quivers and her lips become purple. But she seems to be content and talks sometimes when she is in this spell. I have had two doctors and neither find anything wrong with her though one says it may be caused by her adenoids. I would like to know, through COMFORT, if any of the mothers have known of anything like it.

Mother of Three.

Mother of Three. If your children are troubled with adenoids and enlarged tonsils why don't you have them removed? It isn't a serious operation and shouldn't be so very expensive, and even if it is, it means more to your children than the same amount of money spent in other ways for their benefit for it must be something very important to rank higher than good health and I can't think of what it could possibly be. Ask your doctor about it.—Ed.

JASPER, R. R. B. Box 116, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just read my March COMFORT and certainly enjoyed the letters from the sisters, especially Mattie Mae's sunny letter. I wish I lived near her, for she is so different from a lot of people who go through the world with a long face, thinking they have all the troubles. Life is what we try to make it. I once learned a little verse that I try to use as a motto, but I sometimes fail:

"What's the use of worrying,
Worrying doesn't pay;
What's the use in hurrying,
That's the slowest way.
Half the whims that worry you
Do not come true;
Then why let them worry you
As they daily do?"

Let us hear from others on the in-law subject. I suppose there is much to be considered on that subject as every person is so different, but most give their likes and dislikes, particularly the latter, in angry words which when once spoken can never be recalled. I have a sister-in-law and I am sure I could not love a sister more devotedly.

In reply to the heated discussions on country and city life I can only say that I was born in the country and have always lived there and I would not exchange my life for any life there for the city.

I am twenty-four years of age, five feet, six inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Have brown hair and eyes and a rather browned complexion for I am a farmer's girl and work in the fields and I do not think it a disgrace. A great many girls would be better off today had they been satisfied to stay on the farm.

Long live dear old COMFORT is my wish. May you all remember the girl from the Sunny South.

AMY NELSON.

FITZPATRICK, GA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am trying to get a wheel chair for my little invalid sister but as we live eight miles from a small town and in a thirdly settled community, I find it very hard to get the necessary subscriptions, and I hope the sisters will help me so that she can have the chair this summer. She is ten years old and has had spinal trouble all her life. We care poor people and live on a farm and are not able to buy a chair for her. She needs one very much for she is getting larger and harder to care for and it would mean so much to her if she only had a chair. Won't you help me get one for her? We can give references.

Your friend in need, MARY E. LANIER.

TOPAZ, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am trying to get subscribers in order to get a wheel chair for little Willie Clinton. He is a shut-in, seven years old. He has white swelling in his knee joint and can't walk. There are seven children in the family and the parents are poor and it is very hard for his mother to care for him so I am asking all the sisters that can to help me get subscribers to get the chair for him. His address is Onuma, Mo. and he would be glad to get post-cards or pictures if anyone cares to send them to him.

I live about eighteen miles from a railroad and as I have four little children of my own it is hard for me to get out so I hope you will help me get the chair for him.

Best wishes to all, MRS. MYRTLE MCCARTY.

Sisters. It is seldom that I make a direct appeal for wheel-chair subscriptions but the above letters touched me so deeply that I am publishing them in hopes that enough subscribers will be secured to give each of these poor, suffering children a wheel chair before the summer is over. It means so much to them and so little to us—and every club, no matter how small, helps.—Ed.

WILLIAMSTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long thought of writing to our delightful corner but my courage always failed me when I read the letters so brimful of helpful suggestions and inspiring little sermons. We all ought to profit by them, they are uplifting and to the point.

I rather like the idea of descriptions. I fancy I can see some of the sisters in some of their well-meant, spirited conversations.

I am five feet two inches tall, weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds and have brown eyes, medium complexion and a wealth of curly brown hair, which is my only redeeming feature.

I have one of the good Johns who neither chews, drinks nor smokes, only his name happens to be Harry. He doesn't believe these letters are real and I want to convince him they are.

We have five boys ranging in age from one to nine years, all full of fun and mischief so you see I don't have a great deal of time for fancy-work, though I do a little between times as it lets me take the rough edge off the huge pile of necessary sewing and mending.

Let us all give three cheers for Frank and Martha and let us hear from you again Martha. You might give us a pen picture of the sideboard your good Frank made.

Frances Mae, I heartily agree with you in regard to Mrs. Pete. Many women of means would give half their possessions for the opportunity that she finds so disagreeable, that of having their husband want to stay home.

Mattie Mae Clark, you certainly possess a cheerful disposition and come as a ray of sunshine to our corner. I think you did just the proper thing in answering the letter of the boy in jail. Some poor mother's heart is breaking and who knows but what your cheerful letter has been the means of starting him right again. That was a fine little sermon you gave us. Come often, for there is a world of good in your letters.

Mrs. Sue Lorenz Johnson, you surely have the true Christmas spirit and I judge from your letter that your prayers will not be in vain.

Mrs. Nettie McClure, I would like to shake hands with you and would give all young couples the same advice you have given—a camping outfit or a log cabin; this is from one who knows.

When done the vegetables are ready for mixing; add one quart canned tomatoes, salt to taste and a pinch of cayenne pepper or one half small red pepper, chopped fine. Boil the whole briskly one half hour to blend flavors. While still boiling fill into jars and seal. It will keep perfectly and be liked by everyone.

SCALLOPED CALF'S BRAINS WITH POTATO.—Parboil and cut in inch pieces; sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Put into a buttered baking dish, alternating with layers of buttered cracker crumbs, pepper and salt. Over the whole put one cup of tomato.

Bake one hour, turn out onto an earthen serving dish, cover with mashed potato pressed through a paper funnel, return to the oven and brown. Garnish with a few small lettuce leaves just before serving.

CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups of corn-meal one cup of flour, six level teaspoons of baking powder, and one and one half level teaspoons of salt stirred together. Quickly add one and one half cups of milk and water mixed and stir smooth. Have ready a hot greased gridle or frying pan; drop by the spoonful so cakes will not touch after rising. Cook on slow fire until the cakes are brown on the lower side and the bubbles burst in the top. Turn each cake to brown on the other side. Serve hot with strips of fried bacon, and stewed or fresh fruit.

POTATO CAKES.—Mix left over mashed potato with scraps of meat, bacon or salt pork chopped fine. Add dressing or gravy, and bread crumbs to make the proper consistency; season well with pepper and salt, shape into cakes and fry a rich brown in dripping from any kind of meat. Serve with rhubarb sauce and toasted coarse bread.

OAT MEAL, FRUIT TOAST.—Oat meal should be cooked four hours in a double boiler, or over night in a fireless. Use three cups of boiling water to every cup of oat meal and one half teaspoon of salt. Serve with top milk.

FRUIT TOAST.—Use fairly thick slices of oven toast, butter and pour over stewed fruit of berries crushed with sugar. Serve with hot cocoa.

CODFISH OMELET.—In a sauce-pan, put one tablespoon of butter, and when it bubbles, smooth in two tablespoons of dry flour, and then add one third of a cup of hot milk, and one cup of codfish; cook slowly three minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light and creamy, and add to fish mixture. Beat the egg whites until dry, fold into the fish mixture and pour into a hot buttered spider. Bake in a moderate oven until egg is cooked. Serve with corn bread and milk.

VEGETABLE HASH.—All kinds of vegetables will blend in preparing a vegetable hash. Chop medium fine, season with salt and pepper, pour into a well-greased iron frying pan and slowly brown. Fold once, and serve on a platter with slices of hot oven toast.

DRIED APRICOTS AND PEACHES.—Wash the fruit, soak over night in cold water, and slowly cook in the same water until tender. Add sugar to taste. A much finer consistency and flavor is procured by baking in a closely covered dish. Apricots combine well with prunes.

BAKED APPLES WITH RAISINS.—Core tart apples. Put in a baking dish, filling the cavities with brown sugar and seedless raisins. Bake in a quick oven. Put a little hot water in dish.

TOAST WITH SCRAMBLED EGG AND HAM.—First put serving dish where it will be hot when toast is made.

Cut bread moderately thick and put in hot oven to dry through and brown. While this is being done, lightly beat three eggs, add three tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt and pepper. In a saucepan put two level table-

spoons of butter, and when it bubbles, add the egg mixture and three tablespoons of chopped cold boiled ham. Cook slowly, keeping it off the bottom of pan with a spoon. It should be creamy when done. Have a dish of boiling water, and taking one slice of toast at a time, turn it around in water to moisten the edges, then wet center by the spoonful, that too much water may not be used. Butter each layer, and spread the egg and ham on top.

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Poor George is getting it from all parts of the globe. Well, the least said the better, but I hate to think what would become of our five boys, bubbling over with life, should I be compelled to move to the city.

Mrs. L. M. Craig, I do not agree with you about encouraging children to write on the wall and wood-work; give them a piece of wrapping paper and pencil. True, they will not think it so much fun but it looks better and will save you work, and that is what we are all striving for now, to make our heads save our backs.

One of Texas, stop and think of the millions of women who have done several times what you are dreading just once. I have a large family and am still very much alive. Let us hear from you a year from now.

I would just love to take a peep in at Mrs. Wilkinson's cozy fireside and see her with her happy little family around her. I feel sure she has one, seeing she has no poodle dog.

May God bless Uncle Charlie, Mrs. Wilkinson and all of COMFORT's staff in the noble work they are doing is the wish of

POLLY COLELAND.

Polly, I like your nom de plume, for there's something cheery and homey about the name of Polly, and any time you choose to honor my humble fireside with your presence you will receive a hearty welcome. This applies to all.—Ed.

FIRTH, NEBR.

GOOD AFTERNOON MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am very glad to be able to meet you all for a little while this afternoon.

In response to request—"How to can mixed vegetables for soup." I will give recipe which is of my own origin and which anyone can use successfully without the use of any canner, if they are able to can tomatoes successfully. Many failures in tomato canning are due to the presence of bacteria which cannot be destroyed at a temperature of 212 degrees F., which is the temperature attained when cooking tomatoes in pans or open kettles for canning. The sources of such bacteria is growing tomatoes on ground where fertilizers impregnated with objectionable bacteria have been employed. These same tomatoes if sterilized at a higher temperature would keep and be perfectly wholesome; of course to sterilize at a higher temperature tomatoes in the jars or cans and employ a canning or sterilizing device which will give a temperature of higher degree than can be obtained with the ordinary utensils generally employed in canning.

Now for the recipe. Canned Vegetable Soup.—It must be remembered that in canning of vegetables "blanching" is a very important part of the work. Therefore it will be necessary to blanch all of the vegetables called for in this recipe except the tomatoes, which almost anyone will be obliged to use from their canned supply. Because it seldom happens that the carrots are sufficiently matured, or the cabbage ripe enough, or that the onions have passed the

Nerine's Second Choice

by Adelaide Stirling



The woman stirred the fire and drew up a chair to it.



Suddenly the sitting room door flew open and in burst Joan.



"You can eat more if there is more to eat," Joan remarked with sound common sense.

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CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE WOMAN.

IT was a long and somewhat doleful walk home again, and Nerine was not sorry when the next day proved wet, and the children sought distraction after lessons in making taffy in the kitchen.

She longed for a good walk, and set off, unobserved by her charges, just after lunch. She went inland for a change; the good hard country road was better walking in the rain than the sands, and she stepped out vigorously. Just whereabout, she wondered, did Mr. Fairfax live? She did not wish to meet him again, though he had been really very kind about Tommy.

The road grew lonely after she was out of the village and on the other side of the station, but it was pretty, with fields on one side and a copse on the other. She had walked on at a brisk pace for a mile or two when the rain suddenly increased to a downpour. The wind rose into a sharp squall and flung the big drops at her with drenching force. Nerine stopped and held her hat on while she looked about for shelter. It was only a squall, but even so, she was getting wetter than was cheerful.

Across one field was a cottage, the only house to be seen; a muddy lane led to it, and she hurried along it. It was a peculiar little house, with a door at the side, so placed that none of the windows commanded it. There was no bell, and Nerine knocked loudly. She knocked again, for there had been smoke coming from the chimney as she came up the lane; the people must be in the kitchen. To make some one hear, and let her in from the soaking rain, she rapped with the head of her umbrella on the door.

There was a rush of pattering feet behind it, and a volley of angry barks. There was a dog at home at least. She tried the door, but it was locked, and she gave it a little shake to make certain. The rain was slowly soaking her from head to foot.

"Who's there?" came a loud, querulous voice from behind the door. "Go away! Go away, or I'll shoot. I won't have any men prowling around here."

"I'm not a man, and I'm not prowling," Nerine was frightened, but she spoke out with coward's courage, which dare not run away. "I'm a girl, and I only want to come into your porch till the rain's over."

It was certainly a woman's voice inside the door, and she was not going to be afraid of a woman; unless, with a horrible quaking, she was crazy. And at the bare idea the girl turned sharply and stood ready to run for her life. But the woman might shoot her if she moved within reach of the windows. It was better to come to terms than to run.

"You need not let me in if you don't want to," she said calmly, though her knees shook under her. "I will go away, certainly, if you like."

"Go out where I can see you," said the voice, doubtfully.

The girl hesitated. Then she marched around the corner of the house and stood in full view of the window; she would have to pass it to run away, and she did not for a second take the threat of shooting her for an earnest one. Women who reside in cottages do not usually possess guns.

She walked back to the door, trembling. The place was so lonely, she wished a thousand times that she had never come to it. But it was too late to retreat—for the door flew open, and out rushed a bristling fox terrier, while behind him stood a red-faced, untidy woman.

"Down, Snap! down sir!" she cried angrily, eying Nerine from head to foot. "You can come in till the rain is over," she added, grudgingly. Nerine stared at her. Certainly she had neither gun nor pistol, but she was not a prepossessing-looking hostess. She had a dim idea that she had seen her before.

"I don't want to come in unless you want me to. I am as wet as I can be now."

The woman stirred the fire and drew up a chair to it.

"You're wringing wet," she said, her offensive manner quite gone. "I beg your pardon for keeping you standing, but I'm alone, and it's a lonely place. I thought you were"—she hesitated—"a tramp. Please to walk in and dry yourself," and she stepped back for the girl to enter.

Nerine looked at the peeling rain; she would rather have walked ten miles in it than enter this strange shelter, but it would be so cowardly to retreat.

With a quick heart, and the dog growling at her heels, she went into the house.

The passage was dark, and close, and cold; the woman led the way into an untidy sitting-room, where a small fire burned in a grate unblackened and rusty. The disorder of the room was beyond words, but it was well furnished, and even luxurious, underneath the litter of clothes, books and empty bottles which covered every table and chair.

The woman stirred the fire and drew up a chair to it.

over the scanty fire. Not dressed, her hostess had said! She had on the wreck of a gorgeous tea-gown, and round her shoulders was a magnificent sable cape. Her hair was unbrushed and her face was streaked with black. The girl gave an anxious, covert glance at the empty bottles.

"You have a beautiful dog?" she observed sincerely, holding out her hand to let the terrier smell it. "He must be a great friend when you are alone here."

The dog licked her hand grudgingly. The woman snatched him in her arms with passionate affection.

"He's my only friend. Aren't you, Snap? Your mistress's only friend. Why, many a time, miss, when I'm alone here at night, I'd go wild with fright if it weren't for the dog."

In spite of the torn lace and the wonderful sable, it was easy to see the woman was not, and never had been a lady. But she was a sad and pitiful object in her dirty finery, and in the discomfort of the once luxurious room. Nerine felt a sudden pity for her.

"Yes," she assented, "it must be very lonely. I am staying at a farmhouse at Combe, with my little cousins, and when they are gone to bed I feel dreadfully lonely; and it must be far worse for you if you are always alone."

"I am—always. And I haven't a friend in the world but Snap, though I'm a married woman, too."

"Then your husband doesn't live here?" with a kindly interest in the extraordinary female who sat opposite, her feet guileless of stockings, stuffed into unlaced leather boots.

The woman laughed.

"Him—live here! He is in a grand house like a lord, and here is where he puts me." Her voice grew so excited that the girl's fear of her returned. The dog growled in sympathy as he sat on the woman's lap.

"I think I must go now. I am quite dry," Nerine arose nervously, for apprehension was beginning to get the better of her; her hostess was not drunk, in spite of the empty bottles, but the girl was not at all sure that she was not crazy.

"You have been very good to let me come in," she would never have let you wait in this weather, miss, if I had seen you," said the woman, earnestly. "But I was afraid that it was—someone else," with the odd hesitation she had shown before. "I suppose, miss, you would not take a cup of tea with me. I was just going to take one." She pointed to a tin saucepan perched unsteadily on the fire. "I had better things once, but that's all I have now. I dare say you couldn't fancy your tea out of it."

The saucepan did not really look inviting, but the woman meant kindly, and Nerine repressed a shudder.

"I would like a cup of tea," she answered with her sweetest smile, "more than anything, if it would not be a trouble to you to get it ready."

"Would you, really? Oh, it's no trouble. You'll excuse the poorness of it, but I don't like to think I kept a lady out in the rain."

She rose and went to a cupboard in the corner of the room. At least, it was a cupboard now; it had once been a wonderful Indian cabinet, all carving and inlay. She took out a china teapot and some biscuits, and presently a paper of tea.

Nerine watched her make the tea. The water looked clean at least. The milk—horrid thought—would be the rub! Perhaps there wasn't any she fervently hoped not.

But the lady in the strange array of rose-pink satin and thick leather boots went over to the window, and opening it, brought in a gust of wind and rain, and a little can of milk with a tight cover.

"The milk girl leaves it there, and she'd just gone when you came," she remarked. "I buy it for Snap, principally." She produced two cups from the cupboard. "Perhaps you would pour out the tea; I am not well today, and my hand shakes."

Nerine had marvelled that she had ever got the water into the teapot.

She poured out a cup for herself and her hostess, with a hasty glance of scrutiny at the inside of the milk-can, for there was none. It was clean and fresh, and her cup was of thin and lovely china, if cracked, but never in her life had Miss Lisperard done a harder thing than to take the first sip of the unwelcome tea. Good manners and a kindly heart alone forced her to it.

To her wild surprise it was excellent tea, and the milk was fresh and creamy. The biscuits were musty, and she gave hers to Snap as soon as she dared.

"I am sure you never bought this tea in Combe," she remarked. "It is so very good."

"I got it in London last week. I can't touch poor tea." She drank thirstily. "I don't buy anything at Combe. I'd rather they'd think I was away and the house shut up. That grocer there talks about what I buy, so I never go near him now. I go to Walton for what I want."

"That's a long way," Nerine had finished her tea, and sat with her drying feet on the fender. "Do you come from there, miss?"

"No. I came from Belton Court, with my two little cousins. We are staying at Mrs. Palmer's till Miss Belton gets over the scarlatina."

"Will you be there long? Won't you take some more tea? Do, now."

"No more, thank you. No, I don't think I shall be there long. Why did you ask?"

"I was only going to ask you if you would come over here again, unless I frightened you too much with my silly talk about shooting."

"Oh, yes, I will come again."

"And you won't be turned against me by anything," the red face grew redder—"anything you may hear?"

"Not while I find you as I found you today," laughing, "and if you promise not to shoot me when I come to the door."

"Don't come to the door again. You come and knock at this window. But it's a long walk, and I'm asking too much of you."

"No, no, indeed. But are you sure you would like me to come?"

The faded, watery eyes looked at her intently. "I never knew a real lady before," the woman said, simply, "and you've treated me as if I was a lady, too. You don't know what it is to live in this lonely place, and never get a kind word from any one, and be terrified at every knock because it might be some one who would like to get me out of the way."

"Tramps, do you mean?"

"No, not tramps. Him—my husband."

"But he wouldn't—no man would, surely—"

"You don't know him," interrupted the woman. "But I'll be a match for him, with all his fine manners." She moved feverishly to the window, as though she expected to see a dread sight. "I mustn't talk of him; it excites me. And I think you had better go now, before it begins to get dark. And you'll come again, promise me. You make me feel better." She made an unmeaning effort to pick up some of the untidy garments on the floor. "I'll have the place cleaned up by the time you come. I suppose it won't be to-morrow."

Nerine shook her head.

"Today is Saturday. I'll come on Tuesday." She put her hand into the very dirty and shabby one held out to her, and patted the dog; then she went forth on her homeward way through what was now a gentle spring rain.

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEASANT LITTLE TEA PARTY.

The steady spring downpour soaked the garden and trickled down the window panes of Nerine's sitting-room. Sunday morning church had exhausted the goodness of the two children. An occasional whirlwind of flying feet and shrieks passed the sitting-room door, but otherwise there was no sign of their existence.

Miss Lisperard felt that perhaps their room was better than their company, but had an uneasy conscience about the way they were spending their Sunday afternoon.

"I suppose I ought to get a book and read to them," she thought, as she stretched one slim foot to her cheerful fire and then the other. "But it's so much nicer to read to myself. Dear me, how she is getting on."

She looked at the clock as she settled down to read comfortably. It was just four. At five tea would arrive, and May and Joan. Thank fortune that Tommy could no longer accompany them! At least, with compunction, remembering Joan's tears, he had to die some day, and it was just as well it was over. How odd that Mr. Fairfax, by the way, should live so near. How Lady Satterlee had chattered about him on the way home from the ball! He looked as though he might be nice. Certainly it was good of him to take so much trouble about Tommy.

A figure passed the window in the driving rain. Mrs. Palmer's Sunday visitors apparently possessed very serviceable mackintoshes and umbrellas, but Nerine was deep in her book and did not notice.

Suddenly the sitting-room door flew open and in burst Joan, dragging an apparently unwilling companion by the hand. May followed, bearing a pink box, which looked as though it might hold delightful things for a wet Sunday afternoon.

"You said I was to forgive him, because his murdering Tommy was a—n—accident," Joan said, carefully. "So I asked him to come in and stay to tea."

Nerine was so straight and tall in her best frock of black crepon, and so undisguisedly surprised at his appearance, that Mr. Fairfax wondered if he had the courage to stay. He disengaged himself from Joan and shook hands.

"I came over to see that you were none the worse for the fright I gave you," he remarked, with the voice and accent that were so like Lady Satterlee's. "But I really didn't mean to inflict myself on you for the whole afternoon."

"We—I—shall be very glad," she replied, mechanically. She was not really glad at all, for she knew he would talk about the Satterlees.

Fairfax sat down on the other side of the fire. The room was so homely and comfortable, with its cases of fresh spring flowers and its litter of books and Nerine's knitting. It was a far pleasanter place than any of his big rooms at home.

"This is how Tommy will look when I bring him back to you," he said to Joan, taking a careful little pencil drawing out of his pocket. It was Tommy, exactly as he had been in life, sitting erect, with his tail out behind him.

"Is it for me? Can I have it?" Joan's eyes lighted up as they had not done since Tommy's decease.

Fairfax took her on his knee.

"Wouldn't you rather have sweets, like your sister's?" he inquired, gravely.

"No! no! I want my Tommy's picture."

"Here you are, then, and if you go and look in my coat in the passage, there is a blue box like May's pink one."

Joan bestowed her picture in the front of her pinafore, and then scuttled down and out into

the hall, May after her.

Nerine laughed a little when they were gone. "You are very good to them," she said. "Do you know I was meanly congratulating myself that Tommy had met his end just before you arrived. He was a most short-tempered beast, and I was dreadfully afraid of him."

"I used to own one very like him," Fairfax returned, "and to tell the truth, that was his portrait," and not Tommy's, which I presented to Joan."

"We never had any pets. Mr. Mayne would not let us," Nerine said, wistfully. "So I never told Joan that Tommy gave me cold shivers. I remembered my own feelings when Agatha and I wanted to keep guinea-pigs, and were told they were disgusting animals."

"Mr. Mayne is—" hesitatingly.

"My stepfather. My own father and my mother died when we were children. Lady Belton is the only real relative we have."

"Miss Belton was at Satterlee's dance with you, of course."

Nerine nodded. Was he going to ask her where Agatha was? She would take that subject in hand herself first. No one should say she was unwilling to talk about it.

"I was to have stayed with Lady Belton till my sister had finished her visit to Lady Satterlee, but Kit caught scarlatina, and I brought the children here to be out of the way. You know Agatha and Satterlee—bringing it out with a true sister-in-law's indifference—are engaged."

"Dora—Lady Satterlee wrote to me. She is my cousin, you know."

Nerine felt suddenly small. He had not been going to ask where Agatha was, after all.

"I wrote to Bobby, congratulating him. He is a very lucky young person, Bobby!"

Nerine colored.

"I think so, of course. But then, Agatha is my twin sister, and I know exactly how nice she is."

Her voice shook a little, in spite of herself, and she turned her face away while she put out a hand to the bell-rope. Fairfax was too quick for her.

"Let me," he said, and rang the one bell of the house with a really noble jingle. As he stood behind the girl he remembered her white face at Satterlee's dance, when Bobby had doubtless proposed to the other sister. What a plucky face this child put on it.

"Between ourselves," he said, confidentially, returning to his chair, "I never can find much joy in balls. I think they are very overrated amusements."

"I hate them!"

Fairfax did not laugh, which was kind in him. "I shouldn't suppose you had been at many," he said.

"Not since I was a schoolgirl," she frankly answered, "and I loved them at first. But then—Oh, I got tired; and the men all said the same things."

Fairfax laughed now.

"I never suffered from that," he remarked. "I always find my partners say such extraordinarily different things that I am apt to retire from the fray much confused. And dancing in a ballroom is not half up to the same thing on skates. Did you ever waltz on the ice?"

"My beloved stepfather would not let me learn to skate. I have never been on skates, or been in a boat, or played tennis in my life."

Here was a rare bird, indeed.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Never engaged in those outdoor sports? I must congratulate you. Think of all the new experiences you have before you. But you don't long to play tennis especially, do you?"

Miss Lisperard laughed.

"I don't honestly. I never saw any girl who did not appear to more advantage looking on than playing."

"Exactly. It is a stupid game, as exhibited by the average young woman. Of course, I have seen a few women look well when they played."

"I would like to learn to ride," Nerine said, earnestly.

"Oh," as the door opened, "here is nurse! Nurse, Mr. Fairfax will stay to tea."

"I did not think you meant to ask me," the visitor remarked with much frankness when nurse had departed. "Even now I feel shy about staying."

"I could not turn you out in such rain," rather demurely. She was beginning to like him in spite of his associations. "Really, I will be very pleased if you stay. But schoolroom tea, under Joan's auspices, is apt to be anything but a peaceful meal."

"I have peaceful meals at home. All by myself in a big room where there are always dark corners. I must confess," smiling, "to a deep dislike for dark corners."

"I thought you were always away. Did not Lady Satterlee tell me you were a great traveler?"

"I am sure she did not. She might have told you I went in for that horrid globe-trotting. Oh, I thought so," he added, with boyish mirth, which lighted up his spare, sunburned face wonderfully.

"She did say that exactly," confessed Miss Lisperard. "Do you know, I don't think I ever saw anything so pretty as Lady Satterlee in my life? So wonderfully and really young."

Lady Satterlee's cousin was discreet. He said nothing about the quality of mysterious boxes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Start Your War-Time Economy by Daily Canning

By Violet Marsh

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EVERY housekeeper, unless she has already done so, should begin saving all kinds of glass containers, for a serious shortage of jars and tin cans is threatened. Wide-necked bottles that cannot be made air-proof are useful for putting preserves and jellies in, while small-necked ones can be used for fruit juices, and strained tomato for soups and macaroni, and sealed with cork stoppers and wax. Also of importance is the saving of cork stoppers.

Very healthful and delicious is the early tart apple, particularly the red astrakhan, made into sauce and canned for winter use. The flavor is far superior to the winter fruit, and the early apple requires much less sugar. When making apple sauce, what an easy matter to cook enough extra for one or more cans. The increased labor is hardly noticeable if done this way. This also applies to strawberries. When buying or picking your own berries, procure a few extra quarts of the ripest which often goes to waste, and cook them while other food is in preparation.

Here the most ideal economy may be practised, because the ripest and finest early fruit is often lost unless daily used, and the result of putting off the canning so it may be done all at once often means that, by the time the convenient day arrives, the best fruit has "gone by," and only "seconds" are available, which require more sugar and are of inferior flavor.

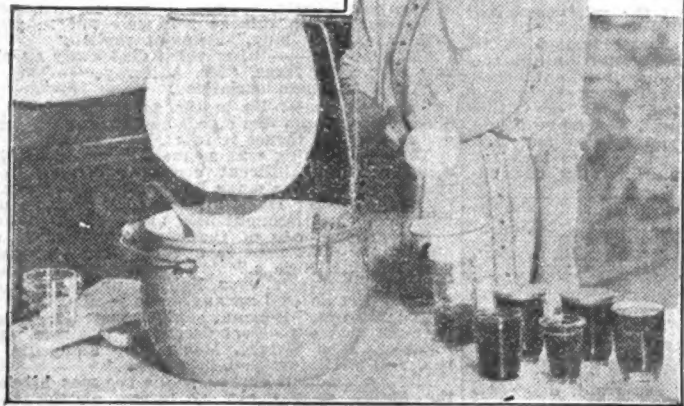
Sterilization

The success of canning depends upon absolute sterilization. If the proper care is exercised there need be no failure except, in rare cases, when a spore has developed in the can. Only fresh rubber rings can be safely used, for if they have lost their elasticity and softness the sealing will not be perfect. Much fruit each year is lost by using old rubber rings. Also examine each jar to make sure it is in perfect condition.

To sterilize the jars put them on their sides in a pan nearly filled with cold water, and in another pan of cold water place the covers. Bring to a boil, and boil at least fifteen minutes. Also plunge all canning utensils into boiling water before using them. A long-handled spoon placed inside of jar is useful for removing them from the boiling water as fast as they are filled, for they can thus be drained and placed in position to fill without touching with the hands. Fill jars to overflowing, then scrape the rim of jar with sterilized knife blade and put on rubber ring which has been washed and dipped in a quart of boiling water to which one teaspoonful of cooking soda has been added. Work rapidly while filling and sealing jars.

Canning Recipes

CANNED EARLY APPLES.—Wash and stem the apples, and cut into small pieces, putting them immediately on to cook before the fruit discolors from exposure to the air. Use as little cold water as possible to start the cooking, as early apples are very juicy. If it is necessary to add more water, it should be boiling hot. Cook apples as quickly as possible, as slow stewing gives a dark, cloudy appearance. As soon as thoroughly cooked, put quickly through a wire sieve, and return to kettle with sugar to taste. Cook five minutes and seal in glass jars that have been prepared as above described. The apples may be pared and cored before cooking, but the sauce will have a much finer flavor if the whole fruit is used.



JELLY MAKING AN ASSURED SUCCESS.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES, No. 1.—As strawberries contain so much juice it is generally more successful to can by adding the sugar direct to berries. To every two quarts of washed and hulled berries add in layers one and one half cups of sugar. Bring slowly to a boil, in order to avoid necessity of adding water. Cook slowly until fruit is done, and seal at once. If cooked after fruit is tender it will turn dark. Do not have fruit more than four inches deep in kettle.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES, No. 2.—Fruit cooked in the oven is one of the most approved ways, as the color, shape and flavor is thus best retained. Prepare jars and fill them while hot with the fruit, then fill with syrup for which a recipe is next given. Run a silver-bladed knife around the jar, that any air bubbles may escape. Set jars in a pan of hot water and have the oven moderately hot. After the cooking point has been reached, bake between ten and twenty minutes. Remove from oven, take off the cover and place rubber band, and fill with syrup. Replace cover and set jars on a board out of the draft to cool.

SYRUP.—One pint of sugar and one pint of water stirred until sugar is dissolved over a moderate heat. Boil very slowly, without stirring twenty to thirty minutes. Hard boiling or stirring is liable to cause the syrup to crystallize.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVE.—Use equal weights of sugar and strawberries, put into the preserving kettle in layers, until about four inches deep. Heat slowly to the boiling point, and then cook ten minutes, skinning occasionally. Pour the cooked fruit into platters in a depth of two to three inches. Place the platters in an unused room, in a window where the sun comes in most of the day. In three or four days' time the fruit will grow plump and firm and the syrup will be quite like jelly. Put cold, into jars or tumblers.

STRAWBERRY JUICE.—This is very useful for flavoring, and as a beverage when diluted with water. Bottles may be used, but they should be boiled fifteen minutes, and clean corks used. Wash and crush berries and put into preserving kettle. Heat slowly and gently cook one half hour. Over a colander put a square of cheese-cloth, and pour into it the cooked fruit. Drain well. Measure juice, and to each quart add one pint of sugar. Stir until dissolved, and simmer five minutes after it begins to cook. Fill hot bottles, leaving just room for the cork. Drive in cork, cutting off smooth with top of bottle. Have ready a small dipper of hot sealing wax, and while holding bottle firmly in both hands with a cloth, dip the corked end into hot wax.

Successful Jelly-Making Methods

In no branch of preserving does one feel less sure of success than in jelly making. While it is a very simple process, yet it requires judgment and a knowledge of materials used in order to make sure of satisfactory results.

The jellies made from juicy fruits, such as currants and grapes, require less skill than those to which water is added. The jelly-making substance in fruit is called pectin, and is at its best

when the fruit is just ripe, or a little under ripe. If the fruit juice is in a fermenting condition, or if the juices are boiled too long, the pectin loses its power of gelatinizing, and the jelly will be "gummy." Hence, it is of the greatest importance that jelly should be made from fruit freshly picked; also that it should not be gathered after a rain, as it will have absorbed water which must be boiled out. Fruit grown in a hot, dry season will contain a greater per cent of sugar, and require one quarter less the amount of added sugar in making jelly, but in cold, wet seasons, an equal amount of sugar and fruit juice must be used. Dusty fruit should be quickly washed and drained to prevent its absorbing water. Fruits that require the addition of water for jelly is desired. For first quality of jelly, strain jelly under all conditions. Cut circles from paper the size of top of glass. When the jelly is set and firm, brush the top with alcohol or brandy, which destroys any fermentation germs that may already have developed. Also dip the paper circle in the spirits and put it over the jelly. If there are tin covers, dip in boiling water, wipe dry and cover glasses; though better than covers, is a thin coat of paraffin poured on top of the paper.

Covering Jellies

The large per cent of sugar contained in jelly protects it from the action of bacteria, but unless covered it will mould and evaporate. The following is quite the surest way of protecting jelly under all conditions: Cut circles from paper the size of top of glass. When the jelly is set and firm, brush the top with alcohol or brandy, which destroys any fermentation germs that may already have developed. Also dip the paper circle in the spirits and put it over the jelly. If there are tin covers, dip in boiling water, wipe dry and cover glasses; though better than covers, is a thin coat of paraffin poured on top of the paper.

The next best covering is a coat of paraffin a little less than one quarter of an inch thick. In the absence of the paper wet in spirits, set the jelly in windows where a day's hot sun will fall upon it, the sun being a mold spore destroyer, and the heat will insure the top of jelly being perfectly dry. Melt the paraffin after cutting it into pieces, putting it into a dish which is set in another dish containing hot water. It will soon be warm enough to pour over jelly.

Jelly Recipes

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick over, removing leaves and poor fruit; wash and drain thoroughly, but do not stem. Mash a little of the fruit in bottom of kettle to get sufficient juice to start cooking, then put all the fruit in. Very slowly bring to a boil and simmer ten minutes, or until the currants look white. Pour through a coarse colander, then into a jelly bag. Measure juice, and to every pint add one pound of granulated sugar. Bring juice to a boil and simmer ten minutes, then slowly add sugar, stirring constantly, and when it has simmered two minutes, move back and skim and pour into hot glasses.

GRAPE JELLY.—Acid grapes not over-ripe make the best jelly. Satisfactory jelly is also made from equal portions of ripe and green grapes; also from half ripe grapes. Mash grapes and follow recipe for making Currant Jelly.

CURRENT AND RASPBERRY JELLY.—Use equal parts of fruit, and follow directions for making Currant Jelly.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Cut crab apples in small pieces, using two quarts of berries to one quart of cut-up apple. Add just water enough to prevent the berries from sticking to kettle, and proceed the same as for Currant Jelly.

APPLE OR CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Wash and drain fruit; remove stems and cut the whole apple into small pieces. Nearly cover with cold water and cook until apples are tender. Let the juice drip through a jelly bag. Allow one pint of juice to one pound of granulated sugar. Heat sugar in oven in shallow baking pans, stirring occasionally. Boil juice fifteen minutes and slowly add hot sugar. Boil apple juice ten minutes longer than crab apple juice. Simmer five minutes, skim and fill hot glasses.

RASPBERRY, BLACKBERRY AND CURRENT IN EQUAL PARTS.—Make the same as Currant Jelly.

PLUM JELLY.—Use under-ripe acid plums. Wash the fruit and stem. To four quarts of fruit, add two cups of water, and slowly cook until the plums are boiled to pieces. Strain and proceed the same as with Currant Jelly.

QUINCE JELLY.—Rub the quinces smooth with a coarse towel, and cut out the blossom end. Pare, quarter and core the fruit. Have a large bowl of cold water at hand, and drop in the pieces of perfect quince, to later be used in preserve. In the preserving kettle, put the parings, cores and imperfect pieces of fruit, all very finely cut up. To every two quarts of fruit thus prepared, add three cups of water and cook gently for two hours. Strain and finish the same as apple jelly.

QUINCE AND CRAB APPLE.—Cook equal parts of fruit and proceed as with Apple Jelly.

The accompanying illustration shows an excellent arrangement for supporting a jelly bag during the draining process, but just as useful a substitute can be made from common bail wire. Make the support the same on both sides, as shown on one side of kettle in illustration, for by so doing, it will hold up the weight of several quarts of fruit. Make the upright wires long enough to clear bag from kettle. Make the inside circle in one piece with the uprights. Make the outside circle of wire that holds the bag about one half inch larger in diameter, so it will slightly hang over the inside circle. The bag is cut in a circle and the edge hemmed over the wire. The bag is washed without taking from the wire.

Jams

Canning and jam making should be carried on at the same time in order to obtain best results as to quality, appearance and economy. Pick over each lot of berries intended for canning; the soft-ripe and broken ones unsuitable for canning should be culled out to be made into jam, using only the perfect berries for canning; thus every berry can be utilized and the quality of the product improved. Add to the culls an equal quantity of slightly underripe berries, as they are necessary to give a jelly-like consistency to the jam. Weigh the berries and allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Continuous and quite rapid cooking with constant care is essential.

In stirring jam, use a wooden spoon or paddle, moving it across the center of the vessel first one way and then the opposite, and next around the pan, gently moving the mixture from the bottom of the pan, being careful not to stir rapidly or beat. When the jam is finished, a little cooled in a spoon and dropped from the side, will not pour, but fall in a flake.

Strawberries, loganberries, currants, raspberries, grapes (wild or cultivated), green tomato with the addition of two ounces of preserved ginger to every four pounds of tomato, make some of the best jams.

Jam is one of the most valued elements of the rations issued to the British and French soldiers in the trenches.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Saves Eggs in Baking

You can use fewer eggs with Royal Baking Powder. A great advantage in these days of mounting food prices.

In most recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more and often left out altogether by using a small additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

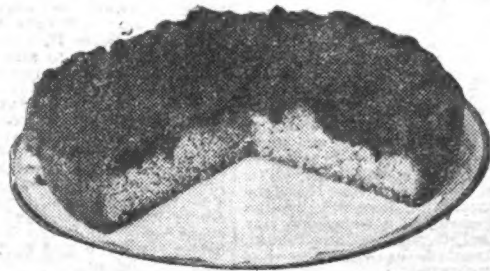
Every mail brings to us letters from women who are enthusiastic over their success with this new method. One mother writes:

"Nothing like Royal Baking Powder. My little girl can eat biscuits and muffins made of it with no discomfort—while she cannot eat others."

Try the following recipes which are illustrations and see how well this plan works. You must use Royal Baking Powder, which is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, to get the best results—powders made from alum and other mineral substitutes often leave a bitter taste.

Coffee Cake

Very popular at the breakfast table and most appetizing when freshly made at home and served hot



2 cups flour No Eggs 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar 1/2 cup milk

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread one-half inch thick in greased pan, add top mixture and bake about one-half hour in moderate oven.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

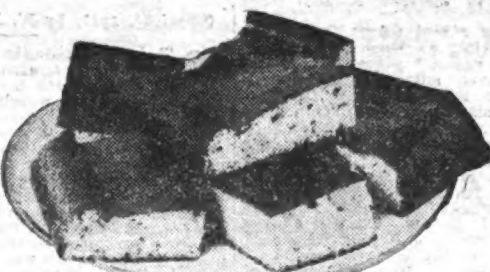
TOP MIXTURE

2 tablespoons flour 4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon 4 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Mix dry ingredients; rub in the shortening, and spread thickly over top of dough before baking.

Corn Bread

Everyone knows the great nutriment in corn.
Here it is in most appetizing form.



1 1/2 cups milk 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening 1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
1 1/4 cups corn meal No Eggs 1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup flour

DIRECTIONS:—Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening; beat well and pour into well greased pan or muffin tins and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Equally satisfactory results in saving eggs may be obtained by using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, also made from Cream of Tartar, and now manufactured by this Company.

A new book containing many practical recipes, which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients and produce food no less appetizing and delicious, mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 130 William Street, New York.

Royal Baking Powder is a pure Cream of Tartar product derived from Grapes, a natural food, and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum

No Phosphate

No Bitter Taste

A Declaration of Dependence

By Joseph F. Novak

(See front cover illustration)

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

"And that was the way
The dove was to pass
As it always is, at the close of the day
That gave us—"

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With some restrictions, the fault-finders say)
That which, please God, we will keep for aye
Our National Independence!"

Will Carlton:—How We Kept the Day.

THE "same Fourth" idea had not yet reached Bison Gulch. Consequently, Miss Millicent Wright was awakened early in the morning by banging cannons and exploding powder. For a moment she was bewildered, then recalling that it was Independence Day, she arose, threw on a lacy morning wrap, tucked her hair into a coquettish little cap, and went to the window, from which she cautiously pushed the curtain.

Below in the street more than a half-dozen grown men with a bunch of young America gathered. The men had erected a noise-making affair which consisted of a large flat rock upon which they placed loose powder; upon this they dropped another rock which caused the powder to explode with deafening racket.

"All in my honor, I know," murmured Millicent, and she boldly pushed aside the curtain now, and looked out.

A cheer went up from the men in the street as they beheld her, and she waved to them tantalizingly.

"I guess Bison Gulch is celebrating its share, don't you think, Miss Wright?" called out Larry Smith.

"Why, I thought it was solely in my honor," she plucked.

"Our putting up this here thing was," he replied, his freckles becoming more prominent because of the blush that a word from Millicent always brought to his cheeks.

"Say, we're going to have some ball game this afternoon, Miss Wright. Don't forget to come," admonished Blue Gulch Billy.

"I won't," and she waved a shapely hand coquettishly which included them all, then dropped the curtain and sat waiting for the summons to breakfast, enjoying all the while the cool mountain breeze which carried with it the tang of burnt powder.

Millicent sighed. This Fourth of July was her last day in Bison Gulch.

Her entree had been sensational. Clad in a white suit, the coat of which was lined with brilliant scarlet silk, with a hat of white on which reposed a splash of crimson flowers and held on her head with crimson velvet streamers tied under her left ear, she rolled into town in her automobile, driving herself!

No one knew who she was, nor what she was there for.

Millicent, however, knew why she was there, and trembled in spite of her roguish smiles at the thought of what she had done, and she never would have done it had she not been one of those irresponsible creatures, authors, for finding herself running out of material, with a brain drained of ideas, she set forth to find some adventures, and at Bison Gulch she had gathered together enough material for a novel of book length. The people whom she met in the streets she idealized into heroes, villains, comedians, love-sick swains and the like, picturing herself as a beautiful city maid in distress, in thrilling situations, doing good, driving men distracted, or whatever her mood and imagination suggested.

Then the bold idea of encouraging all the fellows who came to worship at her shrine seized her, and immediately she put it into operation.

She led them on, until, one by one, they proposed and were accepted. She placed an embargo on them, however. They must not let it be known that they were engaged. So it happened that she was now engaged to seven men in and about Bison Gulch. She had promised to marry them all on the night of the Fourth of July, the very night when she planned to quietly motort out of the little town and back to her home in the East.

If any of her plans went awry, she would find herself in a very hornet's nest of enraged men, but the game was worth the candle. She didn't know but what it would serve her right if she did get caught in her own net, and she laughed and shuddered at what the outcome could be. But her own feelings she was able to transfer to paper, and so she didn't care, for being an authoress, she delighted in new experiences. If she "got away with it," it would make interesting reading, but if she didn't—well, she'd have plenty of cold chills to analyze if she were caught.

She glanced down the street where flags were waving and boys shouting as they touched off their firecrackers. At various places along the street she saw her seven suitors. There was Larry Smith with his red hair and freckles, Brazilian John whom she nicknamed "Don Quixote" because his looks reminded her of that hero of Cervantes, but whom, she knew, was just the opposite of that gallant knight; Blue Gulch Billy who worked in a mine in Blue Gulch; S. I. G. Rance, so called from the initials of the company for which he worked; Belmont who was a foreman for the S. I. G. Co., Charlie Singer who worked in a local store, and Mac Kitterage who was superintendent of the Weaver Ranch.

Somehow Millicent felt a little ashamed of leading on Big Mac, for he was a man who took things seriously; the rest of the fellows would quickly forget her, but Mr. Wright when he discovered how false she was, it would hurt him rather than affect him as she felt it would the others. They would simply curse and swear at her and let it go at that, while Mac would undoubtedly carry the wound for sometime.

Her breath choked a little at the thought, especially when she recalled the evening he had walked at her side, and told her of his love, an outburst so different from the others; a simple, manly declaration of love from the heart of an honest man, a man who had always been honorable, a man who always would be. She recalled to the minutest detail that night when those strong arms, clothed in the simple gray shirt came about her, and she could still feel the beat of his heart against hers as he pressed her to his bosom.

To him alone had she allowed this privilege; her other admirers had been obliged to be satisfied with a mere pressure of her hand, and the further privilege of being allowed to place an arm loosely about her waist, for she was so wonderfully spirituelle and "fluffed up" they dared not touch her much, lest they "muss" her up!

She felt herself guilty, however, in feigning a semblance of love for the big, dark-haired fellow—then with a laugh and toss of her head, she dismissed all thoughts of him. After all, one cannot have conscientious scruples if he is an author in search of material!

After breakfast, she dressed herself most becomingly, adding a touch of patriotism to her costume in the shape of a bunch of red, white and blue silk ribbon, and started on her way to a certain pretty little gully where she often sat and made her notes.

She was not destined to reach it today, for her lovers would not allow it. The first one she met was Larry who grinned, showed his teeth and with a foolish smile asked her whether she didn't wish that it was seven o'clock, since that was the time they were to "elope!" She admonished him to silence.

This was the first event of a strenuous morning during which she had to use a general's tactics in keeping her seven lovers from revealing their secret to each other, and it was

with a sigh of relief that she returned to her boarding place at noon, and was rid of them for some time.

But they were on the job a few hours later and bore her in state at the head of the impromptu parade which made its way to the ball grounds where Bison Gulch was to scrap it out with Red River, a town some ten miles distant.

Of her admirers, five were on the ball team, and they played even as gloriously as the knights of old jousting for their lady's favor. Mac Kitterage did not play, neither did Larry, and often the last named spoke so familiarly that many times during the afternoon, Millicent felt inclined to slap the presuming little wretch's face.

She had not realized how difficult it was going to be to get away, but as the afternoon wore on, she felt that she must escape somehow. Finally it dawned upon her to faint in the midst of an exciting inning. She accordingly did so.

Mac and Larry, thereupon, had to take her home and after seeing her safely in the house, camped upon the front porch. Millicent, peering cautiously through the curtains, saw there was no danger from that quarter, so she picked up her little handbag, kissed her landlady good by, and quietly went through the rear door of the house, and fled across rear lots and yards until she came to the place where her automobile stood in readiness for her.

Just as she sat to the wheel, a wild roar was borne to her on the languid breeze from the ball ground where Bison Gulch had won!

At the sound, Millicent advanced the gas, pushed in the clutch, started the machine and soon was racing down the alkaline trail as fast as the machine could fly.

She made nice progress for some miles, but as is sometimes the case, a perfectly decent automobile may get up on its ear, and this is just what Millicent Wright did. With a gentle purr, she had simply "killed" it, so she was not troubled, and worked her electric self-starter. But nothing doing! She tried it again and again until the battery gave out, then getting out, she tried her handily little crank. But though she tugged and "threw it over," the engine remained dead.

"My word, what shall I do?" she thought, with mixed amusement and fright. She had a nice distance to cover to get to Durango, the town for which she was headed, for of course she couldn't go back to Bison Gulch. What was the matter with the machine, anyway?

Had she known it she could have probably fixed it. The wires had unfastened from the electric coil, a simple twist would have done the work. She didn't know, however, and consequently she was stalled.

A womanly impulse to sit down and cry came upon her, for she was in a plight indeed. Back in Bison Gulch were seven suitors awaiting her, forward she could not go unless she chose to leave the automobile out on the prairie. She wouldn't mind that very much, for the car was a roadster and not very costly, a thousand dollars would duplicate it, and a thousand dollars was not a great sum to an authoress who commanded royalties that were the envy of many near-famous writer folk.

Only the dusky, sunny prairie and alkaline dust blowing about greeted her in every direction, and how could she ever walk to Durango?

Apparently, that, however, was the only course left to her. Fortunately she had taken a bit of lunch, and a box of bonbons, and then there was a bottle of water in a scientific can which kept it cold. Well, this was her punishment, so the sooner she made up her mind to walk on, the better, and she had best do it at once since dusk was coming on.

With an amused laugh, she began to gather together what she would need. While so engaged, she happened to look up and saw a cloud of dust tearing along the prairie from the direction of Bison Gulch. For a moment her heart leaped with relief, then she turned cold with terror. What if it were one of the seven? But it couldn't be for if one found out, all would, and there would be a comparing of notes, and the whole mob would swoop down upon her! No, it must be a stranger.

She would have run and hidden herself so that she might reconnoiter, but her automobile was the only thing to be seen on the flat prairie if we except the line of low hills in which Bison Gulch was hidden.

There was nothing left to do but await the on-coming horseman, who grew larger and larger as he came loping along, until he materialized into the figure of Mac Kitterage. He came up with a great flourish and stopped so suddenly that the broncho reared up. His face was grim.

"What's the matter?" was his greeting.

"Why, Mr. Kitterage," she smiled up at him, "I was out for a little ride and my machine balked."

"And left you in a rather peculiar position, didn't it?"

"I was so frightened, I thought I might have to stay here all night and listen to the howling coyotes. Oh, suppose you hadn't come?"

"Then you're glad to see me?"

"How queerly you talk," she answered, her mein cool and calm.

"Well, I'll be—am I crazy, or are you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Say, didn't I leave you at Mrs. Green's boarding house, sick with a headache?"

"I? Oh, Mr. Kitterage, won't you please see if you can find out what the trouble with the car is?"

"Didn't you faint in the ball park today?" he continued, ignoring her request.

"I was writing letters all the afternoon! Mr. Kitterage, how queerly you talk! Please, won't you look at the car?" for Millicent was in hopes that he might fix it, whereupon she planned to hop into it and give him the slip. She knew she could outdistance him in a couple of minutes provided he didn't shoot after her and puncture her tires.

"Now, listen here, my lady," he began quietly, but with chilling tone, "I came out to help you if I could, but if you're going to make a fool of me, I'll quit. Larry told me that you had promised to marry him tonight! You made the same promise to me, too! And to Brazil, Billy, Charlie, S. I. G. and Belmont. At first they were going to beat each other up; then they began to compare notes. Mrs. Green told them you had gone for a little auto ride but that you would return. I guessed you had simply cleared out, but I wanted to be sure you were well on your way, because the boys are determined to come after you. Good night! There's the pack of them now," and he waved his hand toward another cloud of dust raised by the hoofs of six welled bronchoses.

"The boys compared their licenses," he went on, "and all were made out in different names which you led them to believe was your right one, and 'Miss Wright' was simply an assumed name. I didn't understand Rev. Jones's smile when I asked him to perform the ceremony for us tonight and his statement that he'd be busy, as he had others to perform. I do now. Larry got a Catholic priest, Brazil held back the minister from Red River and S. I. G. and Belmont got a justice of the peace. Now, what does it mean? You haven't told me a word, and the boys will be here in a couple of minutes."

It was too good, and Millicent Wright, little realizing that she was dealing with men of flesh and blood and not the creations of her brain, was highly elated with the maelstrom into which she had plunged, banking on her sex and personality to carry her through.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said decidedly, her courage and spunk rising.

Mac sprang from his horse, and caught her wrist.

"Listen, young lady! It may seem a joke to you, but when you find yourself confronted with a half-dozen angry, passionate men, it will not be funny. I came on ahead, thinking I might be of some help to you, but since you disclaim all knowledge of your pranks, you may take the consequences."

He glared fiercely upon her, for just then the six came up in towering tempers, their horses decked with foam.

"Got here afore us, didn't ye?" blurted out S. I. G. Rance, "well, ye got the gal, now what are we going to do to her?"

The six dismounted, the horses trailed off to the byway to crop the prairie vegetation and the men made a circle about the undaunted authoress. "Gentlemen," she queried, looking from one face to another, "gentlemen, what does this mean? You, once all my friends, looking so fiercely upon me. I thought you missed me, had feared for my safety and had come to look for me, lo, you come, but I find nothing but up-

braiding and black looks. What does it mean?" "We thought ye disappeared, eh?" grunted Brazilian John, otherwise Don Quixote, "well, we did, and I guess ye didn't mean that we should find ye. Well, we have, and we're going to get actions on ye, ye she Mormon!"

(Millicent didn't know what a "she Mormon" might be, but guessed it meant, in John's understanding, a woman who wanted plural husbands!)

"Don't let her soft-soap us, men!" exclaimed Belmont. "She thought she could play her coquette's airs on us, and trap us into proposing to her and make fools of us. Now, let us fix her little wagon!"

"Mr. Kitterage, what does this all mean? Have you gentlemen all taken leave of your senses? All berating me, and talking in such foolish measures?" she asked, though her heart was sinking. "Suppose, I can't put it over them?" she thought to herself. But if she couldn't, she'd use her feminine weapon. She'd cry!

"I think," she went on with trembling lip, "I think you seven big husky men would be ashamed to trap a poor defenseless girl in this fashion, and insult her and—and—" and bending her head, she went into a flood of tears not unmixed with hysteria. During the torrent, she was aware of a cubist-art impression of voices shouting questions until they became a conglomeration to which she entered a general denial. They asked her if she hadn't promised to marry them, if she hadn't given them all different names which she claimed was her right one, if she hadn't instructed them to secrecy regarding their engagements, if she hadn't suggested preachers, justices of the peace, and others to perform the ceremonies, and so on.

Dimly through it all, she could see that she had them confused, and that she had produced the effect she wished—to make them think she was utterly irresponsible.

"Poor kid, she's crazy as a loon," said Blue Gulch Billy, "better take her back to town, boys, and forget everything. It's clear she ain't responsible."

"You're a gentleman, Billy," she burst out, and it was exactly the wrong thing to do.

"Listen, boys," spoke up Charlie Singer, "that girl is as responsible as you or I. Whatever her right name is, I don't know, but while you boys were tearing around, I happened to pick up this book," and he drew a small volume from his pocket, "and it was written by Millicent Wright. The picture of the authoress is in the front of it, and if it isn't our Millicent Wright's picture, then I'm not Charlie Singer. Boys, she's a writer of stories, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she didn't do this for the sake of a new book!"

"You villain," she cried, "you villain!"

"Because I guessed right?" he queried impudently.

Millicent didn't know how to extricate herself. Had it been a story, she would have done it easily, and cleverly, for she could have galled her characters. But now—well, the only thing was to throw herself upon their mercy.

"You have guessed right," she said coldly, "and I shall take the consequences of my acts. I am an authoress, I did what I did for the sake of a story; add the sequel if you will."

"A nice sequel it will be if I have my way about it," snarled Belmont. "Shall I suggest what we make her do?"

They assented, for they little knew what to do with their fair captive now that they had her in their clutches.

"Well, what'll we do?" queried Larry. "I'll tell you," said Belmont. "She promised to marry all of us—a thing which she can't do. But we'll make her marry one of us! We'll put the marriage licenses into a hat and let her draw one. Whichever one she draws, that's the fellow she'll be up to!"

"Heaven!" she exclaimed in dismay, thinking of the possibilities, "you cannot be in earnest!"

"As earnest in this as you were not in your little game, my lady," Belmont replied.

"Will no one—her voice died away as she saw only grim faces, "Mr. Kitterage—"

"Yes," the man exclaimed.

"No, you don't! Be in the game or out of it. Mac! Hero stunts don't go, and Singer whipped out a gun and thrust it into Mac's face.

The whole thing was so melodramatic, so like a dream that Millicent couldn't really believe that they meant to make her marry one of them.

"Now, lady of many aliases, pick your future husband!" and Belmont held out the hat to her. She grabbed one of the papers, opened it up and in the dusk read in a voice devoid of emotion: "Mac Kitterage."

"I?" Kitterage's eyes lighted up.

"Yes, you as well as any," she replied.

"That's over," Belmont said disgustedly. "Well, we must take our defeat decently. Get into your roadster, Miss Wright, Mac sit up alongside of her, and we'll tow you into town."

Meekly Millicent obeyed, while the men hitched the horses to the car by means of the tow-rope and soon they were on their way to Bison Gulch.

Darkness had fallen. Millicent stole cautious glances at the men at her side. If nothing happened, she must marry him. She wondered what his thoughts were.

In the distance, they could see the night Fourth of July display in Bison Gulch. How differently the day was ending.

"Please don't cart me through the streets; be a little merciful even though I was not," Millicent begged, as they neared town. How like a marquise of the French Revolution going to the guillotine in a tumbril, she felt!

The men heeded her suggestion and when the border of town was reached, they allowed her to alight, and while four of them kept guard of her and Mac (whom they did not quite trust now), two of them took the car to the town's garage, and shortly joined their comrades.

Their progress up the street bore the semblance of a triumphal march, for red, blue and green fire was constantly burning, rockets whizzed into the air and burst with their onomatopoeic "tock!" "nigger chasers" darted under their feet, and and torpedoes smashed all about them.

Millicent felt her face paling; often she glanced at Mac, but he avoided her looks.

Would nothing happen? No, nothing did; the minister's house was reached, they entered, the license was produced, and they were married!

When they came out again, they walked between a cordon of burning colored fire to Stillwagon's Cafe where the wedding supper was laid ready. The men had ordered individually, but with the turn of events, Stillwagon had been bidden to put the whole together, making quite a sumptuous banquet.

Millicent was seated at the head of the table with her husband—how suddenly she had acquired him!—beside her, while the men arranged themselves two on each of the remaining three sides of the table.

Millicent kept her eyes upon her plate, eating but little, drinking nothing, and utterly mute.

"I say, Mrs. Kitterage, won't you give us a toast!" asked S. I. G. Rance.

"Yes," she cried, suddenly stirred to life.

"Yes!"

She seized a glass of water, and rose from her chair.

"Here it is: To my independence! Gone, snatched from me on our country's Day of Independence!"

That practically broke up the little party, and Mac brought Millicent her light coat and hat. The men accompanied him to Mrs. Green's boarding-house, and then with a cheer, they left.

Mac stood on the porch of the house, his hand resting gently on Millicent's arm.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Wright," he said, with emphasis on the "Miss." "Your heart was not in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Your Child's Eyesight

By Dr. J. W. Miller

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IT is unfortunate that poor eyesight may not be recognized at once in every home, but the truth is that there are many connect symptoms which no one would connect with poor eyesight, and so few symptoms that foretell poor eyesight, that many a child gets so bad that permanent glasses are necessary before the trouble is suspected.

The careful parent will always be on the lookout for these things. Probably a million or more mothers have asked, "Do your eyes hurt you?" and the child, really believing he is truthful, has answered in the negative when in reality his eyes were weak and needed prompt attention.

It isn't the child's fault. Poor eyesight does not give much of a warning when it approaches—that is, a warning such as a child would understand, and so the mother must keep a careful watch.

Perhaps your child seems unreasonably nervous, or cross, or restless; perhaps he has many little headaches, and you think it is his stomach or his "nerves," or just a bad temper (inherited from the other side of the house, of course). Watch him carefully. See if he does not squint a little when looking off, or hold his books too close to his face, or say that he hates to study because his lessons are so hard they give him a headache. Watch his report cards and see if he is not getting higher marks in the studies in which he does not need to use his eyes as much as in the studies where he must use his eyes constantly.

All these things, or anyone of them, may mean that your child has poor eyesight. And when a child has poor eyesight, it is never going to improve, of itself. The best of treatment must be given, and at once. At such a time the little eyes may be so treated that they will regain their strength. If delayed too long the youngster will have to go his way through the world depending upon glasses all his days.

Always go to a good ophthalmologist. Be sure he is a skilled man of experience. The best is the cheapest, the safest and the surest. If you have no specialist in your town, go to your family doctor. Family doctors are great men, not always appreciated. Your family doctor may not be an ophthalmologist, but you may be certain that he knows enough about eyes to detect trouble in your child's eyesight upon examination, if trouble is there. And furthermore, your family physician will tell you just what to do about it and where to go. If it is a case where a specialist is needed, he will tell you.

If you are in a big town or city, better go to the eye specialist direct, without delay and have the youngster's eyes examined. If he says to get glasses for the child, have his prescription filled at once and no matter how much the child may weep and wail and protest, see that he wears them. This is the most important precaution a mother can take.

Of course the eyes should be given the greatest of care from birth. Probably half the cases of blindness thirty or less years ago were caused by that terrible disease called "ophthalmia neon-

torum." There was always danger that the child's eyes at birth might harbor some of the germs of this disease which, in a few days, caused the infant's eyes to grow red, discharge, the eyelids to swell and fall over the eyes, the eyeballs become infected and then partial or total incurable blindness followed.

The cure for this is so simple that it is regarded as a crime today for anyone to allow the disease to attack an infant. This cure consists of dropping into each eye of the new born child a two per cent solution of nitrate of silver. This is a powerful antiseptic, it kills the germs instantly, yet does not harm the eyes. Make sure that your physician does this when baby arrives. See to it that it is done to your grand-children. And after that, the eyes need constant care for several weeks. This care consists of keeping the baby's eyes clean. To do this properly use a solution made by dissolving in a cup of boiled and cooled water a teaspoonful of boric acid. See that the acid is the guaranteed chemically pure kind and that the water does not get cold but just lukewarm when applied.

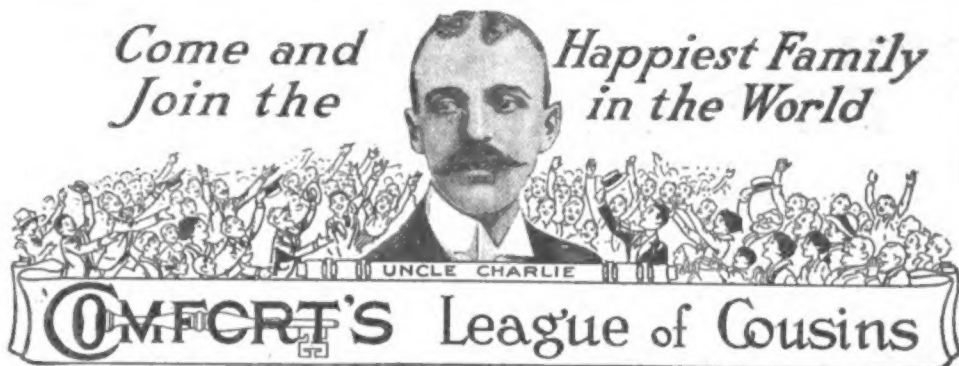
Every time you cleanse the infant's eyes, first sterilize your hands by washing them thoroughly with Castile soap and warm water and then dipping them into a half pint of water in which has been mixed a gill of peroxide of hydrogen. Now dip a bit of absorbent cotton, sterilized (it can be purchased all ready) into the boric acid solution and wash or swab out baby's eyes, wiping from the nose away toward the side, then throw away the cotton. Use a different piece of cotton for each eye and dry with a little piece of fine linen.

When your child goes to school, look at the schoolroom. If it is too dark for your child it is too dark for your neighbor's children. See them and have the room lightened. It can be done. Do not allow your child to bring home his book and do "home work" at night until he is at least fourteen years old, then allow him only half an hour. The modern method of crowding children with studies in so many of our public schools, just to make a good showing for the school "efficiency" has necessitated much home work at night and many a many a ruined eyesight.

Above all, be patient with your youngster when he seems nervous and cross, when he complains that going to school makes him sick when he squints too much. Do not say right away that he is lazy and trying to get out of school, or that he is unduly cross. Of course few children really love school, but before you condemn the child, make quite sure that it isn't weakened eyesight that makes him squint, makes him hate school because school gives him a pain in the head, makes him irritable, makes him play truant, and various other things.

Better pay an expert a few dollars to tell you that your child's eyesight is excellent, than to wait and pay it anyway, and three times as much more for glasses, and endure the sorrow of seeing your child going about with glasses.

Above all, remember that the first symptom of bad eyesight in most children is irritation.



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To be a comfort to one's parents.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To protect the weak and aged.

To love our country and protect its flag.

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 ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and snuggle down close, big children and little children, and especially all you children born abroad, or of foreign parents. Do you know this is the last Fourth of July you may ever be allowed to celebrate in these United States? Well, no war for our allies, there would be no Fourth of July for you this year and probably for any year. To be perfectly frank the present generation has done nothing to deserve a Fourth of July and less still to deserve the splendid heritage the men of '76 and '81 passed on to us.

Directly Congress declared war on the Central Powers, every man, woman and child in America should have been ready to do their bit for the land of their birth or adoption. But were they ready? No, they were scandalously and shamefully unready, ignorant of and even indifferent to the issues at stake in this great world war. In addition a lot of hen-brained, provincial, dull-witted Congressmen were striving desperately to defeat a universal military service law, which aimed to place the burden of national defense squarely on the shoulders of all, instead of a willing, patriotic few, insisting the while that we fight the most perfect and most terrible war machine the world has ever seen with a discredited, wickedly unjust system of unfair volunteering. We might as well try to fight Germany with a feather duster as with volunteers.

On "Wake Up America" day in New York there were over sixty thousand paraders. The whole city was a mass of waving flags. The blare of trumpets and the roll of drums could be heard for miles and the people screamed themselves hoarse, so chock full were they with "let-George-do-it" patriotism. That afternoon I got Maria to take a look at the Borough of Brooklyn, which has a population of two million people. In the heart of that vast city she discovered a mob of between five and ten thousand people screaming themselves hoarse over the baseball returns as they were displayed outside the newspaper offices. Six people only were watching the war bulletins on boards, and in two hours of careful observation, not one person was seen to enter a nearby recruiting station. These facts I at once forwarded to various members of congress, to aid them in their fight for conscription, a real army and real protection.

The day following the great "Wake Up America" celebration in the whole of New York State only one hundred and seventy odd people enlisted. Instead of waking up they went to sleep. In the city of London, with a population not very much greater than that of New York, within forty-eight hours after war was declared and volunteers were called for, 288,000 men responded. In the whole United States, three weeks after war was declared only 33,000 men had entered the army while it has taken us nine weeks to get 100,000 men. On April 25 in the states of Delaware, Maine, North Dakota and Vermont, not a single man enlisted. Vermont in 34 days has enlisted 22 men. It took this once glorious state five days to enlist two men. In spite of the immense number of men who volunteered in England, conscription had to be resorted to, and now thank God we too have adopted it and have saved ourselves not only from disgrace, but from becoming contemptible in the eyes of the world. It was the French conscripts that hurled the German hordes back at the Marne and not only saved Europe, but probably America as well. In '81 the South adopted conscription and the North had to follow suit. Our Civil War was won, not by volunteers, but by drafted men. In our war with Spain, we never succeeded in getting all the volunteers that were called for, and of those we did get over seven thousand deserted. We could fool with impotent Spain but not with mighty Prussia. If ever a nation needed universal military training and universal military service under Federal control, the young men of these United States need it. They need the discipline and the physical training, for not one in ten is found physically fit for the fighting line. Our youth, too, need to be taught that there is something more in life than auto rides, cabarets, movies and the pursuit of idle pleasure. They must be taught that sacrifice and service, not pleasure and good times are what make men and nations noble and great. Hundreds of young men are rushing to get married so as to hide behind the skirts of women, but those skirts will not save them. Hundreds more are going to the recruiting offices without any idea of enlisting, so as to get medical examinations free of charge.

The New York American commenting editorially on the war situation says: "Here it is a full month since the President decided upon war—and not one single, decisive step toward real preparedness has been taken. The army that ought to have been on the way to the training camps is still a matter of academic debate. The chances are better than even that the European war will be ended before our citizen army has been collected into drilling camps."

Here is the kind of thing that flares out in bold type from every newspaper and makes one sick at heart: "Indirectly criticizing the war department, Representative Tilson of Connecticut said that only 66,000 service rifles have been made by the United States since the outbreak of the European war." When it was suggested, says the New York Times that information of this sort possibly should not be made public, Mr. Tilson replied: "Everybody knows it except ourselves. Our enemies know it. We need not try and keep it a secret now. We cannot increase our capacity to manufacture that rifle because of the difficulty of procuring gauges. We have waited too long."

The precious weeks that have been wasted may result disastrously for us, and if for us then for our allies, and all mankind. Monarchies and autocracies are ever ready for war, that is their business. Democracies fool with war as a child fools with its toys, and not until national extinction threatens will free governments and free peoples wield the sword efficiently. At present it looks as if Russia must crumble. German agents, sympathizers and propagandists have gained complete control of the socialist movement in the United States. Decent Americans have left the party by the thousands. The same contemptible game is now being worked in Russia, and the Russians are falling as easy victims to the Kaiser's agents as did the simple American comrades who knew nothing of the traitorous scheme that was being put over them. If Russia goes only our aid in men and munitions can save our allies France and Britain, and whether we shall be able to help or not largely depends on whether we can meet the menace of the submarine, and it is very doubtful if it can

be met. No nation can stand starvation, and with our allies starved out we shall have to feel the full force of the mailed fist, and if you don't know what that means, look at bleeding Belgium, starved, crushed, annihilated and left with only her eyes to weep with. The wooden ships which were to break the submarine blockade will avail but little, unless we, too, can build unsinkable ships. Italy must have coal and supplies or she will soon be crushed, and if she too goes, democracy dies in the old world, and we who still think the war is a huge joke, will have to fight the battle of humanity alone against an all powerful foe, and at present we are incapable of fighting even a fried chicken. Germany's fleet is double ours and if England is starved out she will have to surrender her mighty fleet, then such an armada as the world has never seen will probably cross the seas. What will happen then? You may guess when I tell you that one of Germany's leading statesmen declared in the Reichstag "bite granite." Dr. Hahn too in the Reichstag shouted "Germany's future is a future of battle and conquest." While the Kaiser in 1908 at Potsdam said: "Germany over everything in the world, the first power on earth both in peace and war—that is the place which I have been ordered by God to conquer for him. This is my irrevocable decision. Whoever opposes my will, him will I break."

If the President has to be put on a granite diet you may know what is in store for the rest of us. These poor pacifist idiots, many of them in the pay of or the victims of the Kaiser's agents, who have pestered me with their traitorous piffle for the last three years, have declared they would not have the United States turned into an armed camp. The poor boobies did not realize that it was far better for us to have an armed camp of our own than an armed camp full of our enemies. It had to be one or the other. For years I have warned you to cut out fireworks and flag waving on the Fourth and get down to serious thinking. I warned you that the storm was coming, but you would not believe me. But Uncle Charlie was right was he not? Everyone, man, woman or child must do his or her bit in this great struggle if this nation is to survive. In these days war is not a mere matter of armies against armies, but nations against nations. In this conflict we are going to lose our roll and gain our soul. We are going to quit being a mob of idle, pleasure-loving profit seekers and become a nation. If this war brings the rod of affliction to every home in the land, so much the better for the land and those who inhabit it, for out of the fiery crucible of war will emerge a people united and purified by suffering, sorrow and adversity.

Every citizen of this country must be ready to offer himself a willing sacrifice on the altar of freedom and democracy. No thought of selfish interest must swerve him from this high and lofty purpose for today America holds in her hand the destinies of mankind. The world cannot be half free and half slave. The Almighty has decreed that our strong right arms must make it all free and we must do His bidding.

And now let me finish this article by quoting a few words from President Wilson's address to Congress: "The world must be made safe for democracy. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. . . . no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall make. Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor. Right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts. . . . for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority, to have a voice in their governments. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her she can do no other."

Let these extracts from our President's speech be read daily in every school and home in the land until the whole nation can quote them at will. These are words of fire and it is such sentiments as these and not firecrackers and foolishness that we need on Independence Day, for it is these sentiments alone that can keep freedom and liberty alive in this stormy, war cursed world.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

COURTOIS, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: We live on a large farm and raise chickens, turkeys and ducks. We are half a mile from the schoolhouse. I am in the sixth grade at school. I have gray eyes, light hair and fair complexion, four feet nine inches tall, and twelve years old. Uncle Charlie do you think it any harm for a girl of my age to use face powder. Other girls my age use it around here, and they think it no harm. I would like to see this in print and also would like to exchange letters with some of the cousins.

With sincere good wishes,

NAOMI BLUNT.

I have expressed my opinion time and again, and my intense disapproval of the disgusting habit so prevalent in the country over, especially among young girls, of disfiguring their faces with make up. I do not believe in using force if reason and argument can get results, but I can tell you this, Naomi, if you were a daughter of mine and I saw you trying to ruin your complexion and face, by trying to convert it into a flour barrel, you'd get the licking of your life. If I were your teacher and you came to school wearing a mask of chalk you'd be sent home to wash your face. I am glad that mother scolds, for there are a lot of mothers who would not even do that. Better still, mother should command, and if you don't obey you should be drastically disciplined and punished. Powder at twelve means paint at thirteen and a vain, spoiled, silly, frivolous, useless girl at fifteen and a ruined life and broken-hearted parents at sixteen. Life largely depends on how you start it, and you, Naomi, are starting it all wrong, and a bad start generally means a bad ending, and life is too precious, valuable and useful a thing to be ruined. If you plug the pores of your skin with chalk, in another five years your face will look more like a patch of alligator hide than that of a human being. Because those other girls make idiots of themselves and have fool mothers who have not sense enough to correct or discipline them, is no reason why you should make an idiot of yourself. The face that needs powder at twelve must be a mighty homely face, and the owner of that face must be desperate and foolish indeed to think that plastering it with chalk is going to improve it. It is about time you American mothers got busy with the slipper, the hair brush and the fence rail. These are the things that should be applied to your daughters, not face powders.

EAST BERLIN, Locust St., Pa.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a high school student and am in my sophomore year. I study the following branches: Spelling, rhetoric, algebra, Latin, zoology and that detested history. They do not teach penmanship, which is an excuse for my poor writing. Our large organized class consists of four.

I am five feet one inch tall on two-inch heels, have dark hair, eyes and complexion. I am on my way to sweet sixteen and have never had a beau.

I wonder whether every person is such a day-dreamer as I am. I don't have such horrible dreams in the daytime as I have at night.

Our town has about six hundred inhabitants, three churches, two blacksmith shops and one school building. If you keep Billy tied so he does not get this I may write again. I would like to hear from someone living in the South. I am greatly in love with that place, although I don't know very much about it.

I will close as it is bedtime.

Your niece,

PHOEBE L. JOSEPH.

Phoebe, like yourself, I am a tremendous dreamer. Some foolish people regard dreamers with contempt. They seem to forget that without the dreamer there would be little worth while in the world. The greatest dreamer of all was Christ. He dreamed of the brotherhood of men, and His dreaming cost Him His life. All He dreamed however, will some day be realized. Emerson says: "What the tender and poetic youth dreams today and conjures up in articulate speech, is tomorrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the character of nations." What we dream about today is, the thing that will happen tomorrow, what we do today is the thing we dreamed about yesterday. Everything worth while in the world today is the result of dreams and imagination. But remember, dreams are no good unless you translate them into action. Many men dreamed of a great Western continent, but it took Columbus to demonstrate that the continent really existed. Many men dreamed that the sun revolved around the earth instead of the earth revolving round the sun, but it took Galileo to prove it. The world is divided into three classes, those who are behind the times, those who are ahead of the times and those who are neither ahead nor behind the times. The people who are behind the times are people who never dream and have no imagination. They are the nuts and the nuts who make life hard for everyone. The man ahead of the times is the pioneer of civilization. He is immensely useful, but he can be very dangerous. The architect, the sculptor, the painter can realize their dreams, for they deal largely with material things. When, however, our dreams deal with human beings, we are up against an entirely different proposition. We humans are all alike and yet all different, and if we are not careful, conservative and level headed, our dreams are liable to become nightmares and drench the world in blood. If you want to watch the danger of a certain type of dreaming, keep your eye on Russia, where the socialists and a bunch of radical extremists are in control. All socialists are dreamers—most are sane dreamers, but every reform movement is cursed with its cranks and crack brained, dangerous visionaries, and usually the extreme and dangerous elements succeed in gaining control and spoil everything. The sane dreamer knows what can be realized now and what can't be realized for another fifty years. He deals with facts rather than theories. The insane dreamer, nihilist and anarchist wants to build right on the jump an ideal world out of impossible material and wants to do it under the very guns of the German war machine, the worst military despotism the world has ever seen, and is willing to bring the whole of civilization down about his ears and shipwreck all the hopes of humanity if he can but for five minutes see his humanity. I am not ready for a generation. The world needs practical, sane dreamers, but the impractical, non-resisting, pacifist dreamer of the Cousin C. type, is a menace and should be placed in padded cells, while practical men do the work things as they are, building one step at a time until we reach the land of our dreams, the world as it ought to be, and as we want it to be.

JANNEY, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My mother owns a farm of three hundred and sixty acres. We can raise almost anything down here. Uncle, if you will come I will give you all the chickens hatched and not hatched and milk you want. I am in the eighth grade and am the oldest girl at home as my oldest sister is married. I have four brothers and four sisters. One sister is dead. I live five miles from the Suwannee River, in Levy county. I can sew iron cook wash, scour and climb trees. I make beds out of wood and clerk in our store for mamma. I was climbing in a persimmon tree after Simmon's and fell out and broke my arm one time and I have never liked Simmon's since.

We have peach trees, pear trees, pecan trees and bananas. We raise cane and grind it with a gasoline engine.

I am five feet two inches short, weigh ninety-four pounds. Have brown hair, gray eyes and suntanned complexion so you see I am not very pretty.

Your niece,

ORPHA JANNEY.

Thank you for your offer of chickens, eggs and milk, Orpha. It would not, however, be fair of me to impose on your generosity. Many weeks ago we placed ourselves on a war diet. We have meatless days and we have substituted rice for potatoes. I have cut my egg allowance in halves two eggs one day and one egg the next. Then there were no corn bread every other day, so that there was more wheat for those who are shedding their blood and fighting our battles in order that liberty and freedom may be kept alive on this earth. This is the only practical assistance I can give, and this much assistance to the cause of humanity all can give. God knows it is little compared to what some have had to give. Millions have had to give all they had in the world, and their lives into the bargain. Less so far has been demanded of us, but no one knows what the future holds. Orpha, we are all sorry that we cannot see you when you are sewing, ironing, cooking, washing and climbing trees, and we are just tickled to bits to know that you for mamma. In these days when help is scarce and expensive it must be a real joy to see feather beds serving out the molasses in Mamma's store. Take my advice and leave Mr. Simmon's alone. It is not dignified, correct nor proper for young ladies to be chasing gentlemen with arboreal inclinations, from the branches of the persimmon



The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

Here is the truth, as stated by a chemist who spent 25 years on this corn problem. And as proved already on almost a billion corns.

"This invention—Blue-jay—makes corn troubles needless. It stops the pain instantly, and stops it forever. In 48 hours the whole corn disappears, save in rare cases which take a little longer."

That is the truth, and millions of people know it. Every month it is being proved on nearly two million corns.

So long as you doubt it you'll suffer. The day that you prove it will see your last corn-ache.

It costs so little—is so easy and quick and painless—that you owe yourself this proof. Try Blue-jay tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
 Chicago and New York
 Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

Sold by all Druggists
 Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

tree. If there is any chasing to be done let Mr. Simmons do it.

CHINA SPRINGS, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am twenty-four years old, about five feet and three inches tall, weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, have black hair and brown eyes. I live on a farm with my father and mother, three sisters and two brothers. I like farm life fine. I like to work in the field. We raise cotton, corn and oats. Uncle, we have a nice garden. We have onions, mustard, radishes and English peas up, and growing fine. We also have Irish potatoes planted, so if you will come out here this summer we will feed you on vegetables. Uncle, I know you love Irish potatoes so I will try to have some when you come.

I feel sorry for the poor fellows who are going to have to leave home and friends and go to the war, and also for the poor people left at home.

From your new niece and cousin,
 LILLIE ANDERSON, League No. 42,563.

P. S. I received my card and button and think they are pretty.

Lilly, I am very much interested in the stuff you are raising in your garden, but if you take my advice you will never try and raise English peas and Irish potatoes within a thousand miles of each other. Once on a time I tried to raise these two vegetables side by side and with the most disastrous results. The Irish potatoes were always sassing the English peas and demanding Home Rule. The potatoes claimed the peas were a stuck-up bunch, and the English peas retorted by saying that the Irish potatoes were a low-down lot. The Irish potatoes always had their eyes on the English peas. One day there was a dreadful racket in the garden, and when I rushed out to find what had happened, I discovered that the potatoes were *shelling* the peas, and if Bryan hadn't come along in a Ford and delivered a lecture on peace, that would have been the finish of my garden. Racism and nationalism are hard things to handle, but when this war is over a lot of the things that caused racial animosities will be straightened out, and in another century and that is a short time in racial evolution, everything will be working smoothly and we shall all be one big, happy family.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

UNCLE CHARLIE: I hardly think you should live in the U. S. the way you slam it! I read in the March Comfort the many things you said against the United States and I have read the same in other copies that you wrote. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself dishonoring your own land! If you do dishonor it, do not make your evil thoughts known. Please read the book, "A Man Without a Country."

Yours truly,
 One who has more respect for their native land than you.

The writer of this note respects his native land so much that he has not even the courage when acting as its champion to sign his name. He is as courageous as the little boy who rings a bell then runs away. I have never said a word against the United States. On the contrary I have always said it was the grandest and most glorious country on earth. I have however, found fault with the American people for their self-centered provincialism, their indifference to their own interests, their lack of vision, foresight and forethought, their tolerance of lawlessness, graft and vice, and their political blindness, which burdens the legislatures of this great country with self-seeking, axe-grinding, pork-hunting nonentities instead of patriots and statesmen. The only worth-while patriot is not the man who waves flags, beats drums and runs away from the recruiting sergeant, and dreads criticism, but the man who dares to look his countrymen in the eye and tell them their faults and their shortcomings. This I have dared to do and shall continue to do. The only way to get people to right a wrong is to get them dissatisfied. I have fought for parcel post, income tax, popular election of senators, woman suffrage, abolition of child labor and the liquor traffic, also the white slave traffic and everything else that has made for progress and human betterment, and have been instrumental in helping to bring about many reforms. Above all else I have fought for preparedness and I have waged war

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and bottles which were wont to adorn her toilet table.

"She is very pretty," he assented. "And, then, she has a way of dressing," he added, thoughtfully.

"She lent me a pearl necklace and a big white fan to go to the dance. Fancy!"

"She must like you. As a rule, she affects boys rather than girls."

"Yes, she has been more than kind to Maurice," she answered, with a simplicity rather crushing, and so near to an astute snub as to please Mr. Fairfax vastly.

"She rides beautifully," he said, meekly. "Did you ever see her on a horse? When you go to stay with her she will teach you in no time."

"I don't know," doubtfully. "I think I am too old to learn."

"You are nearly twenty-five years younger than she is."

"But I shall never be half as clever," she replied, with calm directness.

Mr. Fairfax reflected on Lady Satterlee's career for a silent minute.

"Perhaps not," he assented, with honesty. "But about learning to ride. If you would let me bring over a horse, I could teach you while you are here."

"I have no habit," she drew her chair out of the way as the maid came in to set the tea-table. "I must wait, you see, till Mr. Mayne departs from Lispernand House. Then," triumphantly, "we are going to do everything we have never been allowed to do."

"I am going to stay with her by and by," said Joan, who had entered the room in the wake of the maid. "We are going to be all alone, and I am going to pour out tea at breakfast."

"Agatha will be married before Mr. Mayne leaves," Nerine observed, rather forlornly. "I wish people did not get married."

"I have wished so, often."

"Tea is ready," Joan announced cheerfully. "I'll call May. She is being washed, because she would help Mrs. Palmer make cakes for tea."

But May appeared as she spoke, and the four sat down to tea. Mr. Fairfax felt secretly amused as he took the seat pointed out by Joan, which put him at the foot of the table, opposite Miss Lispernand and the tea tray. How lovely she was in her plain black frock with its little muslin collar and cuffs; and what a quaintly domestic flavor belonged to the whole scene.

"Nerine says she is always going to have a sit-down tea when she has a house. You can eat so much more," May observed kindly over her bread and butter.

"Miss Lispernand is quite right. A 'sit-down tea' has double the opportunities," he replied, gravely.

"You can eat more if there is more to eat," Joan remarked, with sound common sense. "There is plenty here, but at home we've bread and milk, and I always try to get mother to let me come to the drawing-room at tea time."

"So do I," responded May. "She never lets us stay, you know, but she always gives us a piece of cake, and then tells us to run away."

Fairfax laughed outright as he helped the jam with a prodigal hand.

"Mr. Fairfax will think you are remarkably greedy," Nerine said, with severity, "and you know you are not at all."

"No, we're not," said Joan, "but we'd like to be. Don't you remember, Nerine, the first morning you came to Belton? I was waiting behind the door for marmalade when you saw me."

"What is that she calls you, Miss Lispernand?" Fairfax looked up from Mrs. Palmer's excellent hot cakes. "Nerine, is that it?"

"Yes, it is an odd name, is it not?"

"It is quite uncommon; I never knew any one else called Nerine."

It certainly suited the girl admirably. Somehow it would have seemed out of place worn by any other girl than this, with her quick change from child-like mirth to a cold, sweet dignity all her own.

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss August will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.



MISS JULY.

HE sign Leo (The Lion) governs the heart, the love and the emotions, being very marked from July 22nd to August 22nd. The heart might be likened unto a spring, from which all the fountains of life flow; it is popularly regarded as the seat of the affections and sensibilities, and the source from which characters are shaped. Persons born under these influences may have a variety of inclinations and tendencies which, if unrestrained, will result in over-adaptability. They are aspiring and energetic, and their decisions will be based on propriety, justice and order. They are likely to be a little blinded by their love and admiration of things beautiful, and in their dealings with people should look into them as well as at them. Their successes are in the intellectual spheres of life, being free thinkers, finely

sensitive and emotional. Women influenced by this sign make the finest of mothers. They possess self-control, and have a superior power over those whom they love. They are endowed with a faculty for creation, making them superior in all the departments of housekeeping and home-making. When children, they are prone to imitate the life and habits of others; also to be influenced by their mental and physical condition. Because they live in an ideal world, and speak and act from their first impulse, they will often be misunderstood, and learn the hard facts of life from sad experience. Parents should carefully observe these children, lest the making of splendid men and women be lost. They require a broad education, and will profit by having the traits that in others make or mar pointed out. Nature intended them to be frank, trusting and loving, but if their fine sensibilities are constantly being injured, they will become doubtful whether reality or sincerity exists, and in self-defense they themselves may become tricky. Parents must not transgress from the rules and regulations laid down for such children, for they are naturally very observant, and will detect any changeableness and be influenced by it. They are very inventive and will succeed in a variety of spheres.

Ruby, the July Birth-stone

It appears most fitting that this precious gem, the Ruby, should symbolize Charity, which is by far the most precious trait in humanity. Charity in its truest sense is not typified by almsgiving; it is the disposition to think favorably of others; to do them good. It is the language that the deaf can hear, and the dumb understand. The fair interpretation, and the gentlest sentence, even if lost on the one bestowed, will work grace and beauty upon the heart of the giver.

Magic suggests mystery, yet, mystery is not magic but something of which we know that it is, though we do not know how it is. We are neither all-seeing nor all-knowing, and the power of influence, personal or otherwise, plays an important part in our lives. And thus it is, that a simple birth-stone ring, once its mission is understood, will have a guiding influence upon the wearer.

Miss July, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, is in harmony with right guidance, for, "True liberty consists only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will."

How to Give a Liberty Party

Miss July thinks that some of the COMFORT's readers might like to give a Liberty party, and if so, offers these suggestions:

Make four sleevebands, marked Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Philippines. Have four ushers, each wearing one of these bands on the left arm. As the guests arrive, the ushers will escort them to their hostess, The Goddess of Liberty, who will receive, and will present them with a card, pencil attached, which on one side has written one question connected with Washington, D. C., socially, officially or politically. These questions may be very interesting, amusing and original. The other side of the card is written as follows:

Scene—Cradle of Liberty (Faneuil Hall, Boston).

Peace—Peace Heroic and sacrificial is the New Vision which only young men can believe in. *Fauntleroy.*

Below is written a list of the guests' names.

Miss July, the hostess, is dressed in national colors. A white skirt, a flag draped about the shoulders, and the Liberty cap made of red crepe paper.

The guests will hasten to meet, and inform themselves of each other's question, and the one guessing correctly the largest number of answers will receive an American flag as a reward. Have each question numbered, and the number and answer must be written on cards, which are in due time collected and passed upon.

Nature of some questions and answers:

What statement made by President Wilson has been most discussed? Ans. "Too proud to fight."

What does William J. Bryan most love? Ans. A silver dollar.

What White House visitor said, "You think you know. Guess again." Ans. Carrie Nation.

What is Roosevelt's favorite head-dress? Ans. Rough Rider's Hat.

What might be called a national fruit? Ans. Cherries.

What president's initials stand for a phrase which made him famous? Ans. U. S. (Unconditional Surrender) Grant.

"I always heave a thankful sigh when I find out that a lady's Christian name is not Gladys," he observed as Joan handed his cup to be refilled.

"I would rather be a Sarah than a Gladys or a Hilda," said Nerine, laughing. "Everybody is Gladys and Hilda nowadays. But when the fashion changes we shall be Susan and Deborah and Jane."

She stretched out her hand for one of Joan's sweets as she spoke, and Fairfax watched her covertly as she bit it with her small white teeth. What a lovely mouth she had, and how sweet and good a smile! He wondered if she had really minded about Satterlee, and what was exactly the story of that dance, for certainly there was one. Could that young duffer, Bobby, have made a mistake and proposed to this one first, and then got out of it? It sounded impossible, but few things—from the height of his thirty-three years—were impossible to subalterns of twenty-odd!

Nerine rose while he was pondering on the question, and after a few minutes he took his leave. But the reflection lasted him throughout his solitary walk home through the wet fields. He had eaten too much, and destroyed his appetite for his dinner. Perhaps that was why his big house felt so lonely that evening, and his box of new books proved so dull.

He thought it might be a good plan to marry and rid himself of these lonely evenings for the rest of his life. But a less serious way would be to leave England, and set out on a new course of globe-trotting. Mr. Fairfax was so bored and dull that he actually brought forth an atlas and began to search for a corner of the world he had not yet visited. He found nothing quite absolutely new but Patagonia, and pushed away his maps in disgust. Yet perhaps even Patagonia would be less dangerous than a quiet country life and propinquity to Miss Nerine Lispernand, who could look white and dazed at a ball on account of a nice boy like Bobby. Hang Bobby! And Mr. Fairfax smoked viciously till he went to bed.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE EDGE OF A MYSTERY.

Early on Tuesday afternoon, according to promise, Miss Lispernand knocked at the window of the lonely cottage.

There was dead silence. Presently, from somewhere at the back of the house, the fox terrier flew out barking; he sniffed at the girl, and then let her pat him.

"Where's your mistress, Snap? Gone out?" The dog whined. Nerine knocked at the window again, and this time a voice replied.

"Who's there?"

"It is I. You told me to come today."

There was a movement inside, then a groan.

"Come in by the kitchen. This door's locked, and I can't get up to open it."

"Where you came out, Snap, can I get in?" the girl wondered.

She walked round the house, the dog running before her. The back door stood ajar, and she went into a desolate kitchen, with no furniture but one chair and a cracked and fireless stove. With a return of her old terrors of the place, she made her way into the passage, and stood aghast. The dirt and disorder, worst of all the deadly closeness and chill of the atmosphere, nearly made her sick. The floor of the passage was strewn with bones, potatoes, bones, empty bottles, and the smell was overpowering. Handkerchief to nose, the girl hurried on to the sitting-room.

Stretched on a low chair, with her feet on another, her face drawn with pain, sat the mistress of the house. Her dress was more frowsy than ever, but the room had been cleared up, as regarded the bottles, by throwing them out into the passage.

"You've really come. I didn't think you would. Oh, I'm so glad to see you."

"What is the matter—are you ill?"

The woman nodded.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	2
In and Around the Home Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	3
The Masked Bridal (continued) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon	4
Comfort Sisters' Corner	5
Thrill Without Parsimony in the Kitchen	5
Nerine's Second Choice (continued) Adelaide Stirling	6
Start Your War-time Economy by Daily Canning Violet Marsh	7
A Declaration of Dependence Joseph F. Novak	8
Your Child's Eyesight Dr. J. W. Miller	8
Comfort's League of Cousins Uncle Charlie	9
The Kingdom of Our Birthright	10
Crums of Comfort	10
The Pretty Girls' Club Katherine Booth	11
The Road to Health in the Vegetable Kingdom Ella Gordon	12
The Dying Soldier Boy's Love Letter Mrs. J. P. Draper	13
The Doings of the Dapperlings Lena B. Ellingwood	14
The Modern Farmer	15
Home Dressmaking Hints Geneva Gladding	16
Poultry Farming for Women Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	17
Talks with Girls	18
Veterinary Information	19
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps	19
Information Bureau	20
Family Doctor	21
Home Lawyer	21
Manners and Looks	22
Three Wheel Chairs in June	22
The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities	23
Comfort's Comicalities	23

AUGUST COMFORT

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Crums of Comfort

True toil is true leisure.
Right is right while God is God.
Rich soils are oftenest to be weeded.
God's rest floats about our restlessness.
Law should be the perfection of reason.
Who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.
Morality does not depend upon numbers.
Ostentation is the signal-flag of hypocrisy.
Death has many doors for us to go out at.
Error is a plant which flourishes in every soil.
A panic is the stampede of our self-possession.
Pain pays the price of each most precious thing.
The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.
Old people's memories have no wrinkles in them.
Whatever we leave to God, God does and blesses us.
Money is best spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.
Nothing but a good life can fit people for a better one.
A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.
We cannot judge people by what they might have been.
The best fight we can make is the fight against ourselves.
Immortality is the desire of every rational human being.
Though fortune be blind she can see where she is going.
What is founded on truth stands while the world stands.
Whoever has no fixed opinions has no constant feelings.
The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity for it.
One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.
The Indian scalps his enemy; the white man skins his friends.
Man never falls so low he can see nothing higher than himself.
Better build schoolhouses for children than jails for adults.
Private opinion may be weak, but public opinion is all-powerful.
The greatest country is that which has the greatest man or woman.
It is not ease, but effort; not facility, but difficulty, that makes men.
What we hope to be and are not is small comfort, and little credit.
Selfishness is the ugliest and meanest trait in the human character.
There is only one opportunity of a kind. Don't let your kind get away.
Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity of the New.
The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the cure of all the physicians.
Strike the iron, not only when it is hot, but strike it until you make it hot.
It is foolish to try to get people to come to us when we refuse to go to them.
Do not look for perfection in any one man, nor for long agreement among many.
When you read, read the new things in science and the old things in literature.
War is a game which, if the people were wise, their leaders would not play at.
What we find good of and what we find hurt of is the best physic to preserve health.
When we begin to listen for the voices we used to hear, we are beginning to listen for the voices of the angels.
Providence never sent into the world a few men, booted and spurred, to ride, and millions, saddled and bridled to be ridden.
Most people have ears, but few have judgment, and if you will tickle those ears you will catch their judgment, such as it is.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Careful Toilet

HAVE you ever noticed how often, in a gathering of people, the girl who gives the impression of being most attractive is really not pretty when you examine her features attentively, but only seems pretty or charming because of the care given to her toilet?

Louise, with her big blue eyes and real golden hair, may have twice her beauty, but Louise always looks a little sloppy about the waistline and her skirt never hangs evenly. Agnes is neat as to dress but plus her hair up unbecomingly, so that her really beautiful profile is entirely spoiled. Margaret, with the short stringy locks that will fall into her eyes, always looks untidy. While Frances, with very plain features, has



BE CAREFUL THAT YOUR HAIR IS PERFECTLY DRESSED.

such an atmosphere of freshness and daintiness, her hair is so painstakingly kept from straggling into her neck or about her ears, her waistline is so trim, her nose so smooth, her shoes so trim and smart-looking, that people go away from meeting her under the impression that she is a pretty girl—when she isn't at all.

You all know somebody just like Frances! Take the lesson to heart, and make up your mind always to make a careful toilet.

Be generous with invisible hairpins, and take time to see that every lock is where it should be and that it will stay there.

Never omit your morning body bath, and if you are going out in the evening take at least a quick all-over sponge before dressing, if you cannot conveniently arrange for a body bath.

Keep your nails well-shaped and above suspicion as to cleanliness, your eyebrows smooth and glossy.

Never wear a shoe with run-over heels—your cobbler will straighten them over night for twenty-five cents. Have the shoes trim and smooth sitting about the ankle, and if laced, see that they are laced evenly and snugly all the way from toe to top. Wear at least three side garters for each stocking, one on the inside of leg, one on the outside, and one in the back. These garters should be fastened to your corset, and be strapped short enough to keep your stocking absolutely free from wrinkles.

Have your waistline trim, and examine yourself in the mirror always before going out, to be sure skirt hangs evenly; that no bunch of corset strings or other under fastenings makes a lump on the back of skirt or waist; and that your shirt-waist or your waist does not pull out from belt with more fullness at one point than another.

Of course I do not need to emphasize the value of beautifully kept teeth—your regard for your health and your comfort would make you brush them five times a day, in any case—yet perhaps it won't do any harm to remind you that perfectly white even teeth add a hundred per cent to the charm of a smile and the beauty of a face.

Don't let your eyelids get red or irritated. Washing out daily with boric acid solution and an occasional anointing of the lids with melted vaseline or olive oil will take care of this.

With your suit jacket wear broad white collar and cuffs—stiff—and be sure they are absolutely fresh and spotless. Carefully dressed hair, immaculate collar and cuffs, a hat pinned on carefully at the most becoming angle, shoes freshly polished, trim hose and waistline, will give you an air of smartness that will eclipse the prettiest peaches-and-cream complexion or the most perfect profile.

If you don't think you are especially pretty try the plan of the careful toilet, and see if it doesn't make up for any shortcomings you thought you possessed.

Answers to Questions

Smiles, M. E. K.—For your height, five feet six inches, you should weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. Your bust and hips should measure thirty-nine inches, so you are a little over measurement. If you do not eat breakfast or supper, I am afraid you are apt to eat more than you should for dinner—that is the usual result. I should advise, instead, eating a breakfast of fruit and toast only. For dinner, lean meat, two vegetables (but not potato or rice, as these are fattening), and a light dessert, preferably fruit, but certainly not pie or cake or preserves. For supper, you could eat fruit and toast again. Or you could have a baked apple and a bran muffin, or a dish of stewed prunes and some graham crackers. Eat something, but a very light meal. And be careful, at noon, to eat only a moderate amount. You shouldn't eat much meat, and it should be broiled or roasted. I don't think your stomach will trouble you at night, under this plan, and I also think you will lose some superfluous pounds. Don't take cream on your foods, or drink milk or eat much butter. And cut out sugar. In a short time you will be down to your normal weight, if you will do this. And be careful to keep the bowels open daily. In last month's COMFORT I gave an exercise for constipation, liver and fat abdomen. Practise it regularly every day.

Millie.—I am sorry that I can't give you much encouragement about your face, but it is possible that gently massaging the thin cheek will develop it. Do not massage the other side. Use a little cold cream on your fingers and rub with a circular motion in small circle all over your cheek. Then at the end slap the face lightly with the flat of the hand many times, and finally rub the flesh of the cheek up from the chin toward the temple. No, indeed, you shouldn't have gray hair. Your body isn't in good condition, I should say. Exercise a great deal, bathe every night in warm water, and every morning in cool water (you can make this latter a sponge bath, if you like), be careful of your diet and the condition of your bowels. Massage your scalp every night, by slipping the flat of the fingers under the loosened hair right close to the scalp, and pressing the fingers firmly down. Move the skin back and forth on the skull without lifting the fingers or letting them rub back and forth. Go all over the head this way, and keep it up for five or ten minutes. Do it every night. The skin of your head should be very loose, as if it is tight the blood cannot circulate properly. Continued massage will loosen up even a very tight scalp, and the hair will profit by it.

C. G. B.—Your age may have something to do with your pimples, and a little later they may entirely disappear. But I think, besides, that there are other things at fault. You must exercise daily, and bathe at least once a day all over, and drink lots of water, and see to the bowels. Some of these things you haven't been careful about, or you would not have been having pimples and boils. Chew your food until it is liquid before you swallow it, don't eat between meals, eat very few sweets, and read all I say about general diet. Yes, the hot water before breakfast—at least half an hour before—is a good plan. Drink at least a glass. Be sure to rinse your face very thoroughly after washing, and continue using soap only once a day—at night. Better, however, make yourself some small bags of rolled oats, and use those to wash with

during the day, as they will remove dirt, and leave the skin soft.

H. F.—Yes, you weigh too much. You say you began to exercise, but did you no good and you stopped it. Exercise is necessary for you, but you must also cut down the amount of food you eat. See my answer to "Smiles." This is about what you should eat. Don't take any potatoes, rice, macaroni, hardly any butter, milk or cream, no gravies or fat meat, and no sweets. That seems to take away a lot of things, but you have ever so much left. You can eat: rare broiled or roasted beef, lamb, mutton, or you can eat fresh fish, chicken, turkey. Don't eat very much at a time—just a moderate-sized piece. Then there are string beans, asparagus, spinach or other green, rhubarb, cabbage, turnips, squash, corn, tomatoes, etc.; and there are apples, all berries, peaches, pears, apricots, figs, prunes, grapefruit, oranges, lemons, pine-apple—in fact practically all fruits, except bananas. So you can't starve! And you must be sure to eat only a moderate amount of any. And no wheat bread for a time, and certainly no hot breads nor any cake or pie. And chew your food! Keep up the exercises—I gave some in last issue of COMFORT.

Kate.—Yes, you are forty-four pounds over weight! Read what I have said to "H. F." and "Smiles," and go thou and do likewise.

A. Comfort Reader.—For superfluous hair, use household ammonia or peroxide of hydrogen, dampening the hair one day with one, the next day with the other. It takes patience and perseverance, and is not a quick method, but it will do the deed in time.

Chick.—Anoint the edges of your lids with warm olive or sesame oil each night. You can apply with a new maulage brush, or a small camel-hair paint brush. This will help your lashes to grow. In addition, keep the body in good condition, and wash the eyes out daily with a four per cent solution of boric acid to keep them clean and healthy.

Miss C. U.—The reason your face is irritated by the use of soap is either that you rub it directly on the face, use too strong a soap, or do not rinse the skin sufficiently. Only use soap at night, and then only in water, not rubbed directly on face; rinse very carefully indeed, and be sure that the soap is a very mild one—I do not need to say that the strong kitchen soaps should never be used for either the face or the hands. Powders irritate your skin because it is too dry, I judge. Always rub in a little cold cream and wipe off with a pad of absorbent cotton or a bit of clean linen or a fresh one each time. Dip your fingers in the water and apply at once to the face, rubbing the skin. Pat the face dry after this, and a fine white powder will be left which should be smoothed over the surface of the skin. It keeps the skin soft and white. Keep the bowels in good order and drink quantities of water if you want a good complexion, and to get rid of this oiliness.

Blue Eyes.—Better than what you are using for enlarged pores is one tablespoonful of Epsom Salts in one quart of warm water. Bathe face and neck with this, wipe off with smooth towel and repeat several times. Do it morning and night, rubbing gently. After using this solution, wash the face and neck with cold water. If your skin is very dry, you should not use any astringent on it, and any lotion to reduce enlarged pores is, of course, an astringent. For a dry skin, friction with the hand, a hot bath at night, followed by a brisk rubbing, then by a warm rinsing, then a cool, and finally a cold sponge or better still, a shower, will close the pores, if persisted in.

Eldora.—The probability is that your position makes you eat more than you realize, and that is why you have gained so rapidly. See my answer to "Smiles" and "C. G. B." Anybody can reduce by cutting down the amount of food. I had a striking example of this myself when, for some physical reasons, I was put on a pint of barley gruel a day and no other food. I lost ten pounds in four days! If you don't give your body material of which to make fat, it won't get fat. So look over your diet list and begin cutting out the things which should not be there; then reduce the amount of food you are eating, and you will begin to lose. You will probably need more of a breakfast than "Smiles," because of your work, but you can eat two soft-boiled eggs in addition and they will give you strength and nourishment without any fat.

Margery.—Indeed I am glad that you feel I am a friend. That is the way I like my girls to feel. About that thin hair of yours, brush it every night, one hundred strokes—soft ones, and shampoo it once in two weeks, rinsing carefully. Massage the scalp every night, holding the fingers firmly against the scalp and moving it back and forth on the skull, first in one place and then another, without lifting the fingers or rubbing them on the hair. Exercise every day outdoors in some sort of pleasant way—a brisk long walk



PERFECT TEETH ADD TO THE CHARM OF A SMILE.

If you do not play tennis, or swim or row. Bathe every night in warm water, and sponge your body off every morning with cold water—except when you are not feeling well, when you should not use cool or cold water, nor get yourself chilled. Be careful about what you eat, and be sure to drink plenty of water. As to the fat legs, probably they won't be too fat, later, when you fill out a little in the rest of your body, but, in the meantime, roller skating, tennis, or swimming are all good ways to reduce fat legs. A good deal of rapid walking will do the same thing—wear off the fat but harden the muscles.

A. South Carolinian.—Touch the mole with the acid every night until it turns black. It will fall off, later. The red spot won't stay, but a little white spot may. Don't use the acid when the mole feels sore or irritated.

Miss E. W.—The dark rings under the eyes, and the skin bagging there, are indications of trouble elsewhere in your body. Quite likely your kidneys are not acting properly. Begin, at once, to drink quantities of water—at least eight glasses a day. Be careful of

your food, and do not eat rich dishes, such as gravies, fat meats, cakes, pies, preserves, candy. Exercise a great deal, and keep the skin in good condition by daily friction. Dark lines under your eyes might, also, come from some female irregularity. Of course your doctor is your best adviser, but be careful not to get your ankles chilled, and see that the bowels are kept perfectly free. This always helps female difficulties. Are your eyes themselves in good condition, so there is no eyestrain?

Martie.—Your hair is a very pretty dark brown, and nice and soft. Keep on taking good care of it. As to your size, don't get discouraged, but keep up the exercises. They are excellent for you in every way. The probability is that while you think you have been "starving yourself," you have been having much more food than your body needs. Our appetites are not the best guides always. You are a busy girl, I know, and no doubt have a very healthy appetite by the time the meal hour comes around, but the weight of your body shows that you do not need all of the food you are eating and that is why it is being stored up as fat. Eat less, and cut out the special fat-building foods. Some foods do not make fats—most fruits and green vegetables do not. Read my answer to "Smiles" and "C. G. B." Good luck to you. You could use peroxide and ammonia for hairs between the brows, but there is always the danger of getting some in the eyes and so I do not recommend it. The tweezers are all right for this part of the face, for while they are easier to use, they can be pulled out again, and are easier to treat in this way than elsewhere on the face.

A. Comfort Reader.—My dear, I couldn't possibly get your answer into the issue of COMFORT you asked for. Why, that was all ready for mailing, and the next month was being printed, and the month after was all set up in type. With a magazine which goes to so many people, the presses have to start work a long time in advance. Most magazines work about four to five months ahead! About the brown spots, they may be liver spots, in which case drinking the juice of half a lemon in a glass of water before breakfast, and taking the liver exercises I have frequently recommended, would help. You will find a liver exercise in the last issue of COMFORT. You might try bathing the spots with peroxide diluted with a little water. This may bleach them a trifle.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

too much at once. Better a small garden well cared for than a larger one that the child is unable to care for properly without overtaxing her strength. Even a few plants will prove interesting and awaken a desire in the child to know more of Nature and her wonders. For rainy days you might let her make a scrap-book, since it is a generally recognized fact that children like to cut and paste things, and most parents know and to their sorrow sometimes find it better to direct this energy in the proper channels and a scrap-book can be made educational as well as amusing. Perhaps her teacher will give you valuable suggestions and also appreciate the interest you take in her school work.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have read with interest the letters in the COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner and am sure that the exchange of ideas is both instructive and interesting. One letter that has especially attracted my attention is one in the March number signed Frances E. Morn, Post, Oregon. I greatly enjoyed her letter and trust that she will write again but (let me say it kindly) I cannot understand how a woman of her education and intelligence could be so much interested in church attendance. She made this statement: "A friend of mine made her little son go to Sunday school every Sunday, rain or shine, as long as she had authority over him, then he stopped and will not attend either church or Sunday school."

I exclaimed, "Thank God for a mother with the courage of her convictions to make her children attend Sunday school," for when these children do again resume the habit of church going, which they undoubtedly will, they will "take off their hats" in humble reverence to this God-fearing mother who taught them to love and reverence the house and name of God. Why do not our children grow tired of day school when we insist on their going there? You will say, "They do tire of their going there" when the warm weather comes they become tired of school just as we mothers become tired of our hot kitchens but after a vacation we are eager to begin again and my children after a short vacation are always impatient to resume their studies.

I am thankful for which I shall never cease to be thankful is that my father is a minister of the M. E. Church (South) trained me to attend church and now when Sunday morning comes no "riverside out in the woods" could tempt me to leave my church. There is no joy to be procured from any source that is half as great as the joy of attending services of God and with the Psalmist I exclaim, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." My dear Mrs. Morn, do you not think that the lack of desire on the part of the boy to attend church is due to a desire to avoid the things of good and to cleave to the things of the bad. In other words, the good went out of the heart and the bad came in. I did not get in on the first discussion on dancing, but I get a hint that it has been discussed and I would like to say in the same kind spirit to Mrs. Sue Lorene Johnson of Hobson, Texas, as to Mrs. Morn of Oregon, that when she says "dancing is all right when the girls are chaperoned and then be careful," it is just like telling them they may get pretty close to the devil and take a peep at him but be careful that he doesn't get them. Dancing is all right in its place, but intelligent people have relegated it to the oblivion that it so much deserves. Sincerely,
Mrs. F. M. FELMET.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Mary, whatever you do, do not marry unless it is for love. I married when I was nineteen years old and not till I was thirty-one did I meet the man I really loved. You see if I had waited a few years longer I might have been happy now. But, like you, I was a hard-working girl and had been since I was a small girl as my parents were poor and I had to earn my own living. I thought if I had a home of my own I would be happy so I married, respecting my husband only, and my heart has cried out against it ever since. My mother was a good woman but she did not understand us children and we never talked to her about such things. What a mistake mothers make sometimes. If I am spared a few years longer it will be different with my girls for I mean to tell them all I have bought with years of suffering and bitter tears. After marriage there is so much to put up with that it is a hard fight unless love is there.

Am sending a little poem I read one day and I enjoyed it so much:

"If Love Is There"

"Is home a palace or a cot
In city street or country spot,
With stairways wide, or narrow halls,
With pillars high or low hung walls?
I cannot tell. Why should I care—
What matters it if Love is there?"

"Is home among the crowded gay,
Or ours along some lonely way,
Where winds blow cold and ice is king,
Or where the balmy breezes sing?
Where clouds are black, or skies are fair—
What matters it if Love is there?"

"Your home stands grandly on a hill,
Mine snugly by the hidden rill;
The streaming lights afar you see,
A tiny lamp shines out for me.
Your home! My home! Just anywhere!
What matters it if Love is there?"

Mrs. G. W. B. E.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Put salt in oven to prevent bread or cake scorching on bottom.

Sprinkle starched clothes in warm water instead of cold and they will dampen more rapidly.

Remember vegetables grown above the ground should be cooked in salted water while those grown below should be cooked in fresh water.

When linen is badly scorched, soak stain in lukewarm water, squeeze lemon juice over it, sprinkle with a little salt and place in sunshine to dry.

To make a good paste for wall paper, add a piece of

The Liberty Ring \$1

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Write Today For Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and picture of the New Edison Phonograph. No obligation. 2304 Edison Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

common washing soap, about as large as an egg, sliced fine, to the boiling water that the paste is to be made of. It is sure to stick.

MISS AGNES TRAVIS, Platte, S. Dak.

Time and Life Saver Washing Fluid. One pound of sal soda, one half pound lime and five quarts of water. Let come to a boil, let settle and pour off the clear fluid into a clean jug. On washing day, cut half a cake of laundry soap into boiler half full of water and when it boils, add a cup of washing fluid. Soak clothes the night before, wring out and hold half an hour in this and no rubbing will be needed. Rinse thoroughly.

Mrs. W. D. PRIEL, Louisville, Ky.

Remedies

BURNS.—The white of a raw egg turned onto a burn or scald will prevent inflammation and relieve pain.
Mrs. VELMA STEED, Mayflower, Ark.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Make a tea of the weed known as Colt's tail. It grows here on the prairies.

APPENDICITIS.—At first symptoms take one tablespoon of Epsom Salts internally. Then put one tablespoon of salts in one pint of water, make as hot as hands can bear, wring out cloth and lay over appendix; when it cools, wash cloth in clean water and apply again as before. The water the cloth was washed in will turn green. This has been tried and is a sure cure.

Mrs. CHAS. STAGER, Delaware, R. R. 2, Box 174, Okla.

Requests

How to care for a palm. The plant seems to be growing, but the leaves appear dead.
Mrs. Anna Noblitt, Paoli, R. R. 4, Ind., an invalid, would like cherry letters and cards.

Poem, "Tommy's Prayer." Send to Mrs. Newton Howard, Charlottesville, 214 S. W. 5th St., Va.

Hallie Allmon, White Water, R. R. 2, Box 18, Mo., would like temperance recitation, "Good Night Papa." Will return favor.

Will the sisters having them to spare, please send me slips and bulbs of house plants of all kinds.
Mrs. PHOEBE HAUGLAUB, Charles City, R. R. 6, Iowa.

Mrs. Mollie Clark, Liberal, R. R. C, Box 43, Kans., would like to receive cherry letters from the sisters. She is a cripple. Will answer those containing stamped, addressed envelope.

Will someone loan me the December 1916 and January 1917 numbers of COMFORT. Will return papers and pay postage.

Mrs. E. V. CLARY, Ketchikan, Box 426, Alaska.

Mrs. T. Garvey, So. Norwalk, 12 Lowndes Ave., Conn., would like copy of music, "The Prodigal Son," by Dawson, published a number of years ago and now out of print.

Mrs. Isabel Clark Jenks, Ashmoor, Mont. would like to hear from any of the persons that crossed the Plains in the year 1896 in Capt. Bean's train in company with the Clark family.

Will some of the sisters in New Mexico or Arizona tell me how I can obtain the soap root which grows in these states. Will exchange or pay a reasonable sum for the root. Write first.

Mrs. LULU LUTHERLAND, Mokena, Ill.
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

\$1 a week buys a Black Beauty Bicycle

At Factory Prices—On Approval
Let us send you (freight prepaid) a Black Beauty on trial. If you don't like it, return at our expense. If you do like it, you pay only \$1 a week. GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS by the largest bicycle works (Hoson) in America. Write for Black Beauty Catalog showing all sizes and styles.
Haverford Cycle Co., Est. 1896, Dept. E, Phila., Pa.

Freckles and FREE Tan Removed

Harwood's Freckle Cream Guaranteed—Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried this cream we will send free a full size 50 cent jar and our Freckle book. Send 20c to pay wrapping and postage. Only one jar to a family.
Harwood Laboratories
Dept. 22, Aurora, Illinois

50c Trial Offer For 10c

Best Kodak Developing. Any size roll developed, 10c. Six prints free with first roll. Or, send six negatives, any size, and 10c (stamps), for six prints. \$3.10 enlargements, 20c. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., (formerly Roanoke Cycle Co.) 57 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Pink Cameo Ring FREE

Cameo set in fine gold ring. Guaranteed for three years. To introduce new Bargains, we will send post paid, your size, upon receipt of 10c to pay advertising.
The Auction Co., Dept. 205 Attleboro, Mass.

CLEARs CUTICURA SAVES
SOAP AND OINTMENT
QUICKLY REMOVE
PIMPLES, DANDRUFF, THE SKIN, THE HAIR

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

a pretty air of authority, that she was "going to carry her guest off up-stairs to bed immediately."

"You stay here until I come back, Roy," she added. "Charlie was obliged to go out upon important business, and I shall be glad of your company for a while."

"Very well, Nellie! I will stay for a little chat, for I have something important which I wish to say to you."

As he concluded he darted a smiling glance at Edith, which again brought the lovely color to her cheeks and revealed to her the nature of the important communication that he intended to make to his cousin.

She had him a smiling good night, and then gladly accompanied her hostess above, for she was really more weary than she had acknowledged.

When Mrs. Morrell returned to the parlor, Roy related to her something of Edith's history, and also confessed his own relationship toward her, while the little woman listened with an absorbed attention which betrayed how thoroughly she enjoyed the romance of the affair.

"She is lovely!" she remarked, "and"—with a thoughtful air—"it seems to me as if I have heard the name before. Edith Allandale!—it sounds very familiar to me. Why, Roy! she was one of Sister Blanche's classmates at Vassar, and she has her picture in her class album."

"That is a singular coincidence!" the young man observed, no less surprised at this revelation, "and it makes matters all the more pleasant for me to learn that she is not wholly unknown to the family."

"And you mean to marry her very soon?" "Just as soon as I can settle matters with that rascal in Boston to her satisfaction," responded the young man. "I do not apprehend any serious trouble about the affair; still, it may take longer than I wish."

"And may I keep her until then?" "Nellie! that is like your kind, generous heart!" exclaimed the young man. "And I thank you from the bottom of mine. But, of course, that will have to be as Edith herself decides, while this business which I have in charge for her may interfere with such an arrangement."

"Oh, you mean in connection with the strange gentleman who has been searching for her?" "Yes. But I must go now; it is getting late, and I have a couple of letters to write yet. Take good care of my treasure, Nellie, and I will run in as early tomorrow as possible to see you both."

He kissed her affectionately, then bade her good night and hurried away to his rooms at his club; while pretty Mrs. Morrell went back to her parlor, after letting him out, to await her husband's return, and to think over the romantic story to which she had just listened with deep interest.

There had been so much of a personal and tender nature to occupy their minds that Mr. Bryant had not thought to tell Edith anything about the circumstances that had led him to advertise in various papers for intelligence of her.

Some three weeks previous, a gentleman, of about fifty years, and calling himself Louis Raymond, had presented himself in his office, and inquired if he could give him any information regarding the late Albert Allandale's family.

He stated that he had spent most of his life abroad, but, his health beginning to fail, he had decided to return to his own country.

He had been quite ill since his arrival, and he began to fear that he had not long to live, and it behooved him to settle his affairs without further delay.

He stated that he had no relatives or family—he had never married; but, being possessed of large wealth, he wished to settle half of it upon Mrs. Allandale, if she could be found, or, if she was not living, upon her children. The remaining half he designed as a legacy to a certain charitable institution in the city.

He stated that he had been searching for the Allandales for several weeks; he had learned of Mr. Allandale's financial troubles and subsequent death, but could get no true water of the other members of the family. He was wearied out with his search, and now wished to turn the matter over to some one stronger than himself, and better versed in conducting such affairs.

Mr. Bryant could not fail to regard it as a singular coincidence that this business should have been thrown into his hands, especially as he was also so anxious to find Edith; and it can well be understood that he at once entered into the gentleman's plans with all his heart and soul.

He, of course, related all he knew of her history, and when he spoke of Mrs. Allandale's death he was startled to see his client grow deathly white and become so unnerved that, for a moment, he feared the shock would prove more than he could sustain.

But he recovered himself after a few moments.

"So she is gone!" he murmured, with a look in his eyes that told the secret of a deathless but unrequited love. "Well, Death's scythe spares no one, and perhaps it is better so. But this girl—her daughter," he added, rousing himself from his sad reflections; "we must try to find her."

"We will do our utmost," said the young lawyer, with a heartiness which betrayed the deep interest he felt in the matter. "As I have told you, I have not the slightest knowledge of her whereabouts, but think she may possibly be in Boston. Her letter to me, written just previous to her departure, gave me not the slightest clew to her destination. She promised to write to a woman who had been kind to her, and I arranged with her to let me know when she received a letter; but I have never seen her since—I once went to the house where she lived, but she had moved, and no one could tell me anything about her."

It may be as well to state here that shortly after Edith left New York, poor Mrs. O'Brien fell and broke her leg. She was taken to a hospital, and her children put into a home, consequently she never received Edith's letter, which was of course addressed to her old residence.

"I think our wisest course will be to advertise," the young lawyer pursued; "and if we do not achieve our end in that way, we can adopt other measures later on."

"Well, sir, do your best—I don't mind expense; and if the young lady can be found, I have a story to tell her which I think will deeply interest her," the gentleman returned.

"If we should not be successful in the course of a few weeks, I will make a settlement upon her, to be left, with some other papers, in your hands for a reasonable period, in the event of my death. But if all your efforts prove unavailing, the money will eventually go, with the rest, to the institution I have named."

Thus the matter had been left, and Mr. Bryant had immediately advertised, as we have seen, in several New York and Boston papers.

Three weeks had elapsed without any response, and Royal Bryant was beginning to be discouraged when he was suddenly made jubilant by receiving the telegram which Edith had written on the train after leaving Boston.

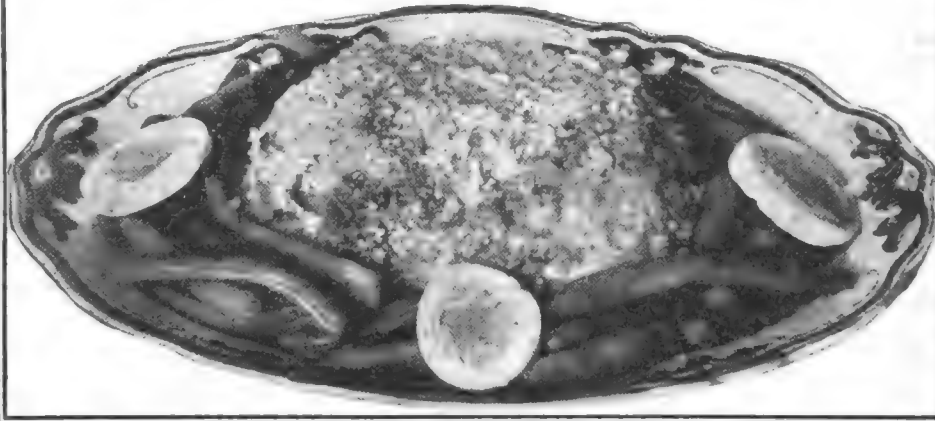
Thus, after leaving the house of his cousin, he repaired to his club, where he wrote a letter to his client, Mr. Raymond, telling him that Miss Allandale was found, and asking him to meet him at his office at as early an hour the following morning as possible.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW AND AN APPALLING DISCOVERY.

We must now transport ourselves to Boston, in order to find out how Edith's flight was discovered, and what effect it produced in the God-

The Road to Health in the VEGETABLE KINGDOM



By Ella Gordon

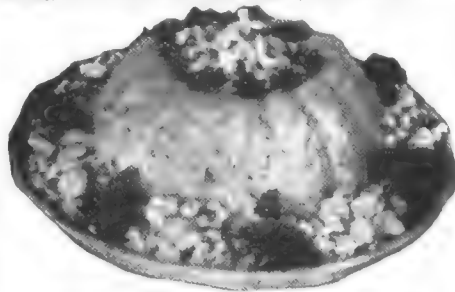
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The Road to Health

VEGETABLE food is as necessary to good health as is oil to machinery. Vegetables, as well as fruits, contain cellulose which supplies bulk and elasticity to the food, and which does not decompose in the digestive tract as readily as meat.

To prevent the food from becoming compact in the intestines is the first consideration of a physician when consulted regarding constipation, and this is just what vegetable eating does. Many of the vegetables carry as high as ninety per cent water, rich in saline substances which counteract the evil effects of eating too much animal food.

Too much cannot be said in favor of serving, at least once a day, a salad of raw fruits and vegetables, as cooking destroys a certain amount of the cell salts, which are absolutely necessary to prevent an accumulation of acid throughout the system. Oranges, grapefruit, apple, grapes, lettuce, celery, raw cabbage, radishes, onion, sweet pepper, watercress, endive and parsley are among the most valuable salads, and most whole-



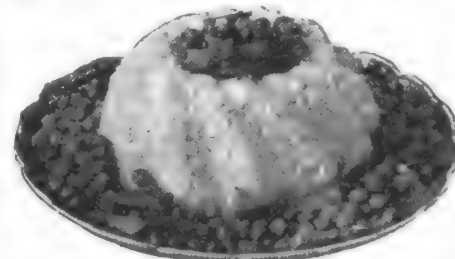
POTATOES SERVED WITH CAULIFLOWER.

some when taken with pepper, salt, olive oil and very little vinegar, made into a French dressing. Cooked cereals are an important food, particularly oats and corn-meal mush, though the latter is least used. Cereals should be served with rich milk, but no sugar, and the eating of uncooked fruit should precede the cereal, as the fruit supplies that part of the base salts lost in the cooking of cereals.

How to Cook Vegetables Properly

Among the most valuable of the vegetables grown for winter use are peas and beans which contain both starch and albumin. Dried peas and beans made into purées are more digestible than when cooked and served as a vegetable. Beets, turnips, carrots, squash, pumpkin, onions, and other vegetables which contain sugar should be slightly sweetened, as much of the natural sugar is lost in cooking. An addition of salt, butter or other fat is necessary, and a little red pepper aids the digestion of stored winter vegetables.

Green vegetables should be used as soon as



HOT RICE WITH PEAS AND CARROTS.

possible after gathering, and for this reason, when possible, every housewife, if she does not have her own garden, would do well to secure her vegetables from a gardener who each morning sells from house to house. Every green vegetable will better retain its color if boiled rapidly and uncovered.

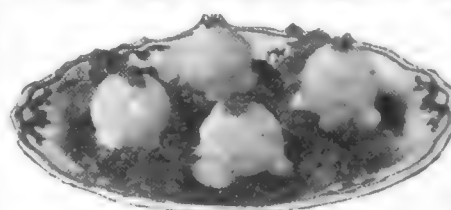
Potatoes

Potato is, without doubt, the most used of any vegetable, combining, as it does, with meat and fish to give the desired food elements. To boil potatoes should first be washed and, unless new, soaked in cold water one hour, and then in boiling salted water and cook till soft, but not

broken. Drain thoroughly and shake lightly around in kettle on hot stove till the steam escapes, then pare before serving.

Baked potatoes should be put in a hot oven, but not hot enough to brown before the centers are cooked. To be perfect, as soon as soft, slightly break the skin to let the steam escape, thus preventing the potato from becoming soggy, and then serve at once. Never put in covered dish.

Riced potatoes are boiled and then put through the ricer into the serving dish. A little melted butter may be poured over them, then sprinkled with finely chopped parsley and paprika. Heat



ONIONS WITH WHITE SAUCE.

serving dish and have butter melted before ricing potato, then serve at once.

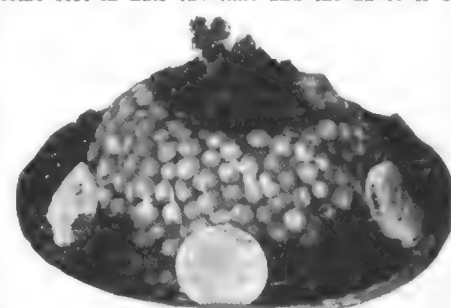
FRIED RAW POTATOES.—Pare and wash, then cut into narrow strips. Soak in cold salted water one hour, drain and dry between cloths. Drop into smoking hot fat and cook one minute, or till a light brown. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Asparagus

Wash thoroughly and break off all the tough white part. Tie in bunches and cook fifteen to twenty minutes in enough boiling salted water to cover. Drain, arrange on crisp slices of buttered toast, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

Cabbage and Brussel Sprouts

Remove the outside leaves and soak in cold salted water one hour. Have a kettle of boiling salted water over a fire hot enough to keep water boiling uncovered. Drop in vegetable, part at a time so not to stop boiling, and cook till tender. When cooked uncovered, vegetables become soft in half the time and the flavor is superior to those cooked in covered kettle. Chop cabbage, season with butter, pepper and salt and set in oven to reheat. Brussels sprouts are seasoned the same or served with white sauce.



JELLYED PEAS.

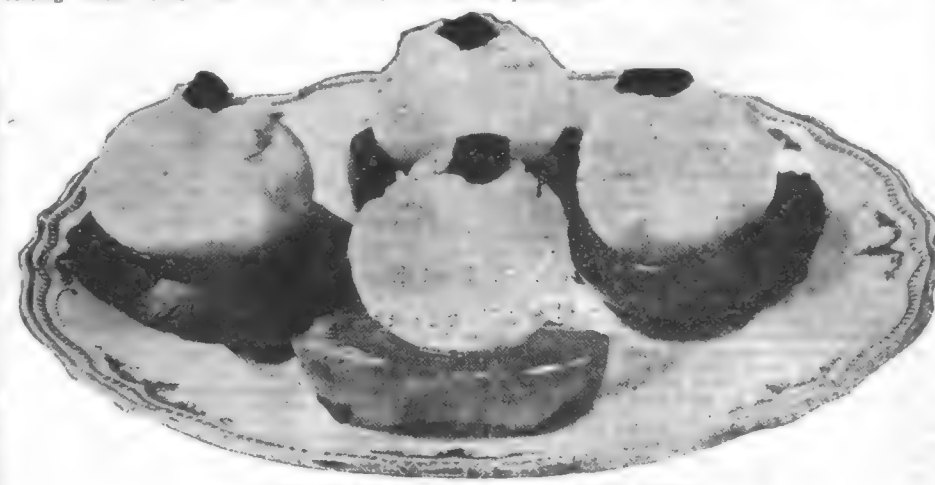
perior to those cooked in covered kettle. Chop cabbage, season with butter, pepper and salt and set in oven to reheat. Brussels sprouts are seasoned the same or served with white sauce.

Celery

Wash and scrape and cut into two-inch lengths; cook till tender in boiling salted water. Dip in batter and fry in hot fat. Make a batter by sifting one cup of flour with half an even teaspoon of soda and one even teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one saltspoon of salt. Beat two eggs, add one quarter cup of milk and a little grated lemon rind and beat in the flour. Let rise several hours.

Greens

Dandelions, young beet with tops on, mustard tops, turnip tops, spinach, and Swiss chard are all cooked practically the same way, in boiling salted water till tender. Dandelions require plenty of water, but spinach and other tender greens may be cooked in their own juices, the moisture left on them from washing should be plenty to start cooking with. Lettuce that has gone to seed makes delicious greens. Greens should be very carefully picked over and washed in several waters, then drained, cooked and drained again. Chop fine, season with butter, pepper and salt and serve with vinegar and oil if preferred.



STUFFED BAKED ONIONS SERVED WITH BEETS.

Vegetables Attractively Served Together

It is becoming more and more the custom to serve several kinds of vegetables on one platter. The idea is a practical one, and a combination of vegetables is very appetizing in appearance. It simplifies the preparation of dinner, and does away with a certain amount of dishwashing.

Among other dishes that may be served together are the roast surrounded by potatoes pared and baked brown with the meat. The steam and fat keeps the potatoes baked, giving a rich flavor. Fish served with boiled potatoes and a white sauce poured over them and garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs makes a good Friday dinner. A steak served on a large platter with sliced beets and carrots, mashed potato and peas makes a handsome dish, and may be garnished with olives and parsley.

Squash and String Beans

(SEE ILLUSTRATED HEADING OF THIS ARTICLE.)

Wash, cut in halves and remove seeds from squash. Put into baking pan, cut side down, and bake in a hot oven till done. Scoop from shell, mash fine, and season with butter, pepper and salt. If preferred, the squash may be steamed, but should never be boiled as the flavor goes into water.

Drain one can of white string beans, add fresh boiling water and cook one hour. Add salt when half done. If fresh beans are used, cook whole.

Make mound of squash on platter, surround with beans, and butter well. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Potatoes Served with Cauliflower

Pare six potatoes and let stand in cold salted water half an hour. Drop into boiling salted water, one at a time, to prevent the water cooling below the boiling point, and use just enough water to cover. Cook till tender, drain and mash. Add enough cream to beat light. Wet a mold or bowl, press in the potato, and then turn out onto a serving platter and place in oven till very hot.

Remove the leaves from a firm white cauliflower and soak one hour in cold salted water. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Separate the head into flowerets and place around mold of mashed potato, alternating with sprigs of parsley or celery leaves. Butter each floweret, and a very little salt and sprinkle with paprika.

Hot Rice with Peas and Carrot

Wash and drain half a cup of rice. Put into a two-quart stew pan one quart of water with one teaspoon of salt. When boiling hard add the rice, a little at a time, so the water will not stop boiling. Cook slowly till tender and drain, drying in the oven mouth. Press into a wet mold, keeping it hot. Turn out onto a platter.

Cut carrots in short strips and boil in enough salted water to cover. Drain and butter well. Drain one can of peas, put into double crocker with one tablespoon of butter, a little salt and pepper and half a teaspoon of sugar, and let the water boil in crocker about ten minutes. Add the hot carrot, toss together and surround the hot rice.

Jellyed Peas

Wash pods before shelling. Shell and cook pods twenty minutes, skim out pods and put peas into the same water. Cook about fifteen minutes or till tender, adding salt when nearly done. To three cups of peas, have left when cooked about one cup of liquid. Add to the peas just before taking from fire, one teaspoon of sugar and a little white pepper, and one even tablespoon of gelatine that has been soaked in one third of a cup of cold water twenty minutes. Pour into mold and when stiff it is ready to serve. Garnish with rounds of hard-boiled egg and parsley.

Onions with White Sauce

Pear and drop into boiling salted water and cook until tender. Change the water if less onion flavor is desired. Drain and place each onion on a round of bread toasted through in the oven. Cover with white sauce.

For sauce melt butter in sauce pan and slowly work in an equal quantity of flour until a smooth paste is formed, cooking very slowly all the time. To every two tablespoons of flour, add one cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Cook seven minutes, constantly stirring.

Stuffed and Baked Onions Served with Beets

Remove the outer skin from seven onions that are uniform in size. Boil fifteen minutes, drain, and cut a slice from the top of each onion and remove the center carefully, leaving the walls about one inch thick. Add to the portion removed an equal quantity of veal or chicken and a little bacon or ham, and chop finely together. Add half a cup of soft bread crumbs, season with pepper and salt and moisten with a little cream, and fry slowly in butter about fifteen minutes. Fill onions with this preparation, place in earthen baking dish with a cup of the water onions were boiled in, and bake in hot oven till tender. Place each onion on a slice of hot boiled beet about one inch thick, and garnish the tops with a square of the beet.

dards' elegant home on Commonwealth avenue. Emil Correll had been seated in the handsome library, reading a society novel, when his sister went out to make her call, leaving him as guard over their prisoner above.

He had been much pleased with the report which she brought him from Edith, namely, that she believed she was yielding, and would make her appearance at dinner; at the same time he did not allow himself for a moment to become absorbed in his book as to forget that he was on the watch for the slightest movement above stairs.

He and Mrs. Goddard had agreed that it would be wise not to make the girl a prisoner within her room, lest they antagonize her by so doing.

But while they appeared to leave her free to go out or come in, they intended to guard her none the less securely, and thus Monsieur Correll kept watch and ward below.

He knew that Edith could not leave the house by the front door without his knowing it, and as he also knew that the back stairway door was locked on the outside, he had no fear that she would escape that way.

He had not reckoned, however, upon the fact of an outsider entering by means of the area door and going up-stairs, thus leaving that way available for Edith; and Giulia Fiorini had accomplished her purpose so cleverly and so noiselessly that no one save Edith dreamed of her presence in the house.

The two girls had carried on their conversation in such subdued tones that not a sound could be heard by any one below, and thus Emil Correll was taken entirely by surprise when there came a gentle knock upon the half-open library door to interrupt his reading.

"Come in," he called out, thinking it might be one of the servants.

But when the door was pushed wider, and a woman entered, bearing a child in her arms, the astonished man sprang to his feet, an angry oath leaping to his lips, and every atom of color fading out of his face.

"Giulia!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Papa! papa!" cried the child, clapping his little hands, as he struggled out of his mother's arms, and ran toward him.

He took no notice of the child, but frowningly demanded, as he faced the girl:

"How on earth did you ever get into this house?"

"By a door, of course," responded the intruder.

"Well, and what do you want?" he cried, angrily; then, with a violent start, he added,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

against the copperheads, the pacifist lunatics and monarchy loving hyphenates, and all the other traitorous elements that have been trying to stab Uncle Sam in the back, conspiring to make this country defenseless so that it could be the more easily invaded and conquered by the royal despots of Europe. I've been deluged with abuse and threats for taking this stand for genuine Americanism, but I can neither be muzzled nor bought. What this country needs is to know the truth about itself, and it is only by spreading truth, no matter how unpleasant that truth may be, that wrongs can be righted and mankind set free. We have been doing the ostrich act with our heads in the sand too long. For years I have warned you through these columns that the storm was coming. Weeks have elapsed since war was declared and we are but half awake. This is a war for the brotherhood of men, a war for our national existence. I shall die that fact into your ears from month to month, until this war is over and the fight for humanity won. As for being a man without a country. When a mother corrects her children, opens their eyes to the truth, warns them of the folly of wrong doing, disciplines and chastises them, do you call that mother a woman without a home? You do not, for you know she is the only worth-while kind of mother. Grave responsibilities rest on my shoulders, and what the good mother does in her home, I shall try to do in this larger home, the United States of America, and let me remind you of this, that a man without a country is much less of a menace than a country without men, especially that type of man who, when writing to an invalid, has not even the courage to sign his name.

CLAREMONT, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am thirteen years old. I go to school six months in the year, am in the sixth grade. I study English, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling. I like arithmetic best.
We live near a creek. I carry water from a spring a few feet from the creek.
We have one horse, one pig and about thirty chickens. I love to ride horseback. I have to brothers, the oldest one is Ralph, age six. Everett the baby is three.
This is my first letter to the Comfort and don't let Billy the Goat get it.
Hoping to see this in print,
Your loving niece,
MABEL E. YOUNT.

Mabel informs us that she is studying English. What sort of language is English, Mabel? I'm inclined to believe from your letter that a course of English would be highly advantageous to you. It would also be highly advantageous to millions of citizens of foreign birth or foreign descent, who never speak or read a word of English unless they are obliged to. There is a family in Vermont that has been in this country one hundred and seventy years, and the whole bunch of them cannot speak a word of any language but German. If that isn't a ferocious indictment of our insane and wickedly stupid and dangerous method of neglecting the immigrant and failing to Americanize him, then I don't know what danger is. There was an Austrian who had been in Yonkers for twenty-four years (a citizen at that), who was called for jury duty the other day, and he could not speak a word of English. "Of course he knew one word—dollar. They all know that, and you can't hand them a 'one' spot and make them believe it is a ten. How did that man become a citizen? Ask the politicians, they know. He worked in a factory among people of his own race and kept in the same beaten track year in and year out. I wonder if the young man in California whose letter appears in this issue will criticize me for bringing this matter to your attention? What this man in Yonkers was doing, millions of men are doing, and then when we are plunged into a war that threatens our very existence, we wonder why it is people do not come forward and enlist. People who do not speak our language cannot love our country, sympathize with its policies or appreciate its institutions. It is on these people the foreign language press grows fat, and it is these who supply spies and plotters, incendiaries and traitors whenever we have trouble at home or abroad. I'm going to keep this matter constantly before your notice. Our indifference to the immigrant peril and our inability to absorb and Americanize those who have sought these shores to better themselves and to get away from military service and official tyranny, is the most menacing and dangerous factor in the structure of our national life, and it is right now that the menace is greatest. Stop the foreign language press until the war is over then limit its use to weekly publications every alternate column of which should be in the American tongue. Our language is the language of freedom and democracy, and only as it is universally used can this nation be secure and realize its destiny. Mabel, you say I have a right down on this to business. Now here is a little sentence, study it and it will save you from making many ludicrous and at times, humiliating mistakes. "I have two brothers, and we are going to the city today, if it does not rain too much." Now Mabel study English and leave English alone.

GEORGETOWN, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am sixteen years old, have blue eyes, light brown hair and fair complexion.
I live in a small town, about one hundred miles from Little Rock.
Mother has been taking the Comfort for about two years and we like it fine.
Dear Uncle Charlie, is it proper for a young girl to take candy, chewing gum and fruit from a young man?
My letter is too long so will close with love to one and all.
I am your loving niece,
P. S. Please don't print my full name.
ELISE

Elise, you want to know if it is correct, right and proper, to take candy and chewing gum from a young man. What an extraordinary question to ask. Surely my dear, you have been grounded in a few of the fundamentals of morals and ethics. The eighth commandment says "Thou Shalt Not Steal." Did you never hear about it? Of course if you were driven desperate by hunger you might be excused if you took anything in the edible line from a young man; but as Arkansas is not at present famine stricken, I can't see that you would be justified in relieving any young man of things that belonged to him and did not belong to you. That young man too many be poor and needy, and even if he is not it would not warrant you in relieving him of his property. What's that Billy the Goat? Elise wants to ask if it was correct and proper to accept candy, chewing gum and fruit from a young man. Ah, that's a horse of another color. To take things from a young man savors of robbery, to accept gifts is strictly within the law and all correct and proper. Don't however, accept too many gifts from anyone as it puts you under an obligation to the giver. After some boys have spent twenty-five cents on a girl, they think they own her. Study the young man and don't let him throw his money away on you, or he will soon be expecting something in return. Gifts given to girls in many cases are merely bribes for favors that are expected later on; mere bait that is used skillfully to conceal a hook which is not so easy to wiggle away from when one gets on it. Perfect freedom of thought and action are the things most conducive to happiness, and a girl should be very careful how she parts with these most precious of all things.

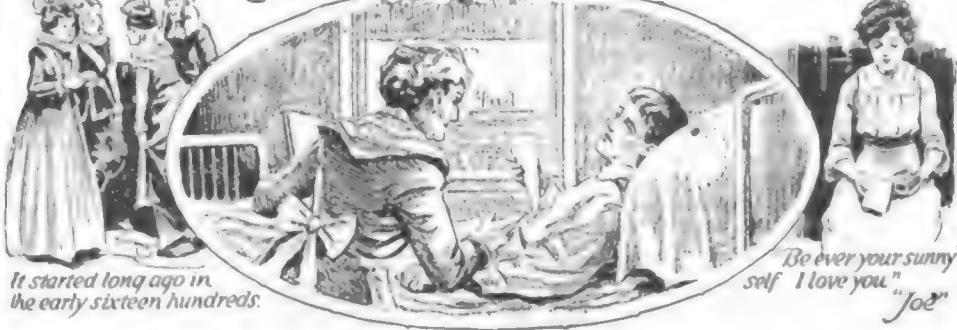
DEPOSIT, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I want your opinion and advice on this.
If you were a married man and your wife received a postal from her home town, with her address only on the card, no other writing, would you think? Hop, this will not be overlooked as I will be anxious to read your reply.
Very truly,
MRS. VIOLET

Mrs. Violet, I can't tell exactly what I would do if I had a wife and she received a postal

The Dying Soldier Boy's Love Letter

by Mrs. J. P. Draper



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HERE was put on sale last week at a fair held in a quaint New England village for the benefit of war sufferers a typewritten series of unusual love letters, copied exactly, with only personal addresses and revealing signatures omitted. Tucked away among the number was one which proved to be a link in one of the most fascinating romances outside of fiction.

Ran the letter thus:

KEY WEST, 1899.

"Dear little mate, mine never now to be:
"They tell me that I cannot get home to you after all, sweetheart. Perhaps it is best thus. Now I can dream my dream of your love till the end, and no hurt to you, little one, if it be but a dream.

"My love for you, Sunbeam, shall follow you through life, for though I am going on that far journey from which no traveler has been known to return the love which I send to you shall break through every barrier and shall guard and protect you until your call shall come. However full your life that same love shall meet your spirit on the other side.

"By Jack's mother, who will remain with me, I shall send you a little package.
"You remember the scarf pin with the romantic history? The larger stone I have left in the pin; I had hoped to see it in a ring on your finger. The smaller stone is set in a little ring which was my mother's, and which I want you to wear for the sake of my love for you and your precious friendship for me.

"Should some good man win your love, dear one, tell him the story of the little ring. I am sure that he will be willing that you should wear it, guarding his ring as my love shall guard his love, keeping it ever strong and true. Should you have a daughter, you might have the larger stone set for her, in a pin perhaps, to be worn on her wedding day and passed down to her daughter. Thus far can you keep alive the old world romance which otherwise would pass with me.
"And now dear one farewell. There is more that I might say, but will refrain for fear of saddening you. Be ever your sunny self.
"I love you.
"JOE."

So redolent was this letter with hints of a fascinating story that the writer who was fortunate enough to secure one of the little volumes contained it determined to call upon the compiler of the book and get if possible the key to the hidden romance.

It started long ago in the early sixteen hundreds, my hostess told me, across the seas in France.

An English girl of good birth was wooed and won by a French nobleman, and on her wedding day received a pair of diamond eardrops, brought to her in person by her royal mother-in-law, who told her that the gems had been in the family since time beyond memory. So delighted was the girl with the gift and the gracious manner in which it was offered that she determined that the eardrops should be passed on down through the centuries to each oldest daughter on her wedding day.

All worked well according to plan and without adventure until about 1724 when a several times great-grandmother of the soldier writer from Key West was a young girl about to go to her first ball.

All young girls have since young girls were, and always will as long as young girls are, this French maiden gave much thought to her personal adornment. The diamond eardrops, with their pretty history, which her mother wore only on

card from her home town with the correspondence side entirely blank, might fall in a fit and bite six inches of the car's tail; I might jump in the Atlantic and make believe I was a submarine; I might go and buy a bottle of lemon extract and go on a jag for a few weeks; I might run all over Alabama and find if anybody was sufficiently up to date to be interested in woman suffrage; I might row a boat up to the top of Pike's Peak, and try and bite holes in the man in the moon's whiskers; I might run for Congress and add to the honor and glory of the South by getting sufficient pork out of Uncle Sam's pocketbook to build a million dollar post-office at every cross road that had a population of one grasshopper and two mosquitoes. There are all sorts of terrible things a man might do if his wife got a postal card with nothing on the back of it, but just what I'd do I can't exactly tell, as my married life only lasted five weeks, and I'm not an expert at knowing what people do when they are married and live together for two or three hundred years. Probably in this case there is a nut of a husband who is insanely jealous. I have a good deal of sympathy for people who are jealous, for jealousy is a horrible affliction, and there is no love (at least no worth-while love) where there is not a little reasonable jealousy, but extremes of any kind are liable to be dangerous. Unfortunately there are seldom any varying degrees of jealousy. People are insanely jealous as a rule or not at all. When people get to the point that they feel no stirring of the emotions and are indifferent as to what husband, wife, or sweetheart may be doing or what company they may be in then love is dead in that individual's heart. It is sweet and precious to know that someone cares, and the flame of love is still warm and bright when someone does care. True love implies perfect trust, but man is not a monogamous animal. Leave him to his own devices and he would be polygamous, for as the London costermonger says "E" as a very accomodatin' "cart." Woman on the other hand is content to anchor her little love craft in one harbor and let it stay there. Of course there are exceptions. Possibly the woman in this case is one of the exceptions and the poor man may have had good cause to be jealous in the past, and this blank postal which may mean nothing to the average eye, may mean a whole world to him. Jealousy is a thing that thrives on doubt and magnifies trifles, or as Shakespeare puts it:

Trifles light as air are to the jealous
Confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.

Jealousy is the green-eyed monster and tortures like the coils of Hades those who indulge in it. Most women can be trusted but mighty few men can where women are concerned. Wife stays at home happy in her husband's love and her children's love. Not once in a hundred times does she ever doubt or question. Hubby knows she is as true as steel and usually she is. Hubby however is buying silk stockings for the blonde stenographer and taking her out to lunch. It is just

state occasions seemed to be the one thing essentially necessary to complete the resplendence of her toilet on the grand occasion of her first ball. By much wheedling and coaxing she gained permission to wear the drops, though such a thing had never even been thought of before.

Whether the little jewels were magnetic or whether the young girl's charms blazed brilliant there was no disputing the fact that Helena was not lacking in favors at the dance that night. A happier girl never returned home after an exciting festivity. But alas, when she came to undress the lovely eardrops one was gone.

It is no feat to imagine that the little debutante's dreams of conquest were mingled with almost nightmares of unsuccessful search for the missing jewel.

A few days later her mother called her to the drawing-room to receive greetings from a partner of the ball. As he bowed he held out on the palm of his extended hand the missing eardrop! He had found it caught on one of his decorations and learning from the hostess of the evening to whom it belonged had hastened to return it.

Occasion, atmosphere, characters, everything was ripe for romance. Some months later the young Frenchman led Helena to the altar and the eardrops swung and twinkled against her cheeks in satisfaction of a mission well filled.

And from them they came on straight down from daughter to daughter until they were fastened into the ears of a bride about to sail for America.

And now we come to the mother of "Joe." Joe who wrote the letter which has revived this old world romance. When a slip of a girl in France she met a young art student from the United States and lost her heart to him. And she sailed away with him, as trusting brides will, to his home in Nevada.

On shipboard one of the lovely eardrops was stolen or lost; at least it disappeared, nor was it ever found again.

Some few years later a baby boy was born to this couple and the mother wrote out the entire history of the remaining eardrop, gathered from a collection of letters which she had brought from France with her, and which told the story in broken bits.

When Joe was a little fellow both mother and father were stricken with typhoid fever of which there was raging an epidemic in the town and when the mother realized her critical condition she entrusted the eardrop to a friend to have made into a scarf pin for the baby boy. With it she left a letter instructing him to wear the pin until he found his bride, at which time the stones were to be reset in rings for the girl of his choice.

Mother and father both died of the fever and a gentleman from Providence, who had been a lifelong friend of the boy's father, carried the little fellow home to his wife and their two-year-old son. The two boys grew up as brothers and when the Spanish-American War called for volunteers both enlisted. One was killed on the battlefield and the other lived to reach Key West. One never told the girl of his love, for he suspected the secret of his adopted brother and the other wrote the letter herein given. In another part of the book is a letter from "Jack" which was delivered after the war—but that is another story.

It seems likely that the romance which had two continents for its setting, which has lived through many wars, and which several times came close to reaching an untimely end, now will run through many more volumes.

My hostess wears a quaintly set stone guarding her engagement ring, and her little six-year-old daughter brought me a pure white diamond of dazzling brilliancy when sent to get "Uncle Joe's" pin from mother's jewel case.

as natural for him to be doing that little act as it is for a bee to be buzzing from flower to flower gathering in all the honey it can comfortably store away. Men who are insanely jealous after they have had years of proof of a woman's devotion are an infernal nuisance, a dangerous nuisance in fact. They are a misery to themselves and a misery to everyone else. We should however be charitable in judging such people for this type of jealousy is often closely allied with insanity, but lunacy that injures other people and makes other lives miserable is not harmless. I'm inclined to believe that the man referred to in Mrs. Violet's letter is this type of lunatic, but no one should pass judgment in a case of this kind unless he has all the facts, and people who ask questions of magazine editors as a rule never give any facts upon which one can base a fair and honest opinion.

CHEYENNE, WYO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a boy nine years old, have light hair and blue eyes. I enjoy school work. I am in fourth grad. We took a homestead in Wyoming. We have six pig, we have twenty head of cattle and three head of horses. We have twenty five chickens. I can milk. We can see the mountains and it is only twelve miles to the mountains. I hope I will see this in Comfort. Sister can sew and crochet milk and cook. Her name is Flora. Don't let Billy the Goat get this.
Yours sincerely,
ORIN SPRING.

Orin, yours would have been a very nice letter, if you hadn't chased the letter a free out your alphabet. There is not a single a in all your letter. I have put one or two in to make it readable and trust I will excuse me for the liberty I have taken in so doing. Everybody seems determined to work overtime and put the first letter of the alphabet on the retired list. The difference between these two letters is considerable and teachers are derelict in their duty if they do not point this out to their scholars. Children will go to all sorts of trouble to write a perfectly beautiful o, but it seems most of them would rather die than write the letter a. We are all sorry we can't come over and see your twenty head of cattle, Orin, and twenty-five chickens. I hope that a chicken is an improvement on chicken and that it is a new variety of fowl that will lay eggs at thirty-five cents a dozen all the year round. I'm so tired of pawing my bed, the piano and the victrola every time I want to buy an egg. Orin says "I have twenty-five chickens I can milk." A chicken that can be milked as well as egged would indeed be a valuable addition to our food supply in these hungry times. Orin you seem to be the Luther Burbank of the poultry yard. You have created some wonderful combinations. You might try your hand at creating a speechless Bryan, a patriotic pacifist, a foreign language press printed in the American language, that was also willing to admit the United States could be right say once every ten billion years. You might try your hand at making a peaceful Mexico and a Middle West that knew it belonged to the United States.

You might also invent a drug-store that didn't sell more whiskey than a saloon. You might also invent an America full of democratic people without a single traitorous monarchy worshipping, king-loving fanatic within its whole borders. That would be an awful task, but it is a task that will be done by somebody, and I'd give worlds if you would start the experiment. I am glad you can see the mountains, Orin, and that they are only twelve miles away. A fellow gets kind of tired looking at mountains all the time and I'm exceedingly glad to find that you invented a new brand and I hope you have made them high enough to keep all Uncle Sam's enemies at bay. Billy the Goat likes the name of Cheyenne. He is a little worried though as to whether a shy hen would be a good egg producer.

LOUIS, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have read COMFORT since I was nine years of age. I enjoy your replies to the cousins' letters. They have been a great help to me, especially when you corrected the mistakes, as I had poor chances to get an education. I went to school in the country from the time I was seven years of age until I was fourteen. I was supposed to have been doing eighth grade work, but have found out since that it was about seventh. It was a typical "little red schoolhouse."

When I was fourteen my parents moved into a homestead country, northern Minnesota, and there were no schools. I wanted to go to our nearest town and go to high school and work for my board but my father believed that a girl didn't need an education. Not being able to buy books, my education from that time on came from what I read in the paper COMFORT being the only one we subscribed to, besides a weekly newspaper, you can imagine how that was devalued.

Now will come down to the subject I wanted to write of, namely: blaming people for their lack of education and for the poor quality of their writing materials.

I have winced a great many times when reading those lectures. Suppose, for instance, that a great many were situated as I am, and I suppose there must be, they couldn't possibly help it.

I was married three years ago to an honest, upright fellow who owned, or rather had right on, a hundred and sixty acre homestead, with a small three-room house and a team of horses. He had almost enough saved to "prove up" on the homestead, but the first year I had poor health and he was unable to work and before we had been married two years, two babies were born to us, eleven months apart. The last one we lost and for several more months I had to be cared for, and it all took a great deal of money, so when he "proved up" he had to mortgage the farm for several hundred to pay bills. He obtained the position of mail carrier, but as we only have a star route the wages are small.

This summer I have had the best of health, so last fall took the teacher to board, to increase our income and to better my education by associating with her. My husband having had less chance for education than I. All in all our income is only fifty-five dollars a month which as you can plainly see, with present prices, no more than keeps us in necessities of life, consequently we cannot afford books or even a better grade of writing materials, so please don't be too hard on the medium poor class.

With best wishes for many more successful years,
I am,
MRS. W. SKINNER.

Dear Friend: Yours is a brave letter. No criticism of mine was ever directed at anyone, young or old, male or female, that was doing his or her level best, but only at the people who could do better and won't. I know what difficulties people labor under who live in remote rural communities. Such people have my love and sympathy, but even they should not get into the habit of pitying themselves overmuch. People who write business letters and letters for publication should, whenever possible, use ink. (Yours is in ink and beautifully penned.) Pencil marks are often terribly hard to read. Some day there will be a typewriter in every home in the land, and that day cannot come too quickly for those who have to examine vast quantities of correspondence. I shall continue to rail at the alarming amount of ignorance people display upon nearly every subject, political, economic and geographic, because there is no excuse for a great deal of this ignorance, except that those who are cursed by it are too mentally lazy, inert and slothful to use the brains and thinking apparatus that God Almighty gave them. A great many people will tell you they can't afford twenty-five cents a year for a magazine, or a dollar or two a year for newspapers, but they will spend fifty dollars for all sorts of trumpery junk, dope, cheap finery and what they call "good times." Nobody needs to go hungry for mental food. Many states have traveling libraries. A note written to any local paper asking for reading matter, will bring a deluge of mental food. Hundreds of people have been supplied with reading matter by making their words known through our columns. As soon as the masses of the people realize that the earth is theirs and the fulness thereof, they will go after what belongs to them, but they can get nothing by resenting criticism or feeling hurt when they are prodded by those who are trying to put them wise to all the good things they are missing by going through a beautiful world with their brains asleep, and their eyes closed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

A Declaration of Dependence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

this. To night a passenger train will be signaled to stop at Bison Gulch. You can board it, and I suppose, make connections with Reno, where you can get a divorce. You must not despise me for acquiescing in this, but somehow, I could not help but wish your heart was in it, as mine was, and the chance to call you lawfully and reverently my wife, was too sweet to let slip. Go to your room now, and I'll wait on the porch until it is time for the train.

He opened the door, and Millicent, looking at him in amazement, went in.

For a long time she sat in the darkness of her room; and listened to the clock as it ticked off its minutes. Once she stole stealthily to the window. She saw Mac sitting motionless.

The hour neared midnight; then a knock came at the door. She opened it. Mac stood there. "Come, it is nearly time for the train. Are you ready?"

She picked up her hat, and put it on. Then her eyes wandered to the clean-cut profile of the big man before her. She wondered what was on his mind, and the next moment he told her.

"Miss Wright," he began, "would you be offended if I asked you to kiss me, just once? Just once, that's all. I love you dear, love you so much, that it would make me happy in years to come to know that I once kissed you. If my request horrifies you, you need not, but because I love you so well I request what my legal right gives me, the right to caress you and love you, for you are my wife as far as the law can make you. The ceremony was a mockery, as far as you were concerned, but we had the license and the minister and all that—"

"How did you know my heart was not in it?" she suddenly demanded, "how did you know?"

"Millicent! Millicent! Was your heart in it?" "Don't call me 'Millicent!' My right name was Dorothy Greenfall, the name by which you married me! My heart was in the ceremony! I loved you, but I wouldn't acknowledge it. But now, in your great goodness of heart, I can hold back the flood no longer. Oh, Mac, we're married! Don't send me away, I don't want to go! I want to stay!"

"With me?" The big fellow's eyes glistened with something that came to them.

"With you!"

"Oh, Dorothy, I can't believe it! You so brilliant, so independent—"

"I want to be dependent now. I'm willing to sacrifice my independence to you, Oh, Mac," and her proud head went down on his gray clad bosom. "I want you. Oh, how I love you, my husband!"

The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER X.

A YELLOW SLEEPING BEAUTY

"BE careful, there," warned Pittysing. "Look how you're dragging that shawl."

Simmie-Sammie turned to look, caught his foot in the shawl, and, burdened as he was with a sofa pillow, a dinner-bell, a tin pan, a picture book and a sword, lost his balance and fell, amid a great clatter.

"I ain't hurt," he laughed. "I sat wight down on the pillow."

"You'll have to take two trips with your things. I can't help you load up again," Pittysing said. "I've got too much to carry myself."

"Playin' show's too much work," grumbled Simmie-Sammie. "You can do it alone. Guess I'll go swing."

"A-a-all right!" his sister said, in a way that meant it was anything but right—in fact, that it was all wrong. "You just wait and see if I play anything YOU want to! And I'll give Gyp your share of the little cookies."

Then she changed her tone, for she saw an obstinate look coming in Simmie-Sammie's face. "Aw, come on! Be a good boy, and we'll have lots of fun. Just think! you're going to be the prince in 'Sleeping Beauty!' And those cookies have raisins in 'em—raisins and currants too. You carry part of the things, and I'll come back for the rest," she coaxed.

They had to make several trips, both of them, before they had all the things they wanted to use in the "show." They were to give it down by the Mill Brook, with Teddy Bear, Sarah-Grace-Josephine, Cattie Puss and Gyp, the puppy dog, to be audience part of the time and help where they were needed.

Pittysing's toy piano was set down carefully on a level place near the barrel-top table.

"I'll dress you up first," Pittysing said, jamming a pasteboard crown, covered with gilt paper, which had done service in many shows, on Simmie-Sammie's head. "Your hair don't look very prince-ified. Seem's if you might have combed it."

She tied a red cambric sash around his waist, and fastened three large, gilt stars on the front of his blouse.

"Now the curtain's going up," she announced. "Ring the bell."

Simmie-Sammie paused, bell in hand. "The ain't any curtain."

"Oh, of course not, silly! But can't we make believe there is? Oh, sometimes, Simmie-Sammie, I wish you were a girl! Here, I've got to have the crown. Now ring the bell."

Simmie-Sammie rang until commanded to stop.

Pittysing, wearing the crown, and with a large flag draped over her shoulders, posed as the Goddess of Liberty, and for the opening number of the program, sang a verse of America.

Simmie-Sammie tried to join in

"Let musit smell the bweeze,"

he quavered, but stopped to box the ears of Gyp, who was sniffing at the cookies.

Next was an exhibition of wonderful trained animals.

Simmie-Sammie threw sticks, which Gyp ran after and brought back. Then Simmie-Sammie buried the sticks, and Gyp dug them up, and with shining eyes and short barks of joy, laid

them at his little master's feet. This was one of their favorite games.

Cattie Puss, protesting, and with ears laid back, was made to dance, jump through a hoop, and play the toy piano. Gyp, with help from Simmie-Sammie, stood on his head, and walked about on his fore-paws. He howled beautifully, without any help, while Cattie Puss played the piano.

Next came a recitation by Pittysing, "Little Boy Blue," while Simmie-Sammie, wearing Pittysing's blue winter coat, slept, with twitch-

folded and tied over her head, to hide her cat-tish ears, and a pink sash-ribbon tied about her waist. She didn't like it, you may be sure, but she had to stand it.

Sarah-Grace-Josephine was seated at the piano to furnish the music.

Simmie-Sammie, again wearing the crown, and with a toy sword in his red cambric sash, was the prince, and made his way through the enchanted forest. He met and bravely drove away with his bright blade two fierce wild animals, Teddy Bear and Gyp.



T I CAN PLAY ON IT! I CAN MAKE MUSIC. I KNOW I CAN! SHE SAID.

ing eyelids, under the hazelnut bush, which was, for the time being, changed into a haycock.

They played a duet on the piano, and then the stage was set for the grand feature of the show, "The Sleeping Beauty."

With two sofa pillows and the shawl, a couch was made for Beauty's sleeping place. Cattie Puss, who had been chosen for that part, was squeezed into a dress that had belonged to a large doll of Pittysing's, whose head Simmie-Sammie had broken long ago. A lace veil was

When he reached the enchanted palace and the Sleeping Beauty, Pittysing was lying beside the couch, with a firm grasp on the Beauty, who seemed to be troubled by uneasy dreams.

"YOU hadn't ought to be here," he objected.

"I shan't be the pwince if you get in the way."

"Hush! can't you see it's all I can do to hold her still? I'm one of her maidens, asleep on the floor at her side. Kiss her quick! Next time I'll have Sarah-Grace-Josephine for Sleeping Beauty."

Cattie Puss gave a low growl.

The prince bent to give the kiss which was to rouse the fair lady from her long sleep. Just then, Cattie Puss freed one paw from Pittysing's hold, and raising it suddenly, with every claw stretched out, gave Simmie-Sammie's cheek a savage scratch.

That was not the way to treat a prince who had dared so much to come to her help! You see, Cattie Puss hadn't learned her part well.

The poor prince howled, Pittysing sprang up, and wicked old Cattie Puss left her couch with a bound and went tearing off as fast as she could in all her finery.

She didn't care where she went.

But she didn't mean to be a Sleeping Beauty any longer.

If the children had been looking, they would have seen Nattie then. She had been watching the whole show from behind a rock, and when the Sleeping Beauty ran away, had been so excited she just hopped out in plain sight.

Then, when the children followed the runaway, the Smallest Dapperling of All went to the toy piano, and softly touched the keys.

"I can play on it! I can make music. I know I can!" she said. "Oh, if I could only carry this beautiful piano home to the assembly hall!"

Taking Sarah-Grace-Josephine's place, Nattie tried all the keys, one after another; then, after starting and stopping a few times, brought such sweet music from the little piano as would have astonished anyone who heard it.

A little way off, down the brook there was a rocky ledge, and below, on the other side, grew some raspberry bushes. Cattie Puss, hesitating on the edge of the little ledge, saw the children coming, and tried to spring forward. Her hind paws were on the little dress skirt which she wore, and she fell head first into the prickly bushes. The children ran around the ledge, and there was poor Cattie Puss, struggling to free herself. The torn dress was caught in the bushes, and the folded veil had slipped over her eyes, frightening and nearly blinding her.

Pittysing reached up and tried to help her out, but got a scratched arm for her pains.

"Listen, Pittsy!" said Simmie-Sammie, "what's that noise? I b'lieve it's a hand-organ man I hear. Let's go back to the house an' see if he's there an' got a monkey with him."

Pittysing listened.

"That ain't hand-organ music," she said. "It sounds like my toy piano, played better'n I ever played it. Come, quick, and we'll see!"

When they got back to where they had been giving the show, the sweet, tinkling music had stopped, and Sarah-Grace-Josephine was sitting in front of the piano, where they had left her.

Nobody else was in sight.

Gyp had eaten the cookies and gone off home.

Pittysing looked puzzled. She touched the little keys half timidly.

"'Twas my piano! I know the sound of it!" she said. "Sarah-Grace-Josephine never played before, only when I held her hands, and I don't s'pose she did this time. I never S'POSED dolls COULD! But—I—don't—know!"

Cattie Puss came to the house at supper-time for her saucer of milk, with part of the dress she had worn still buttoned 'round her throat. The rest of the dress, and the veil, were tangled in the raspberry bushes. As for the pink sash ribbon, it was never seen again.

The next chapter will tell of a naughty trick by Simmie-Sammie and how the Dapperlings gave Pittysing a wonderful surprise. Don't miss it in August COMFORT.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

nervously: "Wait; sit down, and I will be back in a moment."

Darting out of the room, he ran swiftly upstairs, to ascertain, as we have seen, if his captive was still safe.

We know the result, and how adroitly Edith allayed his suspicions; whereupon, wholly reassured regarding her, he returned to the library to settle, once for all, as he secretly resolved, with his discarded plaything.

"Well, Giulia," he began, as he re-entered her presence, "what has brought you here? what is your business with me?"

"I have come to ascertain if this is true, and what you have to say about it," she answered, as she brought forth the newspaper and pointed to the article relating to the wedding at Wyoming.

"Well, what of it?" he at last questioned, assuming a defiant air; "what if it is true?"

"Is it true?" she persisted; "have you really married that girl?"

"And what if I have?" he again questioned. "I want the truth, from your own lips—yes or no, Emil Correlli."

"Well, then—yes," he said, with a flash of anger.

"You own it—you dare own it to me, and—in the presence of your child?" shrieked the woman.

"Stop, Giulia!" commanded her companion, sternly. "I will have no scene here to create a scandal among the servants. I intended to see you within a day or two; but, since you have sought me, we may as well at once come to an understanding. Did you think that you could hold me all my life? A man in my position must have a home in which to receive his friends, also a mistress in it to entertain them—"

"Have you forgotten all your vows and promises to me?" interposed Giulia, in tremulous tones; "that you swore everlasting fidelity to me?"

"A man vows a great many things that he finds he cannot fulfill," was the unfeeling response. "Surely, Giulia, you must realize that neither your birth nor education could entitle you to such a position as my wife must occupy."

"My birth was respectable, my education the best my country afforded," said the girl, with white lips. "Had you no intention of marrying me when you enticed me from my home to cross the ocean with you?"

"No."

"Oh, had you no heart? Why did you do such a fiendish thing?" she cried.

"Because you were pretty and agreeable, and I liked pleasant company. I have been accustomed to have whatever I wished for all my life."

"And you never loved me?"

"Oh, yes, for nearly three years I was quite fond of you—really, Giulia, I consider that I

have been as faithful to you as you could expect."

"Oh, wretch! but you love this other girl more?"

"It would be worse than useless to attempt to deceive you on that point," said the man.

"You lied to me, then, Emil Correlli!" cried the miserable woman, hoarsely; "you swore to me that the girl was nothing to you—that she was simply your sister's companion."

"And I simply told you the truth," he retorted. "She was nothing to me at that time; she was only my sister's companion. However," he added, straightening himself haughtily, "there is no use in wrangling over the matter any further. I married Edith Allen the night before last, and henceforth she will be the mistress of my home. I confess it is a trifle hard on you, Giulia," he continued, "but you must try to be sensible about it. I will settle a comfortable annuity upon you, and you can either go back to your parents or make a pleasant home for yourself somewhere in this country."

"And what of this boy?" questioned the discarded girl.

"I will provide handsomely for his future," he said, after considering for a minute. "If you will give him up to me he shall be reared as carefully as any gentleman's son, and, when he attains a proper age, I will establish him in some business or profession that will enable him to make his mark in the world."

"You would take him away from me to do this?"

"That would be necessary, in order to carry out my purpose as I wish," the man coldly replied.

"Never! You are a monster in human form to suggest such a thing. Do you think I would ever give him up to you?"

"Just as you choose," her companion remarked, indifferently. "I have made you the proposition, and you can accept or reject it as you see fit, but if I take him, I cannot have his future hampered by any environments or associations that would be likely to mar his life."

"Howard!" the word was thrown at him in a way that stung him like a lash, "do you dare twist me for what you alone are to blame? Where is your honor—where your humanity? Have you forgotten how you used every art to persuade me to leave the shelter of my pleasant home—the protection of my honest father and mother, to come hither with you? how you promised, by all that was sacred, to make me your wife if I would do your bidding? What I am you have made me—what this child is, you are responsible for. Ah, Emil Correlli, you have much to answer for, and the day will yet come when you will bitterly repent these irreparable wrongs."

"Come, come Giulia! you are getting beside yourself with your tragic airs," her companion here interposed, in a would-be soothing tone.

"There is no use working yourself up into a passion and running on like this. What has been done is done, and cannot be changed, so you had

best make the most of what is left you. As I said before, I will give you a handsome allowance, and, if you will keep me posted regarding your whereabouts, I will make you and the boy a little visit now and then."

"You will live to repent," she remarked, as she gathered the child up in her arms and arose to leave the room, "and before this day is ended your punishment shall begin; you shall never know one moment of happiness with the girl whom you have dared to put in my place."

"Bah! all this is idle chatter, Giulia," said Emil Correlli, contemptuously; nevertheless, he paled visibly, and a cold chill ran over him, for somehow her words impressed him as a prophecy.

"What! are you going in such a temper as that?" he added, as she turned toward the door. "Well, when you get over it, let me hear from you occasionally."

"Never fear; you will hear from me oftener than you will like," she flashed out at him, with a look that made him cringe, as she laid her hand upon the knob of the door.

"Stay, Giulia! Aren't you going to let me have a word with Ino? Here, you black-eyed little rascal, haven't you anything to say to your daddy?" he added, in a coaxing tone to the child.

"Mamma, may I talk to papa?" queried the little one.

"By the way," interposed the man, before she could reply, "you must put a stop to the youngster calling me that; it might be awkward, you see, if we should happen to meet some time upon the street. I like the little chap well enough, but you must teach him to keep his mouth shut when he comes near me."

"Who taught him the name?" sharply retorted Giulia. "Who boasted how bright and clever he was the first time he uttered the English word?"

"Your tongue is very sharp, Giulia," he said. "It would be more to your advantage to be upon good terms with me."

She made no reply, but, opening the door, passed out into the hall, he following her.

"As you will," he curtly said; then added, imperatively: "Come this way," and, leading her to the front door, he let her quietly out, glad to be rid of her before the butler or any of the other servants could learn of her presence in the house.

He watched her pass down the steps and out upon the street, then, softly closing the door, went back to the library.

He threw himself into a chair with a long-drawn sigh.

"I am afraid she means mischief," he muttered, with a frown. "I must get Edith away as soon as possible; I would not have them meet for anything. What a little vixen the girl is, curse her!"

He glanced at the clock.

It was five minutes to three, and twenty-five since he went up to Edith's room.

"It is about time she came down," he mused. He arose and paced the room for a few mo-

ments, then passed out into the hall and listened.

The house was very still; he could not detect a sound anywhere.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

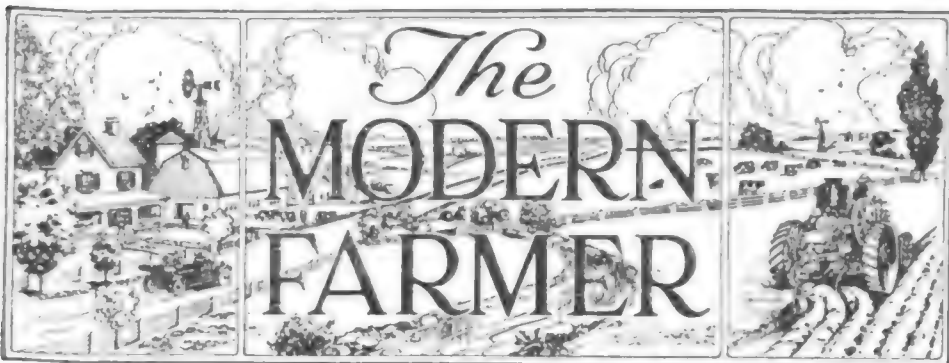
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Hay Making

JULY is the month in which most of the hay cut in the Northern states should be made. The first cuttings of clover and alfalfa may come in June but timothy, red-top, prairie hay, the second cutting of alfalfa, the late red clovers and alsike should all be harvested in July.

The Cutting Stage

In all hay making the "cutting stage," or the stage when the hay has reached its highest amount of nutrients in their most digestible form and is filled with flavors and odors most attractive to stock. If cut too early the hay will be lacking in the amount of these desirable qualities, and if cut too late it will have lost some of its palatability and digestibility.

It is therefore important that the hay should be cut at the proper stage. Now what is the proper cutting stage?

WHEN TO CUT CLOVER.—Clover should be cut when in full bloom and before any of the blossoms have ripened and turned brown. It is at this time that it has reached its highest degree of excellence. It then contains a maximum amount of digestible protein, carbohydrates and fat and has the sweetest smell and the most attractive taste. If properly cured, clover cut at this stage makes the very finest quality of hay.

THE CUTTING STAGE OF ALFALFA. Many farmers, having learned from experience the proper time to cut clover, assume that they can follow the same practice with alfalfa. This is a serious mistake. If alfalfa is let stand until in full bloom and then cut, the second and third crops will be spoiled though the hay itself may be of very fine quality. It is better, however, to sacrifice a little in quality than to ruin succeeding crops. Alfalfa should be cut as soon as the very first blossoms appear. The true guide to the cutting stage is the appearance of little sprouts at the base of the crown. As soon as the plant has reached a certain stage it puts out little sprouts or buds around the base of the plant. If the hay is cut immediately these sprouts begin to grow rapidly and soon a second crop is ready for harvest. If, however, the farmer waits until the plants have come into full bloom, these sprouts will have grown three or four inches long and their growing points will be cut off when the crop is cut. Or in other words, two crops will be harvested at one cutting. This is one of the reasons why so many farmers fail to get satisfactory returns after the first cutting.

THE TIME TO CUT MIXED HAY.—Timothy and red top should be cut just before or at the time of full bloom. Many farmers dislike to do this because they contend that the pollen of the blossom makes dusty hay. This is doubtless true, but this dust does not hurt the quality of the hay except for horses. If the pollen is objectionable, however, it is better to cut the hay just before the blossoming period and after it is fully headed out than it is to wait for the seeds to ripen. At this late stage the stems have become woody and indigestible, the hay has lost its fine flavor and odor and is neither rich nor palatable.

WILD HAY.—Coarse, wild prairie and marsh hay has very little feeding value if allowed to ripen and cure before being cut, as is often practiced. It is then about as good for stock food as excelsior or hazel brush. It is a good filling but has little sustaining quality.

THE OTHER CLOVERS.—Alsike, like red clover, should be cut when in full bloom. With the crimson clovers, so common in the South, it is not only an unwise but a dangerous practice to allow any of the heads to ripen and turn brown before cutting. The ripe heads of this clover are covered with sharp prickles and form furry balls which may lodge in the digestive tracts of animals and cause trouble. For this reason such clovers should be cut very early, even before all blossoms have appeared.

Hay Curing

Much of the hay made in America is over-cured. Over-curing reduces digestibility and decreases both agreeable odors and pleasant flavors. Cattle do not relish over-cured hay. It is less digestible, hence it takes more of this kind of hay for stock feeding.

Hay is likely to be over-cured because farmers fear to put green hay in the mow or stack. They say that green hay will mold or rot and spoil. If it doesn't it makes a very dusty hay. This is true. Too green hay will not keep in the mow. The fine art in hay curing comes in getting the hay cured "just enough." This point is reached when all of it has lost its bright green shade, is dry and tough, but never brittle. None of the leaves should be lost and the stems should not be dry enough to break. There should be no green portions in it, however. If hay in the right cutting stage is cut early in the morning as soon as the dew is off, on a bright, clear day, and is shaken up with a tedder about two hours later it should be pretty well cured by three or four o'clock in the afternoon. By proper management a farmer should be able to cut and haul in the same day. If hay must lie over night it should be freshly cut green hay. Dry hay, or partly dry hay, should never lie in the swath over night. Dew washes away the fine flavor and odor of freshly cured hay.

CURING CLOVER AND ALFALFA.—These hay crops are much more difficult to properly cure than timothy or red top or other grasses of the same class. It is now well known, however, that there is a constant stream of moisture flowing up through the stems of these plants and out through their leaves. This can be shown by covering any leafy growing plant with a tumbler. Moisture soon collects on the inside of the glass in little drops. Now this moisture is pumped up through the stem and out through the leaves by the action of the plant itself. It is this moisture that is in the plant at cutting time and which must be gotten rid of in hay making. Since there is so much more of this moisture in clover than in timothy it is much more difficult to make clover hay. It is pretty certain, however, that the plant continues to pump out this moisture even after it has been severed from the root. The sun does not dry the hay but the plant expels the moisture. All it needs, therefore, is to be let alone long enough and it will cure itself.

THE BEST WAY TO CURE CLOVER.—The best way to cure clover is to give it plenty of time

to rid itself of this excessive moisture. This can best be done by cutting it after the dew is off and coking it up immediately in small cocks. The outside layers will soon wilt and droop down so as to form a good protection in case of rain. Leave the hay in the cocks for a day or two to rid itself of its own water. Then in the morning of a bright day, as soon as the dew is off, go out in the field and turn these cocks upside down and spread them out a little. Drops of water will be seen oozing through the cock that the plants have forced out of themselves. When the sun and air get at these drops they soon disappear and if the hay is thoroughly wilted it is ready to be put into the mow. Alfalfa should be cured in the same way.

The Use of Hay Caps

As a further protection against rain, hay caps are often used in curing small quantities of both clover and alfalfa hay. For this purpose they are excellent but somewhat expensive, especially if large amounts are to be cured. By using good judgment in the handling of clover and alfalfa hay as already described, very satisfactory results can be secured without caps, however.

The Dairy Farmer's Ten Commandments

A recent writer on agriculture (Mr. Charles Christodoro) has issued what he calls "Ten Commandments for the Dairy Farmer." They are as follows:

1. Keep healthy cows.
2. Select and keep good producers.
3. Use only pure bred bulls.
4. Feed liberally.
5. Produce the feed.
6. Use the manure.
7. Keep the barn clean and well ventilated.
8. Keep the cows comfortable.
9. Be considerate to the cow.
10. Provide shade and wind protection.

These "commandments" are so good that they need no further comment. They speak for themselves.

Garden Suggestions for July

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.—Pinch back the young blackberry and raspberry canes to three feet in length. This will cause them to thicken up and store food for the next year's crop. On a small patch the pinching may be done with the fingers but if a large number of bushes is to be gone over it is much better to use a clipping shears for this purpose.

CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers for pickling may be planted as late as July fourth. They will need very careful cultivation and close attention to protect them from "bugs," as already described in COMFORT'S Modern Farmer.

CURRENTS.—If currant worms are troublesome use heliothere instead of Paris green. The former is safe to use while the latter may result in severe poisoning if proper precautions are not taken. Currants may be prevented from ripening by shading. This is done by covering the bush with a piece of muslin or canvas. Where there is an abundance of fruit and a later picking it is often desirable to cover a portion of the currant patch thus insuring a later crop. Ripening may be delayed three or four weeks by this method.

TREE FRUIT.—Tree fruits should be thinned in July. This will insure a good growth of the very best specimens. The season is now so far advanced that the poorest fruits may be picked off, leaving only the best to come to maturity. The production of seed is much harder on the vitality of the tree than is the production of fruit. If two thirds of the seeds are picked off in thinning much more vitality will be left in the tree for the production of future crops. Besides, this increased strength and vigor of tree will produce much finer fruit during the present season.

LETTUCE.—Lettuce for late summer is better provided by picking the leaves of the plants for use, thus preventing them from going to seed, than by sowing the seed for new plants during July. Lettuce does not germinate well during hot weather. This plant requires a cool, moist soil for its best development. Best results can be expected by sowing in a cool, shady place, as on the north side of a building or between rows of trees or bushes. Lettuce can be held back by cutting off all the leaves about an inch above the crown when needed for the table.

MELONS AND SQUASHES.—These plants will need careful cultivation during this month. A close watch should be kept for bugs and tobacco dust used freely for both bugs and beetles. The squash bug should be picked off by hand and destroyed. The vine borer may be fought off by use of kerosene emulsion, prepared as described in a recent number of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer and diluted twenty times. While this is a little off the subject we may add that contrary to general belief squashes and melons do not mix, at least there is no reliable scientific evidence that they do.

Bug Poisons

Notwithstanding the war in Europe, the American bug continues to wage havoc on the farmer's crops. The price of Paris green, the old-fashioned potato bug remedy, has gone soaring but American made arsenate of lead is "just as good." Paris green contains about three times as much arsenic so that it is necessary to use three times as much arsenate of lead as is the custom with Paris green. Besides, arsenate of lead has several advantages over Paris green.

Its light color shows better on the green leaves. It sticks to the foliage better, does not blow off when the plants are dry and dissolves much better in water, hence does not need so much stirring when sprayed on.

Paris green and arsenate of lead are the standard remedies for all insects that eat the leaves, though white hellebore may be used with success for currant worms. Don't use these poisons for lice; they will do no good.

Lice Killers

The best remedy for lice is tobacco confection, either made as explained last year in COMFORT'S Modern Farmer or purchased ready prepared on the general market.

If your local drug-store does not keep tobacco confection in stock, and you do not care to go to the trouble of making it, you can always secure it direct from the seed houses. Dealers in

seeds always carry garden tools, insect destroyers, fertilizers and the like for the accommodation of their customers. There are many other lice killer preparations on the market but the tobacco confection is one of the very best.

Disease Destroyers

Like most other chemicals, those used for the destruction of plant diseases have gone skyward in price on account of the war. Germany is the chief source of our chemical supply and these chemicals are now exceedingly hard to get. The supply is short and the price is high. Blue vitriol or copper sulphate, the chemical used in the making of Bordeaux mixture, is so high that it is doubtful whether or not it will pay the general run of farmers to spray potatoes for late blight this year.

Spraying Potatoes for Late Blight

The blight season is upon us, and it is certain that much damage will be done to our potato fields by this disease. This will mean, in all likelihood, a shortage of the crop, and consequently a high price. Of course there can be no certainty that this will happen, but if it does, the farmer with a good stock of potatoes will reap the benefit. Some farmers are willing to take a gambler's chance and pay the high prices for blue vitriol even if it does cost them five cents or more per bushel to spray for blight. While we do not advise all our readers to do this, we believe that those potato growers who are equipped with the best of spraying machinery, who have had experience with the manufacture and use of Bordeaux and who have promising potato fields, should take this chance and spray as usual for the control of late blight, even if the cost is high. In our judgment the chances are about three to one in their favor.

Utilizing New Feed

There is a great temptation to suddenly over-feed animals with new hay, new oats or new corn when the mow, granary or corn crib is again replenished. Men naturally are kind to animals, at least that can truly be said of the average farmer, and he only stints his stock when feed is scarce and high in price. He wishes to make speedy amends for the semi-starvation spell as soon as he can and so he overfeeds when feed again becomes plentiful. By so doing thousands of animals are killed annually upon the farms of the country.

The horse is the chief sufferer. Unless very regularly and carefully fed at all times, he is liable to an attack of colic and a severe attack or succession of attacks may result fatally. Horses cannot stand sudden changes of feed. All changes should be made gradually. New hay or oats may safely be used if fed in small quantities at first as a part ration with old hay and oats or other feed to which the horse has become accustomed.

The bowels should be carefully watched when changing the feed. The least derangement of the digestive organs is indicated by the manure. The passages become too soft, or "mushy" and bad smelling, or the feces come away in slimy, clay-colored balls. Whenever this is noticed, the new feed should be reduced at once for a time or altogether withheld if the horse is sick.

At threshing time we have seen horses tied at noon or night to the tall-board of a full wagon box of oats and allowed to eat their fill. Little wonder that horses so treated suffer from colic and founder and often prove a total loss. But the ill effects of new feed are not always so quickly apparent. The horse may escape an attack of colic or founder but suffer from sub-acute indigestion of a chronic type. The commonest symptom of such a condition is a change in the consistency and odor of the manure; then the horse either stops sweating when at work, has hot, dry skin and pants with distress, or sweats profusely and quickly "plays out."

The reasons for all this seem to be that all grain and forage plants have to go through a maturing process in the field, shock, mow or bin and the fermentations present during the process cause derangement of the digestive organs. Knowing these things, owners of animals should be more careful to gradually accustom their horses to new feed.

Cows are not nearly so sensitive to changes of feed although cases of sudden disastrous bloating are not uncommon when cattle are first turned out on wet clover or alfalfa. They stand new hay and new oats with comparative impunity, but although this is the case, it is best to them feed gradually.

Thousands of hogs are killed each year by the sudden feeding of unlimited new, soft corn. So disastrous are the losses that owners often conclude that cholera has broken out and caused the losses. That sometimes is the case, and the overfeeding of new corn is the exciting cause for there can be no question that when the vitality and resistant powers of an animal are at low ebb, disease is most likely to successfully and fatally attack. It is as true that the perfectly healthy, robust pig may escape cholera when the disease is prevalent in a district while the weak ones and those living in an unsanitary environment are stricken and die.

It pays, therefore, to very gradually accustom hogs to new corn and especially to soft corn that has been nipped by frost. There is very little feeding value in such corn but much that is dangerous, so that if it must be fed, it should form but a small part of the ration in combination with other sound, nutritious feeds.

It pays, too, to go slow in making any change of feed for horses. We remember of an interesting case corroborative of this. Colic cases suddenly became common in a big city stable of transfer horses that had long been healthy. Investigation at length showed that the cause was the sudden feeding of Canadian oats which weighed well over 40 pounds to the bushel, whereas the oats to which the horses had for long been accustomed weighed little over 30 pounds per bushel. Either the lack of hull or excess of protein-rich grain in the heavy oats caused the trouble. Anyhow it promptly subsided when the allowance of heavy oats was correspondingly reduced in amount. We have known of similar outbreaks of colic, or other forms of indigestion, from the feeding of weevil infested grain or grain that had been heated in the bin and consequently become rusty or musty. Such "foxy" oats, as they sometimes have been termed, are especially liable to cause diabetes in horses. It is important, therefore, to feed sound grain as

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well as to be sure that it is thoroughly matured and cured.

Summer Pruning of Fruit Trees

It is generally supposed that the pruning of fruit trees must be done during the winter and early spring months; in fact, such is the common practice, but there is no good reason why they may not be pruned during the summer-time. The Kansas, Virginia and Utah experiment stations have recently published results of their experimental work on summer pruning. These bulletins contain the information that it makes very little difference whether pruning is practiced in winter or summer.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF PRUNING IN THE SUMMER-TIME.—The young shoots, especially the water sprouts, are young and tender and much easier to remove. They should be cut close to the main branch so that the wound will heal over. This it will do rapidly if the pruning is done before the growing season is ended. It may also happen that the labor supply can be employed in slack time during the summer season, or the pruning be done in connection with the thinning of fruit.

SOME OF THE DISADVANTAGES.—During the dormant period the limbs are bare of leaves and the branches to be pruned away may be more readily located. In the dormant period less injury is likely to result from pruning. Too early pruning in the spring after the sap has started may weaken the tree by robbing it of its regular food supply. On the whole the results of experiments indicate that while not necessary it is safer and better in the long run to prune during the dormant period than to attempt summer pruning. However, our readers should remember that summer pruning may be practiced with success if conditions are such that they would prefer to prune at this time. Late summer pruning will be better than pruning earlier in the season.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our former subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information, and as you vice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

MELLOWING CLAY SOIL.—I have plowed my back yard for a garden, but the soil is so much like clay it cakes up hard after every rain. I had it plowed a few days ago and now it has dried hard in lumps from the size of a marble to as big as my head. Can you tell me what to do or what to add to it to lighten it so I can raise a garden? I have already dressed it well with barn manure. Mrs. E. G., Terryville, Conn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



PERHAPS this is a fitting time to read "Year to Nature's Heart," at any rate there is a great call to go "back to nature," to dig, sow, weed and get the fill of the earth. If our men-folks are called to the colors, the women must do the ploughing and garden work, and must needs have comfortable, suitable garments for such work. With this in view, we wish to present a practical garden suit good for khaki, gingham, drill, linen, jersey or serge. The call for outdoors is urgent and sports models are in great demand, with a comfortable skirt and a smart middie a woman will be well-dressed these summer days.

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Pattern Descriptions

2124—A Practical Work Suit for Women. This style is excellent for outdoor work in the garden, is popular also as an indoor work dress, since it affords comfort and ease in movement. The blouse may be made with or without the collar, and the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, drill, jean, linen, poplin, repp, or alpaca, are good for this style.

Cut in four sizes: small (32-34 bust measure), medium (36-38), large (40-42), extra large (44-46). Size medium will require six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2093—A Smart Style good for many occasions. One could make this model up in printed voile, challie, embroidered batiste, shantung, linen or tub silk.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 30-inch size.

2080—A Pretty "Party" or "Best" Dress. One could make this of dimity or dotted Swiss, or lawn or batiste. It is also nice for crepe and albatross, wash silk, challie and lawn. Flouncing or bordered goods could also be used for this model.

Cut in four sizes: one, two, three and four years. It requires two and seven eighths yards of 27-inch material for a four-year size.

2090—A Smart Shirt-waist Model. This smart little shirt-waist is lovely for the new, soft satins, crepes and pretty printed voiles. The collar is an attractive feature.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2099—Mother's Girl's Favorite Play Dress. How simple, easy and comfortable, and how quickly made. There is the underarm seam, the back seam or closing (as you may prefer it), and the neck and shoulder finish—a simple hem, the belt attached to position, and the dress is done.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years. It requires one and seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

1909—A New Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women. Jaunty shaped cuffs and pockets, and a smart sailor collar complete a very stylish effect. Added to that is the fact that this model is comfortable and practical.

Cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires six yards of 44-inch material.

2085—A Smart and Popular Model. This design is especially attractive in wash fabrics, but will also develop nicely in silk, serge, gabardine and other woolen fabrics. It is made in "jumper" style, with closing on the shoulders.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two yards for the guimpe and three yards for the dress, for a six-year size, in 27-inch material.

2098—A Smart, one-piece Model. This style is lovely for the new linens, for shantung, foulard, taffeta, gingham and other wash fabrics. It is made in "over dress" style, with a guimpe that may be of contrasting material.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three yards for the guimpe and five and five eighths yards for the dress, for a 36-inch size, in 27-inch material.

1670—A Pretty Summer Gown. Costume with sleeve in either of two lengths (for Misses and small women). Embroidered voile and insertion are combined. The model is most unique and attractive, and embodies some excellent style features.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size.

2082—A Popular, Comfortable and Practical Style, for Misses and small women. There is hardly any style so well adapted to slender figures as this one. It is easy to develop and good for any of the materials now in vogue.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

2084—A Good Dress for Mother's Girl. These one-piece dresses are so easy to make, easy to launder and so comfortable and practical.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight will require three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material.

2022—Ladies' Apron. Checked or striped gingham is nice for this model, but percale, sateen, brilliantine, lawn, drill and denim are also desirable.

Cut in four sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. It requires for medium size four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2086—A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. This design is simple and charming. The waist is in Empire fashion and finished with tab extensions which may serve to hold a smart sash or girdle. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

2050—Girl's One-Piece Dress, with Bloomers. This design is good for chambray, gingham, linen, linene, drill, percale and lawn. It may also be developed in serge and gabardine. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress or of sateen, drill, serge, galatea, or gingham.

Cut in five sizes: two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 27-inch material for the dress and two yards for the bloomers, for a six-year size.

2115—A Splendid "Cover All" Style. This apron may serve very well as a house dress, and with the "cool" neck and sleeve, is especially attractive for warm weather. The pattern is nice for chambray, gingham, linen, drill, percale, alpaca, jean or sateen.

Cut in four sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. Size medium will require five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material.

2083—A Practical Under Garment. This model combines a comfortable brassiere and drawers. It is suitable for cambric, muslin, lawn, satin, silk and nainsook. The brassiere may be of drill or jean and may be boned like any corset.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2089—A Charming Negligee. Crepe, lawn, percale, albatross, cashmere, silk and satin are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. It requires six and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

2094—Some Attractive Collars and a Smart Pair of Cuffs. One can develop these styles in any of the pretty materials of the season. They are nice for wear over a waist or dress.

The pattern includes all styles illustrated and is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. No. 1 will require one half yard, No. 2 collar, five eighths yard, cuff No. 2, three eighths yard and collar No. 3, five eighths yard of 27-inch material for a small size.

2081—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in either of two lengths. The model is good for linen, chambray, gingham, seersucker, lawn, voile, repp and poplin.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2071—A Smart Bathing Dress. This model

may be worn with tights or bloomers. It has new and distinctive lines and is comfortable. Jersey cloth, washable satin, brilliantine, serge, sateen and silk are suitable for its development.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one quarter yards of 27-inch material.

2097—A Smart, New Waist. Georgette crepe, crepe de chine, foulard, batiste, lawn, voile, linen and madras are nice for this style. The fronts may be tucked or gathered.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2070—Ladies' House Dress. Percale, linen, linene, drill, gingham, seersucker and chambray are good materials for this style. The fronts are finished so that the closing may be reversed from right to left or left to right, as in coat style.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2108—A Comfortable Play or Beach Suit for Small Boys. Gingham, drill, serge, linen, chambray, poplin, repp and galatea are nice for this style. The closing is at the side.

Cut in four sizes: two, three, four and five years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a three-year size.

2074—An Easy to Make and Practical "Cover-all" Apron. Striped seersucker was used in this instance; checked gingham, drill, percale, linen or alpaca are equally attractive. The belt may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2076—A Unique and Attractive Skirt Style. This is fine for satin, serge, mannish mixtures, Jersey cloth, poplin, voile, linen, repp, corduroy, taffeta, foulard, shantung, gingham and chambray.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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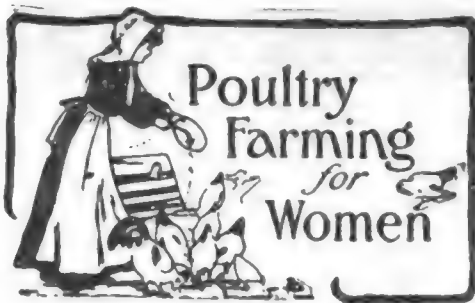
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Yarding the Fowl Increases Egg Production

IT is difficult to make farm people understand that fowls are better off kept in yards. In fact, they must be so restrained if the highest egg records are to be reached. In way-back times it was considered a detriment to yard fowls, but for some years past professional poultry keepers have yarded their fowls, because they found it was the only way to reach the top notch. Even now, the general farmers cling to the free range idea, and I am convinced that it is not purely because they consider it necessary, but it saves feed and other bother. It has been estimated that a flock of common dunghill hens, such as are seen on the average farm, lay in a year less than a hundred eggs each. The figures are eighty to ninety. Farmers who have become breeders, and who thus give the hen decidedly more consideration, and still adhere to the free-range system, have increased this yield to one hundred and fifty and better. Breeders who are following the strictly up-to-date methods and have yarded their layers, have obtained an average of one hundred and seventy-five eggs, and some have even reached the two hundred mark.

Please note that I say fowls or hens, and I do not mean this to include growing chicks. The line must be distinctly drawn between the two. The range cannot be too extended for growing stock. What we strive for in growing stock is frame, on which later we intend to put flesh. This frame can only be built by food, and plenty of it, converted into bone and muscle by exercise. After the chick has made the frame, we can safely yard her and put on the flesh, and thus convert her into a money-making machine.

The advantages gained by yarding stock are manifold. First of all, by confining stock to a certain space, we are sure they eat the food provided, and in the quantity we mean them to have. Feeding layers to produce eggs is becoming every year a more delicate operation. Formula after formula is tried by different breeders, as an experiment, with the hope of increasing the egg yield. If we can force each hen to lay ten eggs a year more, it means a considerable increase in the total of the flock, and a better return in dollars and cents to the breeder. Yarding stock is a means to this end. The food fed is converted, we mean it to be, into egg and not into muscle. It is decidedly more troublesome to care for stock in this way, and necessitates additional labor and expense, but we are looking for the increase all the time, and are thus continually hoping to be compensated for the extra trouble.

Fowls in yards must be supplied with everything they require, which means all they would naturally seek if running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is known as double yarding—a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing the double yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangels, turnips, turnips, or any vegetable.

Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheep heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best, cut green bone.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten or twelve feet. Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared with the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the fowls particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a small coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a showroom. On the other hand, a Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders quietly over her yard, takes things easy in the winter coop, and stands the confinement of the exhibition coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but limited exercise, exactly as those treated the same way and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to hunt for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed in the morning especially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarding fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid every day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls, and those sold by the "honest" farmer who collects them every day, and cannot swear that they were laid today—not two weeks ago.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months in the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens during the winter. Baby chicks arouse interest in the spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty, fluffy babies, developed into long, lanky creatures, who seem nothing but a nuisance specially ordained to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up in small quarters and woefully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatedly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good winter supply of eggs.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of

wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon, and wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about all they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn and oats), one part white middlings and one part oilmeal, mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to feather out and get into condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg-production, which are clover hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food.

You see, it takes about three months for hens to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August, which would make it October before they finished. Of course that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in a more or less debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such a time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers from such a diet. If she is on free range she would have a better chance of gathering the necessary material, but even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled head are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts, usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain

first set of brackets. This tray must be made at a plumber's shop, but it won't cost more than seventy-five cents. The three other trays can be made of light wood. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays must be left open, and a piece of burlap tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through.

A brooder lamp which has a tin chimney is the best to use, so there is no fear of smothering. When in use, after the chimney has been pushed through the hole in the bottom of the cabinet, a block of wood must be put under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place and bring the top of the chimney to within an inch of the zinc tray, which is kept filled with water. The oats are put into pails of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray.

I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with flannel, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet.

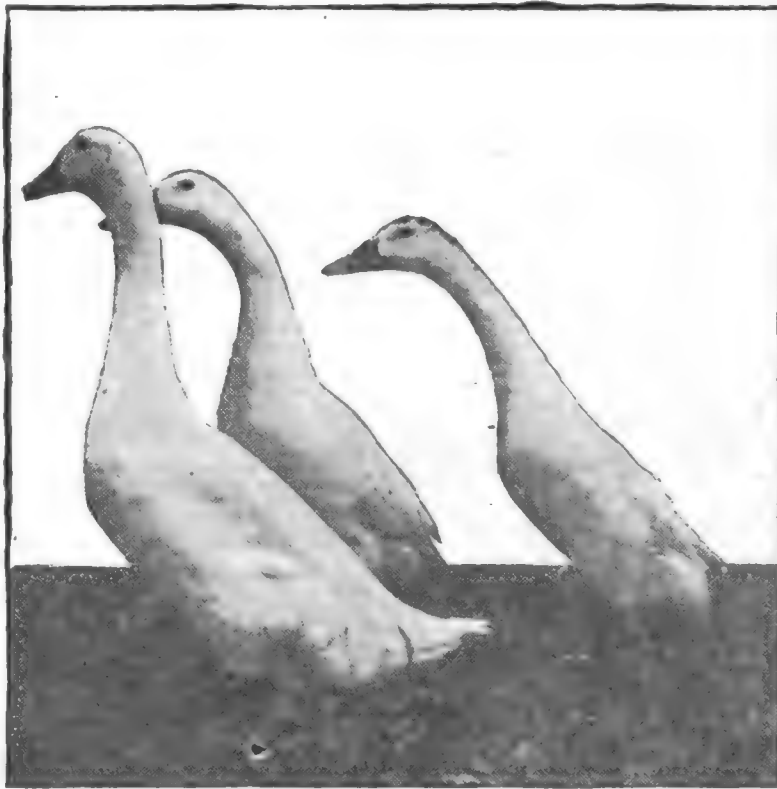
The three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally, the bottom tray getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop sufficiently to feed, and at that point it can be removed, and the trays dropped down so that the second and third trays are at the bottom, and what was at the bottom is at the top.

The oats are ready to feed when from two to five inches high. Just cut a sod—roots and all, of course—and feed to the hens at noon—the improvement in the egg yield will surprise you. A sod six inches square is enough for twenty-five hens. Divide it into small pieces before feeding, so that they are all sure to get a fair share. Don't neglect roosters, for a good percentage of sprouted oats in their rations insures fertile eggs, which will mean good hatches when the incubators and broody hens get busy.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. T. D.—I am inclined to believe that the people who sold you the turkeys told you the truth, and that the hen's eye had been accidentally injured, for if it was the result of disease, she would not eat and seem bright, for turkeys mope the moment they are sick. Continue to press out any pus that may form, and bathe with a solution of boric acid. It seems a pity to kill her. Let her lay out her next clutch of eggs, and when she gets broody, set her in some dark



THE LEGHORNS OF THE DUCK TRIBE.

upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult late in the fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is as well to market all the first hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Cull all young stock down closely. Don't keep a lot of young cockerels to eat up the profits during the winter. Even pullets which are at all backward should be marketed, for they won't develop after cold weather sets in, and it does not pay to keep them for summer layers. Most of the failures made in the poultry business are due to people not having the courage to clean out unproductive birds. Just calculate how many quarts of feed ten growing birds will eat in seven months, and I think you will be convinced that it is unfair to expect the flock to support them and still show a profit. The trouble is that people don't realize that young stock stand still as soon as cold weather starts, remaining almost stationary until spring. Another evil of keeping undeveloped stock is that they occupy house room and crowd the older birds.

Before I forget it, let me remind you not to feed new corn to the fowls. Every year, about this season, I get quantities of letters telling of good, fat hens, the picture of health, which have been found dead. Acute indigestion, brought on by eating unseasoned corn, is the cause. So be careful. If your last year's supply has run out, it is better to buy a few bags than lose hens on whom you depend for winter eggs.

Have you made any provision for supplying the hens with green food this winter? Remember, your egg basket will suffer if you don't have a bountiful supply, so it behooves you to give the matter immediate attention. If you don't get eggs in the winter, you can't make money out of your fowls. Sprouted oats are the best green food in the winter, because they can be grown in the house. There are several sprout cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which ranges from five to fifteen dollars; but there are plenty of people who don't want to spend five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a home-made cabinet which cost only two dollars.

Get a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. Line this with zinc at the front end, running the zinc up to about fifteen inches. Then set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards make a top to fit it. Then get eight pairs of iron shelf brackets from a five and ten cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches above. Make legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, cut a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom, to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rests on the

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soon sicken if they get any moldy grain. The best plan is to steal the eggs, and set them under bankam or small hens. Incubation takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days. If you look through the advertising columns of COMFORT, you will find the addresses of breeders of pheasants.

B. H.—The turkey hen must have some malformation or lack of egg organs as C. A. S. wrote about. Read answer to her in this issue. You will understand that the turkey will never be of any use for breeding. Don't give the young turkeys anything to eat for thirty-six hours after they are hatched, then put a dish of real sour milk before them, and nothing else for two days. If they were hatched by a common hen, they will not wander so far, nor will she hunt food for them, as a turkey hen does, so they will have to be fed lightly. Give them the curds from sour milk, mixed with finely chopped green onion tops, until they are two weeks old. After that, add a little cracked wheat at night, and continue to supply all the sour milk and curd they will eat. If the weather is damp and chilly, add one fourth of a teaspoonful of powdered ginger to half a pint of curds.

R. L. P.—You don't say how you feed your young chicks, and if they are being raised in a brooder, or with hens, so it is almost impossible to guess the trouble is. If you feed cracked corn, it should be passed through a sieve which will let nothing pass larger than kafir corn. Lots of chicks are killed by swallowing a piece of cracked corn too large to pass into the crop. If the chicks are confined, you must supply fine, sharp grit, green vegetable and animal food.

M. T.—Scaly legs are caused by small parasites which bore under the skin of the feet and shanks. Clean the perches and paint them with sheep dip or kerosene oil early in the morning, so that they will have plenty of time to dry before the birds go to roost. Fill a two-quart pail with warm, soapy water. Hold the bird's feet and shanks in it for a few

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

COMFORT'S New Tatting Book

Premium No. 8031.

Handsomely Illustrated
With Over Half a Hun-
dred of the Newest
Prettiest Designs
With Full Direc-
tions for Working.

THIS is COMFORT's
own tatting book
—published by
COMFORT—every
design in it by a Com-
fort worker—beau-
tifully illustrated and
containing full work-
ing directions as well
as explaining by
word and picture
just how tatting
is done. The vari-
ous positions of the
hands and the differ-
ent movements used

in making the stitches. These instructions are so plain, simple and easily understood that the beginner can readily master them and soon become an expert worker. There are sixty-one illustrations in the book, and the designs range from the simplest edgings and insertions to the handsome designs worked with two threads. Included among them are ring, star, shamrock, pointed, half wheel, and whole wheel edgings; clover leaf headings, edgings and insertions; two color insertions, two thread headings, clover leaf scallop, round medallions, and bodice cap, dolly, pointed medallion, trimmed waist, collar corners, medallion trimmed corset cover, tatting applique, and tatted silk bonnets, net collar with tatting applique, medallion edged centerpiece, pillow covers, primrose band bag, chemise or nightgown yoke, Vandyke point sideboard cover and dresser scarf. Each design is illustrated by a fine, large photograph of the finished work which shows every thread and stitch so plainly that directions seem hardly necessary—one could almost make the various pretty things going by the pictures alone.

Remember that this book is totally unlike any other tatting book ever sold or offered as a premium—the designs being the work of COMFORT's own subscribers are of course different from all others and—as we think—much prettier than any ever yet published. While most tatting books show only about fifteen or twenty designs and ordinary ones at that, this new book contains fifty-six, all different, beautifully illustrated by genuine photographs, with full working directions as well as a whole page of instructions on how to do tatting. Instructions that should enable any inexperienced woman or girl to become an expert worker after a very few trials. We will send you this tatting book free if you will accept either one of the following special offers:

Offer No. 8031 A. For one one-year sub-
scription to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you a copy of Com-
FORT's Tatting Book free by mail postpaid. Premium
No. 8031.

Offer No. 8031 B. For your own subscrip-
tion, or renewal or exten-
sion of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents
and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you
this Tatting Book free by mail postpaid. Premium
No. 8031. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Figured Scarf



PREMIUM NO. 7315

For A Club of Five

A dainty shoulder throw, and head covering for summer, or for evening wear, the year round. For trimming there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 27 inches wide, with hemstitched edge.

The edges are handsomely ornamented to a width of six inches with large and small roses, roses in clusters and wild roses, all in delicate shades of pink with green leaves, on ground of contrasting color. The center is all white, and the whole scarf has stripes, collars, rings and dots of satin white, so there is a variety of color and design for all tastes. We will send you this handsome and stylish silk

muslin scarf free and prepaid upon the terms of the following:

CLUB OFFER. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one of these scarves free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7315.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Self-Pronouncing Bible

Illustrated with Colored Maps



Premium No. 7444

Given For A Club of Four

SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket, yet **complete and unabridged** containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments, is self-pronouncing and handsomely illustrated with colored maps showing different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 8 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a thousand pages finished with round corners and red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all Bible students at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT's readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 7444.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray" patchwork. We send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else an **Instruction Book** with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon Remnants painting.** Remember you get one nice lot of these Silk Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an **Instruction Book**, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post prepaid** if you will accept either one of the following offers. **Offer No. 5561A.** For one one-year subscription (not less than one year) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. **Offer No. 5561B.** For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 35 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you one package of these Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, well, July is here and you, my dears, have had the whole month of roses to be summer girls in and I just wonder how many of you have neglected your opportunities. Not many, I am sure, because the S. G.'s are the ones who have the most questions to ask about beans and there is an awfully big pile of letters on my desk. What the questions will be about, goodness knows, but there'll be plenty of heart throbs in them. I'll be a cookie, whether it is summer-time troubles or not. That's all I have to say and I'll get after that pile.

The first one I open is from Unhappy, away up North at Fairbanks, Alaska, where the Summer Girl hasn't much time between frosts, and she is unhappy because her parents wouldn't let her answer a certain young man's letter and he has gone somewhere and she can't find him, now that her parents say she may write. They tell her not to worry, because if he thinks very much of her he will find her, which is true enough in a way, but as they were just becoming interested in each other, maybe her silence will prevent his writing again. She wants to know if she should try to find him, or just write and I advise that she help him to find her. She is to blame for losing him, if anybody is, except her parents.

Black Eyes, Little Rock, Ark.—If your adopted parents "is able" to send you to school, why don't they do it? Ask your teacher if you don't get my meaning. But I won't scold you, this time, for you need a mother's love and advice (with special emphasis on the advice) more than anything else. Don't let that precious adopted brother of yours fool you with any more of his brother-and-sister talk. Real brothers keep their sisters from doing anything wrong, or try to. Refuse to go with any boy unless he behaves himself and tell him your reasons if he wants to know. He will respect you more for it and you will have more respect for yourself. Ask your mother that question about your brother, and you will find your reasons more than ever. Tell her that he must stop "imposing on you" or you will tell your adopted mother, and if he still persists you should go to her with your complaint.

Broken-hearted, Alliance, Fla.—Is it any reason to think he doesn't care for you because he has joined the army? Your common sense should teach you better. It is the most natural thing in the world for any real man to want to go to war when his country needs him. You should be proud of him for being patriotic and ready to make a sacrifice. I am receiving many letters from girls who seem puzzled to know why their lovers should have volunteered for the defense of their country. "Would he have enlisted if he had loved me as he pretends?" they ask. Of course he would. Patriotic men have always been ready when their country called. Mothers, wives and sweethearts will suffer many a heartache, but will be proud to possess such men. Wouldn't you rather have the love of a manly man who has the courage and health to go and fight for his country's honor, than to possess the love of some skulking coward? War is an awful thing and it is hard on those of us who have to remain at home and think of our dear ones who are fighting to keep a cruel enemy from ravaging our homes, but we women must be brave and patriotic and encourage them with our love and sympathy and never doubt their constancy or love because they place duty above all things. Faithful to duty they will be faithful in their love. This answers "Troubled," O. P., Ky., and others whose lovers have enlisted.

M. L., Mooreville, Mo.—Whenever there is trouble between a girl and her parents or guardians, over a young man, the best thing to be done is to wait a while and not force the issue. Especially if the girl is under twenty-one, as you are. If the young man is the right kind, he will be willing to wait, for he can see that marriage has enough risk in it anyway not to make a bad start when there is no need of it. No harm can come of waiting, but much harm might come of being in too great a hurry.

Blue Eyes, Fay, Tenn.—You might drop him a postal and ask if he had received a letter from you, written about Christmas time. Just ask him that in a polite business tone and say no more. Give him that much of a chance to be polite. (2) Of course, engaged couples may kiss, but whether he should do the kissing, or she should, is not, I believe definitely settled. I suppose it is a matter of choice, each doing equal duty.

M. M. C., Clarkton, Va.—Don't be disturbed over the picture of the New York millionaire you saw in the paper and don't write to the millionaire enclosing your photograph. New York millionaires have so many beautiful show girls in Broadway whom they can flirt with at a minute's notice, that they pay no attention at all to country girls who send them their photographs. What he would do with your photograph and "mash" letter would be to show them to the show girls and they would laugh themselves into fits over your silliness.

Blue Eyes, Rocky Point, N. C.—A girl eighteen years old should be allowed to have the company of nice young men, and parents who think otherwise make a mistake that they are sometimes very, very sorry for. It is the natural thing for her to do and she will meet them anyhow, her parents should help her select the right kind. And they shouldn't watch her all the time, either, or send somebody along with her to watch her, if she ever does go anywhere with one. Such parents are more to blame than the girl is if trouble comes. (2) A lady and gentleman may go touring very properly, even if they do not stay wholly on the public roads. (3) There is no harm in sensible dancing, round or square, but a preacher should indulge in very little of it, if at all, as it is not quite in tune with his sacred calling, however harmless it may be.

Black Eyes, Summerfield, Okla.—You are not helping matters any by meeting young men who your parents will not let you have company, and you will be sure to be sorry before you are through with it. A better way is to make the best of unkind parents and abusive brothers until you have prepared yourself to make your own living properly, and then leave them all and be honorably independent. Only the foolish girls who are naturally bad ones, go away from home without any preparation to make an honest living. By and by the nice young man you like and who likes you, will be ready to let you make his home for him and you will live happily ever after.

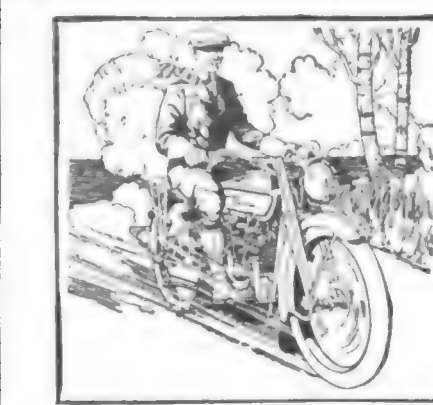
Perplexed, Meeniss, Mont.—If you are a wise girl you will break your engagement with this young man who writes warm letters to you from college and frees you when he sees you, and only kisses your hand. Just think what it would be to live with a man like that all your life. Tell him that a boy getting married and you don't intend to handicap him. Tell him that and stick to it. If he ever talks warm, you can listen to him about making a new engagement, unless you are otherwise engaged by that time. (2) Accepting the attention of other men depends upon whether your fiancé does not object.

Country Girl, Albuquerque, N. M.—If you do not love him enough to know whether you do or not, don't marry him, because you may find out when too late that you do not.

Troubled Girl, Mt. Olive, Miss.—As you are two years older than he is, and he has doubts whether to marry you and stay at home, or to become a missionary and go to foreign parts to save the souls of heathen, you should assume the superiority of age and tell him by all means to save the heathen. You are no heathen and do not need him, half as much as the heathen do.

Blue Eyes, Center Ridge, Ark.—You say, "I am sixteen years old and am going with a gentleman whom I am twenty-three." And I say, don't you think a sixteen-year-old girl like you should be going with her grammar instead of a gentleman "whom I am twenty-three"? Think it over and let me know.

Unhappy, Greenville, Ky.—If a girl is young enough



\$310 Harley Davidson Motorcycle
FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a \$310 1917 Model Harley Davidson Motorcycle, a First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. There will be no losers. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately

1000 Free Votes toward the \$310.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several 1917 model Coaster Brake \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle. WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Box 157 SPENCER, IND.

to be whipped by her mother for accepting the company of young men she is young enough to wait until she is too old to be whipped. In the mean time, when young men ask to go home with you, tell them you'll be whipped by your mother if they do and they will let you alone and seek some other lady for mother-in-law and your mother will change her mind. By then, you will be old enough to have company.

There, my dears, your questions are answered, except such as were not worth answering and those which were not in my line and had to go to other departments, which see. This being summer-time I have kept quite cool, I think, and have said very little that was real scoldy, don't you think? Anyway, this is Summer girl time and what do you care for a little scolding? So run along and be good girls and I hope you have a fine time, but don't forget that your country is at war and you have a patriotic duty to perform as well as the men and women have and all of us. By, by. COUSIN MARION.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

A.—Top dress the soil with 1,000 pounds of air-slaked lime to the acre and work this into the surface. Do not plow it under. Sand and loam also would be excellent for top dressing purposes if they could be had. The land no doubt was worked too wet. This is a great mistake in managing heavy clay. Plow and work in fall and seed to winter dry to be again plowed under when green in spring. Do this each year in addition to plowing under farmyard manure and in time the soil should become lighter, but it cannot be done all at once.

SERRADELLA.—Seed firms about here have never heard of Serradella which you speak of as a "sandy soil clover" in March COMFORT. Can you tell me where to procure the seed and whether it is an annual or perennial? H. M. H., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A.—Serradella is an annual plant. Clover and other legumes will do better in Michigan. Try the big seed houses that issue large catalogs for seed. This seed is scarce this season.

BEAN LEAVES TURN YELLOW.—The bottom leaves on my pole and bush beans turn yellow and fade. Can you tell me any remedy? S. J., Shreveport, La.

A.—This is quite common to some extent and may be due to one of several causes. Don't worry about it unless the crop is injured or destroyed, in which case send samples of plants to your experiment station at Baton Rouge, La., for examination and advice. They will be glad to help you. If it is a disease of the plant they will find it out by examination and tell you what, if any, cure or preventive can be applied.

CABBAGE AND TURNIP WORMS.—Can you tell me how to prevent or get rid of cabbage worms, also turnip worms? Mrs. L. S., Twin Falls, Ida.

A.—Spray with a mil of water to which has been added and thoroughly mixed: One ounce of Paris green or two ounces of arsenate of lead. Paris green may be mixed with six times its bulk of flour or air slaked lime and dusted over the plants from an old pepper box.

CABBAGE WORMS AND CUCUMBER BUGS.—Little white worms about the size of a small wire eat the roots of my cucumber vines and kill them, and yellow bugs eat the leaves. Green worms on my cabbages eat them so they will not grow. What can I do to prevent or get rid of these? Mrs. E. M. W., Arnett, W. Va.

A.—Paris green or arsenate of lead prepared and applied as directed in above answer to Mrs. L. S. will kill cabbage worms and cucumber bugs. Change of location is best remedy for root worms and vine borers. Ashes and road dust sprinkled over cucumber vines may or may not keep off the bugs. To kill all kinds of bugs that eat leaves, poison their food by spraying or dusting the leaves with Paris green. This rule will always work.

WOOD ASHES FOR FERTILIZER.—How can I use wood ashes with stable manure? On what crops? (2) How can I use hen manure? On what crops with best results? (3) Are wood ashes good on cabbage? (4) Will wood ashes ensure a good crop of potatoes? O. K., Waldoboro, Maine.

A.—Apply each separately. (1) First plowing, ashes under. Best for fruit and vegetables. (2) Apply thin coating, plowing under. All crops, particularly good for vegetables. (3) Yes, on marsh or peaty soils. (4) No, but are big help to crop.

LICE ON CUCUMBERS.—Last year the lice began at the roots and worked out toward the ends of my cucumber vines and killed them. What can I do to prevent or destroy them? Mrs. J. T. S., Bakersfield, Cal.

A.—Spray with a mixture of soap suds and kerosene whipped together with an egg beater. One pint of water, one half pint of kerosene and one small cake of soap. Dilute to five gallons. Or use tobacco confection for lice for sale at drug stores.

PEANUT CULTURE.—Please tell me how to grow peanuts. Mrs. B. O., Morrisonville, Ill.

A.—Send to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Publications, Washington, D. C., for bulletin on "How to Grow Peanuts."

MUSHROOM SPAWN.—Please tell me where I can get mushroom spawn, also where I can get instructions on how to raise mushrooms? Mrs. A. S., Dubuque, Iowa.

A.—Send to the nearest seed house for spawn. Write the U. S. Department of Agriculture for bulletin on "How to Grow Mushrooms." It will be sent you free.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

"I've sprained my ankle. I did it on Sunday," and I've been sitting here ever since. I think "Oh, how dreadful!" The girl looked pitifully at the sudden, haggard face. "Do you mean you have been all alone all this time? How did you get anything to eat?"

"Oh, I managed. I don't eat much. Do you know, I hardly thought you'd come back again. Didn't they tell you I was not a person for you to come and see?"

"I never asked any one. For one thing, you see, I don't even know your name." She gave a groan of pain as the dog brushed against her foot.

"Well, names aren't very important, are they? The important thing, I think, is your foot. Will you let me look at it?"

She was down on her knees, and unwinding the piece of an old dress which was wrapped around the ankle. It certainly looked very bad, swollen out of all shape, and bruised green and purple.

"Have you any liniment?"

"Yes, but it's up-stairs and I couldn't get it." As she spoke her pale face turned an ugly red. Nerine put two and two together; the terribly inflamed ankle told its own story.

"Can I go and get it?"

"Look on the table in the room at the head of the stairs."

Mrs. Simpson leaned back and closed her eyes as if an angel had suddenly descended to cure her.

Nerine flew up the dirty stairs, and into an unfurnished room, where a quantity of odds and ends stood on an old table. There was the liniment, conspicuous in its yellow wrapper. It

looked a little as though Mrs. Simpson were accustomed to hurting herself and kept her liniment at hand.

Nerine returned to the sufferer, and bathed the ankle with her handkerchief soaked in the strong stuff, finally wrapping it softly round it.

Presently she would get something for her bandage. The first thing to be done was to make the fire, for the damp cold of the house was piercing.

"Have you been here all yesterday and today without a fire?" she said.

Mrs. Simpson nodded.

"I couldn't make one. I held Snap in my arms to keep me warm last night. Oh, don't you make it," anxiously, "you'll get so dirty."

"No, I won't. And I won't be long."

She vanished into the pestilential passage, but it was not so bad as it had been, for she had left all the doors open behind her as she entered.

There was wood and coal in the kitchen, and she returned laden to the sitting-room. The flame of the dry, crackling chips made the place more comfortable looking. Nerine wondered if Mrs. Simpson had had anything to eat since she hurt herself. Certainly she had not cooked anything. She drew her bow at a venture.

"May I make some tea when the fire is better? The saucepan is here."

"Would you?" Mrs. Simpson gasped. The pain of her ankle was relieved by the liniment and a faintness was creeping over her. Except for a biscuit and a little milk, she had eaten nothing since Sunday.

Nerine departed to the kitchen pump for water. As she was returning she heard some one pass the door; it was the girl with the afternoon's milk, and Nerine ran out and spoke to her as she was putting it on the window sill.

"Mrs. Simpson has hurt her ankle," she said. "Don't you know of anyone who could come and keep the house tidy for her till she is better?"

The girl gave an impatient giggle.

"There's nobody in this neighborhood that's going to do work for a woman who drinks," she said, superciliously. "She's dangerous, too, with her shooting, and that violent no one can stay in the house with her."

"I haven't witnessed any violence," Nerine replied coldly. "I suppose you won't try to help me find any one to come and help her."

The milk girl tossed her head.

"There's nobody as would come. Anyway, she's here today and gone tomorrow. One of these days she'll set the house on fire."

Nerine looked at her. Then she said something in the uncompromising Lispenard manner which may have had an effect on the milk girl; she did not wait to see.

The fire was burning grandly as she sat the saucepan on it. The latter had evidently been cleaned since her visit, and was no longer so objectionable. She went to the cupboard for the tea, as she had seen Mrs. Simpson do. But though there was tea, there was nothing to eat. She turned somewhat blankly to her hostess.

"There aren't any biscuits here," she said; "where do you keep them?"

"There's a box full of things in the kitchen, but I couldn't open it," Mrs. Simpson turned face from her visitor as she spoke.

"I can," and Nerine departed to the kitchen to look for the box. Pushed behind the stove were,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

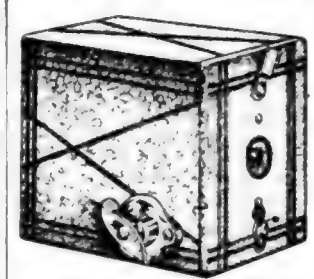
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

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PREMO CAMERA

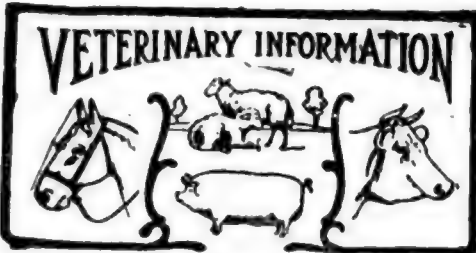


Premium No. 7286

For a Club of Six!

well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Premium No. 7286.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

PINTULA.—I bought a mare a couple of months ago and the man of whom I bought said that a sore on her weather was caused by a saddle. I think it's a natural.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the skin clean, then open up each pocket and pipe to obtain free drainage, wash wound with tincture of iodine and then once daily pack with oakum saturated with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil, or use a commercial veterinary dressing. It would, of course, be best to have a trained veterinarian do the stitching and even then the trouble may prove very troublesome to cure.

TAIL RUBBING.—I have an eight-year-old riding mare that rubs the roots of her tail. She is hearty in every way and always in good order. Is it a disease, what is it called and is there any permanent cure for it?

A.—In many such tail rubbing sometimes is induced by a foul condition of the udder. Cleanse that perfectly. Lessen the rich food and increase exercise. Scrub the tail clean, then pour on and rub in a mixture of one part of kerosene and three parts of cottonseed oil or machine oil and repeat every other day for three times; then keep the parts saturated with a mixture of two ounces of kerosene and one ounce of coal tar dip or disinfectant and one part of raw linseed oil.

SPORING.—My father has a horse that slobbers a good deal and doesn't eat much. He cannot do very hard work. (2) Can you give me a remedy to rid dogs of ticks and also the scratches? **E. J. S.**

A.—The teeth need attention and you should take the horse to a veterinarian for that purpose. (2) Dogs do not have "scratches." That is a disease of the horse's heels. Mange may be present, or the fleas and ticks may cause the loss of hair. Buy some coal tar dip and use it according to directions given by the manufacturer. Flowers of sulphur added at the rate of 16½ pounds per 100 gallons of solution will make the dip more effective.

HEAVES.—Can you tell me how often juniper berries should be fed to horses? Are they good for the kidneys? How should oil of tar be given to a horse that has heaves? Is Fowler's solution of arsenic good for the heaves? How is it used? **E. L. D.**

A.—Kidney disease is very rare in horses and there is no need of giving juniper berries or a preparation from such berries. It would have no beneficial effect. Oil of tar will not help in heaves. The disease is incurable, but half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic given night and morning in feed or water, will relieve distress. See recent answers on heaves.

OVERHEATED MULE.—I have a mule twelve years old that hasn't shed his hair for two years. It is about two inches long. He cannot work in warm weather without getting too hot. Can you tell me what to do for him? **O. L. W.**

A.—Have the mule clipped at once and he may work better, but an overheated animal never is quite comfortable in hot weather. Do not feed green grass or corn. Work mule in cool of morning and evening.

HEAVES.—I have a mare twelve years old that always had a dry cough. Last winter she had distemper. An abscess formed and broke at throat between the cheek bones. Since then she coughs a great deal and breathes very hard.

A.—The mare no doubt has heaves, which is incurable, but may be relieved as follows: Let her live on grass in summer and if she must work add oats and bran. In winter feed wet oat straw or oat bundles instead of hay. Do not feed any bulky roughage at noon and do not work her soon after a meal. If she does not sufficiently improve give her one half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning and gradually increase the dose up to one ounce if necessary. Gradually discontinue the medicine when no longer needed.

SLOBBERING.—I have a mare eight years old that has a frequent running of the mouth. She is in poor condition. Can you tell what causes it and what I can do for it? **A. M.**

A.—Irregularities or disease of the teeth is the probable cause. Have her attended to by a veterinarian.

COUGH.—My cat has had two attacks, about three months apart, of difficult breathing accompanied by a wheezing cough, each attack lasting about a week. There is no swelling in the throat and no discharge from nostrils. Animal in good condition and is not stupid.

A.—Let the cat live an outdoor life without luxuries of any sort and such attacks should not occur. Feed very lightly.

SWEATING.—Could you tell me how to keep a horse from sweating? I have a mare four years old, in good condition. When I work her she sweats so much that the hair comes off the shoulders, but they do not get sore. Is there any help? **P. B. Jr.**

A.—Have the mare clipped and then have her worked or well exercised every day. Do not feed corn or alfalfa.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule seven years old that has three or four soft lumps on his hind ankles. He gets very lame in the left one when worked. I have been told it was Bog Spavin. (2) I also have a brood mare nine years old that gives birth to weakly colts. She seems to be strong and healthy. She gave birth to a mule colt last spring that did not seem right in his hind legs. They were quite crooked. The colt only lived three days. This spring she gave birth to a mule colt and its front legs were so crooked it could not stand up. I fed it on cow's milk. It appeared healthy and had a good appetite. The third night the colt died. I have been advised to breed her to a stallion.

A.—Bog spavin affects the hock joint and not the ankle. The mixture you speak of would remove "hair and hide" and probably do far more harm than good. Do not use it. Bandage the leg with cotton batting and fannel each time the mule comes in. That may do some good, but at this distance we cannot, of course, tell just what is the cause of the lameness. (2) It would be all right to try breeding to a stallion, but we fancy that more generous feeding of oats and bran throughout pregnancy would do more good.

LAME COW.—My cow, nine years old, has a calf three months old. After the calf was born the cow became stiff in her hind legs and now it has gone to her hips and she has to be helped up. Her hide is tight and when pulled it pops. What causes it?

A.—We suspect that the cow is in an advanced stage of tuberculosis which is contagious and incurable and makes the milk dangerous for man and animals. We should not feel justified in prescribing treatment. If tuberculosis is present she should be destroyed. Have her examined by a qualified veterinarian.

GRAVEL.—I want information as to gravel in mules or horses.

A.—We cannot advise unless you give full particulars. Do you mean gravel in the bladder or in the hoof?

LOSS OF HAIR.—I have a horse ten years old and every spring he loses the hair from the top of tail. He does not rub it. A chalk mark I made is there. **J. M.**

A.—Mix together one part of kerosene and three parts of cottonseed oil and rub into affected parts every three days. Oil and sulphur also is effective.

FEEDING A COW.—What kind of feed is the best milk producer for a part Jersey cow? She has a calf six weeks old. I have been feeding cottonseed meal, three quarts a day, and about five quarts of milk. She is very thin. Is beet pulp a good feed? **R. C. T.**

A.—As the cow is thin you should feed cracked or ground corn and ground oats, bran and oil meal along with your grass. If she then fails to pick up it would be wise to have her tested with tuberculin as she may have tuberculosis and that is incurable and makes the milk dangerous for man or beast. Beet pulp is unnecessary when a cow is on grass.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

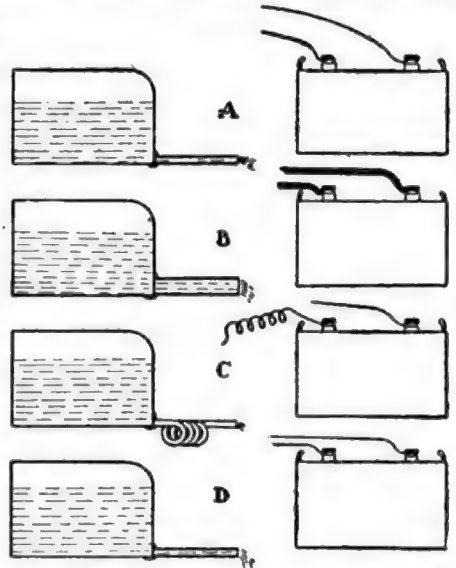
Ignition

A L. automobile engines regardless of make or design must use some form of electric ignition. It is commonly stated that nothing is known of electricity. This statement can be considered as both true and untrue. No one has as yet been capable of stating exactly what electricity is, but on the other hand considerable is known concerning the laws which govern the action of electricity.

Frankly, all ignition systems consist of two indispensable parts, namely the source of electric current and the apparatus to use this current so as to produce a spark in the cylinder. However, before taking any of the features into consideration it is necessary to understand a few of the laws which govern the action of electricity.

For the sake of comparison consider water to represent electricity. Nobody will have cause to doubt the statement that if water flows from a higher to a lower level, it is capable of being harnessed, as for instance the driving of a water wheel. The greater the height from which the water falls the greater amount of work it is capable of doing because of the pressure. The same condition is true of electric current. While the water pressure is spoken of in pounds the pressure of electric current is referred to in volts. Electrical engineers refer to the volt as corresponding to one foot of "head" in a system for developing power by water.

The flow of water is measured by the number of gallons of cubic feet through a pipe in a given amount of time. On the other hand the flow of electric current is measured by a unit known as the ampere. It is a well-known fact that the larger the pipe the more water will flow through it under a given head or pressure. In the same manner the flow of electric current is affected by the size of wire used. For instance, if it is desired to use a large number of amperes a large wire is needed, and for less number



A.—The quantity of water flowing from tank A is governed by the size of pipe. The water will drain away more quickly if a larger pipe be used such as at B. Likewise more electric current will be drained from storage battery B in a given time than from battery A due to the use of larger wires at B. Because of the greater length and number of coils in the pipe less water will flow in a given time from tank C than from tank D, although both pipes are of the same diameter. Likewise less electric current will be delivered at the end of the wire fitted to battery C than through the wire fitted to D, because of the difference in length of these wires.

of amperes, a smaller wire. However, bear in mind that a small wire can carry a current of little amperage (quantity) but of high voltage (pressure) just the same as with water flowing through a pipe of a given size, the greater the pressure or head the larger the quantity of water that can be made to flow through pipe. Likewise a large wire can carry a current of great amperage with little voltage (pressure).

The quantity of water that will flow under a given pressure or head depends upon the size of pipe through which it is led, however, if two pipes of the same diameter but different in length be used a greater quantity of water would flow from the shorter pipe because the friction of the water in the longer pipe is greater.

Although there is no unit applied for the resistance of a pipe to water, the resistance of a wire to the flow of current is called the ohm. If a pipe be coiled or crooked it affords a greater resistance to the flow of water. The same is true of electricity. The longer the wire and the greater number of coils, the greater will be the resistance to the flow of electric current.

The ampere-hour is the measure of quantity of current. For example one ampere-hour is the amount of current that will flow at the rate of one ampere in one hour. A storage battery rated at 60 ampere-hour will produce current at the rate of one ampere for 60 hours, or two amperes for 30 hours, or 60 amperes in one hour, etc.

Electric current must be either direct or alternating. Direct current as the name would imply flows always in one direction in the wire. On the other hand alternating current first flows in one direction and then in the other. The reversals take place many times per second. In the next issue batteries will enter the discussion.

The Magneto

It is a recognized fact that the average motorist knows very little concerning the fundamentals of the ignition system and should be tampered with same the tendency is for conditions to be made worse rather than better. There are times however when it is necessary to remove the magneto from the motor so it may be accessible to work on. The majority of motorists fear to remove the instrument because of a general opinion that correct replacement is a difficult matter, though in fact the work is not as difficult as many believe.

Let us imagine that the ignition unit has been removed and is on the workbench ready to be re-installed. The first step is to find the firing point of the No. 1 cylinder, this being the one nearest the radiator or front of car. Turn the motor over by means of the hand crank until the piston in the No. 1 cylinder is at the height of its compression stroke. At this point both the inlet and exhaust valves in the No. 1 cylinder are closed and there is also a tightly compressed charge of gasoline and air in the combustion chamber ready for firing.

Next turn the attention to the magneto. Take off the distributor cover and turn the armature of the instrument until the distributor arm is directly opposite the point or brush that supplies current to the spark plug in the first cylinder. No difficulty should be experienced in determining the firing point because after judging with

the eye that the distributor arm is directly opposite the brush or point for the No. 1 cylinder rock the armature back and forth and carefully watch the breaker points. When the breaker points are just about to separate the instrument is ready to furnish current to the plug in the No. 1 cylinder. With the cylinder holding a charge about to be fired and the magneto in position to furnish current the instrument can be coupled to the engine with the assurance of being properly timed.

The Car Brakes

If anyone will stop to give thought to the matter for a moment, it will be obvious that next to the ability to go the important factor is ability to stop. The early types of automobiles were equipped with but one brake. Had this one brake been properly designed it would have answered the purpose well. Such, however, was not the case. The manufacturer directed almost his entire efforts on the "ability to go" with the inevitable result that the braking apparatus was not to be relied upon. Then came the demand for two sets of brakes, one known as the service and the other for emergency use only. The only objection which the editor has to offer against such an arrangement is that it tends to overconfidence on the part of the operator. Knowing that he has two sets of brakes he does not properly look after either set. Should the time come when either set refuses to respond the result is an accident. The safest plan is properly to care for the service brake, also test the other set frequently. If either brake refuses to act properly determine the reason and promptly make the necessary adjustments or replacements. An instruction book usually accompanies each car sold and incorporated therewith you will find detailed instructions for caring for the brakes. This subject is not selected for the reason of filling up space in the book. The suggestions are the result of much research work on the part of the engineers and are well worth following to the letter.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

not one, but two boxes, and one of them Mrs. Simpson evidently had been able to open. It was a case of whisky, and one bottle was missing. That was why she had looked away when she spoke of the box; that was also the probable cause of the sprained ankle. There was a hatchet lying on the case of whisky, and Nerine toiled at the second box till the tightly-nailed cover gave way. As she took out the package after package, it was plain to her that Mrs. Simpson had extraordinary tastes and money to indulge them; also, that she must live on such things as required least labor in cooking. There were soups in tins, potted meats, caviar, anchovy paste, all sorts of biscuits, such as might suit a jaded appetite. But of ordinary household supplies, there were none except a small parcel of lump sugar.

"Does this extraordinary individual never eat bread? I wonder? And is she going to dispose of all that whisky?" She surveyed the latter doubtfully, wishing she dared throw it all out of the window; but decided that such measures would not be justifiable, and would also be useless, as Mrs. Simpson would only procure another case. She filled her arms with various articles, and returned to the sitting-room, after painfully opening a tin of soup with the hatchet.

"You will feel much better after you have some of this," she said, cheerfully, pouring the water on the tea and putting the soup in its stand in the saucepan. "I can't find any bread, but you can eat a biscuit with it, can't you?"

"I never eat bread, nor meat, except potted meat. I hate the sight of it."

"No wonder you feel nervous if you live on these things; they can't be good for you—except of course, the soup." She inspected it, to see if it boiled.

Looking up, to reach for a cup off the table, she caught Mrs. Simpson's dull eyes fixed on her.

"When you stoop over like that, I feel as if I'd seen you before," the woman said, vaguely.

Nerine was startled, for she had just the same odd feeling about Mrs. Simpson.

"I don't think so," she answered. "Perhaps you know some one like me."

She racked her brains as she spoke, to think just when and how she and her hostess had met for met they had, she knew; both face and voice were not new to her. And yet it was absurd, for, for the people she had spoken to outside of her few acquaintances might be counted on her fingers.

"Perhaps I've seen you in London," Mrs. Simpson persisted.

"I have never been in London," shaking her head and dismissing her idiotic search for a previous encounter. Here is your soup. You will feel much better when you have had it."

Mrs. Simpson took the cup; her hand was rather steady today, still she spilled it as she poured some into her saucer.

"Would you mind breaking a biscuit into that for me?" she said, faintly. "The poor dog is hungry."

Nerine took the saucer and filled it with broken biscuits. She began to really like Mrs. Simpson, who was drinking her hot soup as if she

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UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Send 30 cents. Address: **UNCLE CHARLIE**, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

were starving, but had taken thought for the dog before she put her lips to it. She poured out some tea for herself, and drank it slowly, gazing about her with a design of making the invalid comfortable for the night before she left her. There was no sofa in the room, but if the next room was Mrs. Simpson's bedroom, as seemed probable, perhaps she could get one from there. Or she might manage to get her into bed.

"You must lie down and keep your foot up," (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7233

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Three

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments, women and to-day are now wearing and chain in preference while those who can afford the handsome pendant and chain will greatly delight in the prettiest designs we have submitted. It has a 16-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

January	The Garnet, Symbol of Power
February	The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love
March	The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage
April	The Diamond, Symbol of Purity
May	The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
June	The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life
July	The Ruby, Symbol of Charity
August	The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September	The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October	The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November	The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December	The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7233.

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You Can Enjoy Solid Comfort In A "COMFORT" Hammock

Premium No. 3916

We Will Send You One Prepaid for A Club Of Six!

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CLUB OFFER. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the "COMFORT" Hammock as above pictured and described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 3916.

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Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you. Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

Colored Underskirt

"Fit-Top" Model

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Newest band with snaps and elastic tape—will fit any size figure—Lengths, 34-44.



Your Choice Of Green, Blue Or Black

Given For A Club Of Eight

THE stylish petticoat pictured above is one of the new exclusive "fit-top" models having a patent adjustable top that will fit without alteration the various waist-sizes resulting in a snug and perfect fit over the hips. It is the latest style, extremely well made of a splendid good wearing material, having a beautiful soft lustrous finish. The deep dounce is trimmed with four pinch tucks and two narrow ruffles which give just the desired finish to this smartly styled petticoat. All seams are double stitched. It comes in sizes 34 to 44 inclusive and three of the season's most popular colors—green, blue and black. When ordering be sure to mention size and color wanted. **CLUB OFFER.** For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each we will send you one of these fashionable "fit-top" Hudson silk petticoats free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention size and color wanted. Premium No. 7318.

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Birthstone Rings



Given For A Club Of Two!

THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which one applies and its symbol.

- No. 7632. January. The Garnet. Symbol of Power.
- No. 7642. February. The Amethyst. Symbol of Pure Love.
- No. 7652. March. The Bloodstone. Symbol of Courage.
- No. 7662. April. The Diamond. Symbol of Purity.
- No. 7672. May. The Emerald. Symbol of Immortality.
- No. 7682. June. The Agate. Symbol of Health and Long Life.
- No. 7692. July. The Ruby. Symbol of Charity.
- No. 7702. August. The Sardonyx. Symbol of Happiness.
- No. 7712. September. The Sapphire. Symbol of Constancy.
- No. 7722. October. The Opal. Symbol of Hope.
- No. 7732. November. The Topaz. Symbol of Friendship.
- No. 7742. December. The Turquoise. Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany." As a Christmas Birthstone or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing them.

Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled birthstone rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privilege of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. E. M., North Branch, Mich.—If you want to become a Campfire Girl you will have to get enough girls together in your neighborhood to organize a Camp. Just what you will have to do to organize you may learn by writing to Campfire Girls of America, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York City. We may add that this is one of the best girls' organizations in the country and are glad to give it our heartiest commendation, and advise that other girls all over the country get together and organize camps in their communities.

L. E. O., Phelps, Wis.—Information on the subject of the Florida banana is very meager in our office owing to the fact that very few bananas are raised in that state. Write State Commissioner of Agriculture, Tallahassee, Florida, for information. Bananas are raised in the West Indies and Central America mostly. Write to United Fruit Co., Boston, Mass., for literature on the subject. The U. F. C. people not only know all there is to be known about bananas, but they own most of the bananas.

H. H., DeLeon Springs, Fla.—As previously announced in this column, we wish to repeat that any one wishing to secure information regarding the new farmers' loan legislation should make inquiries at his local bank. The information received there will be direct and will apply to local conditions.

C. B. D., Quitaque, Texas.—As we have often said to inquirers, we repeat to you that when you find anything on your land, vegetable, animal or mineral that is strange to you and to those living in the neighborhood, you should notify the state authorities, through the Secretary of State, say, and have it examined as a possible natural resource for the benefit of the commonwealth.

S. P. S., Chelan, Wash.—For information about your legal standing and privileges as an Indian claimant write to Hon. Cato Sells, Comm'r Indian Affairs, Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D. C., stating all the facts in your case.

J. K. V.—B., Speedwell, Tenn.—We believe a college course is now required to enter medical colleges. Of course, this includes Latin. Suppose you write to Dr. Brown Ayres, Pres't, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, and make inquiries on all points of information you require. That's the surest way to get at it. Any COMFORT readers wishing educational information should write to the President of the State University of the state in which they live and they will get it at first hand and reliable.

M. Z., Grundy Center, Iowa.—You transfer money from one bank to another by drawing a check on the bank of deposit to cover all your account with it, and this check you deposit to your new account in the other bank. Or you may cash the check, or get exchange for it and deposit that. The check is usually made to the order of the cashier of the bank to which the account is transferred, or the check may be certified, which is a guarantee that it is good for its face. But why, ask in Maine when the bank in your town could have told you in much less time, and isn't anything like so far away?

D. A. N., Sylva, Miss.—We have said over and over again that when a COMFORT reader finds anything vegetable, mineral, or animal that neither he nor his neighbors know what it is, he should communicate his discovery to one of his state officials and learn from headquarters where samples shall be sent for examination as a possible natural resource of value to the state. We say it again because we don't want anything lost which may be valuable.

Mrs. A. W., Dunlap, Mo.—For information about mothers' pensions laws and regulations as your county officials, especially the sheriff, who ought to know if he does not. COMFORT readers in other states please make a note of this and act accordingly.

L. K., Bentinville, Ark.—Old papers, or junk of any kind can be sold to better advantage than by shipping it away, unless you have enough to make a carload, or live near enough to a large town for you to haul it in and sell direct. COMFORT inquirers please note.

Mrs. M. R., Clayton, Wash.—Lunar caustic is the usual remedy for warts. Get it at the drug-store and ask the druggist how to apply it. We are informed by a reader that water in which potatoes have been boiled will remove them in a few days, if frequently applied when fresh.

Mrs. Lot, Geraldine, Mont.—We cannot tell you how to find a person's age who lived in a distant city some years ago. If it was a woman, we don't believe anybody could tell you, but the woman and she wouldn't. You might look over the election register of voters.

Mrs. R. M., Bremen, Ala.—We have nothing to say against chiropractic, or any other practice that will help heal the wounds of this world, but one advice to you is not to spend money to study this art of healing until you have talked to the regular practitioners of medicine in your locality and they advise you to undertake it. No doubt some practitioners of these new sciences have a fair degree of success, but those that do would have been quite as successful at anything they had undertaken, because they are the kind of people who command success, which the great majority of people are not.

K. F., Paris, Ky.—For information about Camp Fire Girls write to Camp Fire Girls of America, 461 Fourth Ave., New York City, and write also to C. F. Outfitting Co., 16 West 22nd Street, N. Y. City. We heartily recommend the Camp Fire Girls and sincerely hope that COMFORT girls will become interested all over the country and where possible get into it.

I. J. N., Royal, Wash.—We believe it has been shown that showers of frogs and lizards and worms have come down from the sky, but they did not grow there. They had been taken up somewhere else by a cyclone or whirlwind and whisked through the skies until they got out of the power of the wind when they dropped back to earth where they came from and where they belonged. (2) Just how much the changes of the moon affect the weather we cannot say, but they have some effect, because if it were not for the moon the farmers would never know what kind of weather they were going to have.

W. W. H., Pottsville, Ark.—There is no such thing as a dark or a light moon, but there is the dark of the moon and the light of the moon, the first being when the moon is shadowed by the earth and the other when it is not and its light makes the night lambent and lovely. (2) For information about coins consult coin firms advertising in COMFORT.

Mrs. M. T., Berryville, Ark.—We know of no hospital anywhere which will give treatment in return for work. Hospital patients, as a rule, are not in such condition to do hospital work, but they did not grow there. Besides in many, if not all, patients, who are not able to pay, are not charged anything. If you could get a position in a hospital and needed treatment you would get it and you could stay as long as you did your work properly. Talk to your local doctors about it.

H. H. H., Gelston, Pa.—Pipe dealers in this neighborhood say that a meerschaum properly and naturally colored—that is by smoking it—will not fade, though it may grow gray if not used for a long time and its supply of nicotine thus kept from it. A little smoking again will bring it back if this should happen. A meerschaum should not be thoroughly cleaned inside, a pack being always left in the bottom. It should also be protected by a camellia skin covering. Nor should it be permitted to get wet. Meerschaums are delicate

creatures and require about as much attention as a baby. Consult local tobacconists. Maybe they know more than ours do. Artificially colored meerschaums are not fast colors and they may do most anything in the color line.

COMFORT Reader, Van Wert, Ohio.—Red Cross nurses who are efficient and of good character and health are in demand. The more intelligent the better and your three years of High School will be of value, if you got out of your books what you should have got. The cost will depend upon where and how you get it. For definite information write to Chas. L. Magee, Secretary American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

J. K., Sauk Rapids, Minn.—A man is not of age in any state of the Union until he is twenty-one. When you ask your guardian has no further control and you may go where you please and may bring legal action against him if you want to. This, however, must be done through a lawyer. Get a good one, not one who will take the least pay for his services.

R. S. N., Chambersburg, Pa.—After all we have said in this department about fake old violins, you still think you have a genuine Strad, write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, and get their opinion which may assist you to a change of mind.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)
The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years desiring to impose no restriction on their eligibility to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please consider carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive a League button and membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbers over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the various states, counties and cities, send a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal or membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

W. B. Ballieu, Sparta, Tenn. Helpless from rheumatism. Has family of four small children, in need of food and clothing. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, R. 2, N. C. Helpless invalid for over thirty years. Depends on the charitable for support. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Daisy Huff, Spencer, Va. Invalid with one child four years old. Deserter by her husband. Needy. Willie Price, Crabtree, R. 1, Box 101, N. C. Nineteen years of age. Crippled from rheumatism. Would appreciate picture post-cards and any assistance you care to send him. Mrs. James Traverser, Waterbury, R. 2, Vt. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Joanna Caldwell, Nesbitt, Miss. Has a son afflicted with curvature of spine. Would be grateful if anyone could tell her of a place where she could send him to be treated free of charge. Mrs. Frances Watts, Taylorsville, N. C. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Remember her. Mrs. J. V. Williamson, Floyd, R. 1, Va. Has tuberculosis. Very poor. Send her some cheer. Rebecca Whitefield, Finleyson, R. 2, Ga. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Lewis J. McClurg, Triplet, Ky. Helpless shut-in. Is very lonely. Would appreciate cheery letters.

A dime or a dollar sent to any one of these poor souls is laying up for those who give treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. If all who read this would cut out their whiskeys and beer money for one day and send it to the poor souls listed above it would make them independent for life.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems are A Scream From Start to Finish!

If you are sick and out of sorts, if you have business cares and worries, if everything that should go right is going wrong, if life seems a bore and existence a nuisance, there is just one thing that will put you in harmony with the joys of life and prove melancholy and misery impostors, and that is a 160-page, lilac silk bound copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. This superb book of fun contains the best recitations ever gotten together, also a sketch of the author's life, and some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his faithful Maria preparing his monthly talks for COMFORT. This exquisite volume, a princely gift for young or old can be obtained free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Write for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is the Best Ever!

Yes, it is all that and then some! You simply can't beat Uncle Charlie's Song Book. Most song books contain one good song and the balance slush. Uncle Charlie's song book, with its superb cover, on which are four splendid pictures of the composer, contains twenty-eight song hits, songs for every occasion, and every song a gem. Here is the chance of your life. Secure five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.



Send Us No Money

JUST YOUR NAME
You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, send me your name right away, and say: "I want to get one of your Ford cars." A post-card will do.

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Try our hosiery before selling it. We want you to become familiar with our hosiery line. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write quick for particulars if you mean business, and state size of hose worn.

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SUGAR 4c Per Pound

one of our leaders. We save you money on groceries. Write for particulars. **COLE-CONRAD CO., Dept. B-82, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)
she observed, replenishing the empty cup with soup. "You would feel ever so much more comfortable. Don't you think I could help you into bed, and put everything you wanted just by you? Then I should know you were all right till I came again in the morning?"
"Are you coming again in the morning? You are an angel, if ever there was one," said Mrs. Simpson, unsteadily, tears coming to the faded blue-shed eyes. Nerine nodded, laughing.
"No one ever heard of an angel with black hair," she said. "Now what do you think about going to bed? Is that your bedroom in there?" pointing to a door at one side of the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We Will Give You This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling romance by Adelaide Stirling. It is a beautiful story, having a pathetic appeal and heart-interest that compels the reader's sympathy and admiration for the lovely and lovable heroine. To the bleeding heart disconsolate love it bears a message of transcendent hope that lights the pathway out of despair up to the heights of triumphant and enduring bliss.

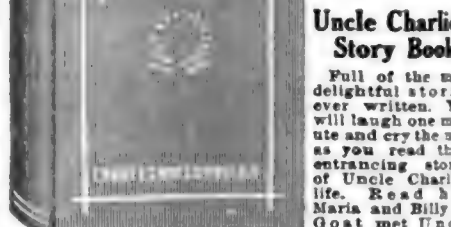
We are sure our readers will enjoy this delightful story which will run as a serial in COMFORT through the remainder of the winter and the spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one year's subscription (not your own) in COMFORT at 25c, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 5c extra (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for 81st time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9-14 by 7-14 inches, free for two subs. at 25c each—fifty cents in all.



Or Help Wanted? the funniest story ever written. 100 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for four subs at 25c each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 25c each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. W. H. Blue Ridge, N. Y.—The scaling and discoloration of the skin on your knee is some form of eczema, or other cutaneous disorder, whose nature can be determined only by examination. You have already delayed too long seeing a physician and should do so at once and receive proper treatment before it develops into something serious.

C. S., Klondike, Ariz.—Boric acid is a colorless crystalline substance; dissolved in water it is much used as a healing, soothing wash, especially for the mouth and eyes. It is found in chemical combinations as borax, and you know borax. Boric and boric acid are the same. Tannic acid is an astringent compound derived from gallnuts. A gallnut is the gall-apple or oak-apple. Tannic acid, or tannin, the same thing is derived from other plants. Its chief use is in tanning leather and making writing-inks. It also has many uses in medicine.

C. M. H., Rock Rapids, Iowa.—Your husband may have tried in his weak way to quit tobacco, but any man, in fair physical and mental condition and twenty-eight years old, can quit tobacco if he really wants to, and unless he wants to, all the "cures" you can give him will have no effect. Show him this answer to your question and ask him if he is in fair physical and mental condition. If he says he isn't, have a doctor examine him and see what's the matter. If he says he is, tell him to stop the tobacco, or admit that he doesn't want to stop.

Miss B. C., Bingham Lake, Minn.—Before trying to reduce your blood, ask your physician to make a test and tell you what is wrong with it and what is needed to correct it. We might guess at it from this distance and say you needed iron, when the fact was that you had enough in your system to make a crowbar.

Mrs. M. S., Huntsville, Ala.—Your nervous headache, with preliminary disordered vision when you can see but half an object and have numbness of the limbs and slight chill, is migraine or the "migraine," as it is commonly called, and while it is probably always be with you, more or less, it may be controlled so as not to trouble you very much. But you must be treated by a physician who knows just what to do with it, as most of them do. It is quite common among home treatment. Attacks last from a few minutes to a day or more and causes are various. We have had it ourselves, off and on, for forty years without any serious results. It may be in some cases quite severe and sometimes continues for several days, with very painful headache, so that you should consult a doctor and have him instruct you in its treatment, especially when you notice it first. The disordered vision is a serious sign at that time is very beneficial and will often stop it before it gets fairly started. COMFORT readers, who have these so-called "nervous headaches," will please take notice. (2) The heart trouble may be due to the indigestion and the kidney trouble be mixed up with the others, but in any event, the complications are too serious to be treated except by a physician who can make a thorough examination.

Mrs. R. W., Upper Marlboro, Md.—You are another one of those COMFORT mothers with a baby who should not have one. Instead of writing away off to Maine and waiting weeks, as you must, for an answer, you should go to a doctor near you and get advice at once for yourself and the child, such as you can get only personally from a physician. It may cost you a little more, but isn't the baby worth it? Not to mention your own health and comfort!

G. F., Weimar, Texas.—The best way we know to "loosen the chinks" is to eat plenty of nourishing food and get fat. Unless the wrinkles are due to thinness of the face, they can be greatly ameliorated by gentle and frequent massaging, rubbing them out, so to say. Massage is the standard remedy for wrinkles, but it must be done regularly and frequently. "Beauty doctors" treat masculine patients. Why not apply to one?

Mrs. D. N. W., Durant, Okla.—Quinine is recognized as the specific for ague, or chills and fever, but the only real remedy is to get out of the part of the country where ague prevails. It is introduced into the system by the bite of the mosquito and medicine is only temporary relief. As long as the cause remains, the disease will manifest itself. You have found all medicines fail and they will continue to fail, not because they are not the right kind, but because they are weaker than the cause. The ague will stay with you as long as you stay where you are, if you let the mosquitoes bite you. Why don't you and your neighbors exterminate the mosquitoes?

Subscriber, Hillsdale, Colo.—Your short breathing and fast heart-beats with disordered blood circulation would indicate that the elevation, though you have lived in it most of your life, is to blame, rather than any organic trouble. Seventy-five hundred feet is away up in the air and as you are only twenty-three now, you are not used to it in our judgment. Very many people, in good health at lower levels, couldn't stand that elevation twenty-four hours. We advise that instead of taking medicine, you go to the Denver level for a month, and then drop another thousand feet or so at intervals until you find your condition is normal. It may take three or four years, but health is worth it, isn't it?

C. D. A., Hortense, Ga.—Riggs' disease, or pyorrhea, is a disease of the gums characterized by suppuration and recession of the gums until the teeth become loosened so that in extreme cases they will fall out. It is very painful, affects the entire system and at one time was beyond the skill of physicians, but medical science has discovered a treatment which is practically a cure. (2) You speak of goose grease as a cure for cataract. We have heard of cases of cataract yielding to that treatment though we have no personal knowledge of an instance. In rare instances cataracts disappear without a surgical operation, which is the usual remedy. If a cataract disappears under goose grease treatment, we believe it is a mere coincidence or possibly the result of the gentle rubbing rather than the grease.

I. Y. E., Bristow, Okla. writes that a cure for warts is potato water, that water in which potatoes have been boiled. Fresh juice should be saved every time potatoes are boiled and should be frequently applied. She says that her baby's hands were covered with warts and two weeks' treatment with potato water removed them all. This treatment is milder than the lunar caustic treatment and we should like to hear from COMFORT readers who try it. We do not hesitate to recommend it because though it may not be always efficient, it is always harmless.

Primrose, Meridian, Kans.—There are various remedies for piles to be had at drug-stores which are really efficient in milk cases, but when these fail to relieve and the trouble continues, something more should be done than simple applications, and a physician should be consulted before the case reaches a point where the knife must be used. Piles are more common among women than men, but they are very general and are due to various causes, rheumatism, gout, constipation and liver disorders being chief. Chronic diarrhea will bring them on and they prevail among persons of sedentary life and as well among those who live in the open, but must sit a great deal, as teamsters and cowboys. Regular movements of the bowels are the best means of prevention or relief, but these are not always sure and treatment by a physician is necessary. Cleanliness counts for much and a sponge and water should be used after evacuation. Cascara cordial in tablespoonful doses once or twice a day is a good laxative and injections of tepid water before evacuation are also good. A saline of tannin and opium, or compound gall ointment may be used, but under direction of a physician to begin with. The greatest sufferers from piles and the most numerous are those who refuse to get a physician's advice and try to cure themselves.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five cents in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. A. A. W., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all persons of sound mind, twenty-one years of age, may dispose of all their property, both real and personal, according to their own will, but that will must be signed by the testator himself, or in his presence by his direction, and unless wholly written by himself, signed by two witnesses in his presence; we think it the better practice to have the will witnessed in any event. We do not think testator can bar his wife from her rights to the property by his homestead property.

O. R., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that one of two owners of real estate, as tenants in common, can only convey such interest as he, himself, owns in the property, and that it would require the deed of both to convey good title to the whole of the property; in your state we do not think the signature of the wife is necessary to the conveyance of the real estate of the husband, unless the property is homestead property.

Mrs. E. D., Ohio.—We know of no law to compel your husband to speak more gently to you, unless, of course, his treatment of you amounts to cruelty, which event we think you could make him support you in case you separated from him, but perhaps you can find some better solution of your troubles.

Mrs. D. A. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you cannot compel your husband to turn over to you any interest in his separate property, during his lifetime; we think you are entitled to support from him, and in case you survive him, you would be entitled to your share in his estate.

J. C., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your county treasurer has a legal right to collect interest and penalties on taxes remaining unpaid after the expiration of the time allowed by law within which to make such payment.

S. S., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a surviving husband is entitled to an estate for life in one third of his deceased wife's real estate held by her in fee simple, unless his claim has been barred by an absolute divorce or forfeited by living in adultery or otherwise released by him; we think in case a provision is made for him by will in lieu of this interest, he can elect which provision he prefers to take from her estate; except for this we think a married woman can dispose of her property by will in any manner she may see fit.

C. A. H., Tennessee.—We think that if your invention is in any way a complicated one it will be necessary for you to employ a patent lawyer to procure your patent and protect your interests in connection therewith; we think you should protect yourself against the dishonesty of your attorney by selecting one of good standing and a reputation for honesty.

E. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of Indiana, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no child or descendant and no parent, and leaving no will his estate after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving wife; we think such property as vested in him at the time of his mother's death would be included in and form part of his estate.

C. W. O'H., Perryville, Ohio.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that you should have refused to take the paper you mention from the post-office or had the postmaster return same to sender, if you did not wish to bind yourself for payment of the subscription price.

H. N., New London, Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we think you should apply to the juvenile court of your county or some other county court with similar functions for a widow's pension. We think that in your state, such pensions are allowed a dependent mother who is a widow or whose husband is an inmate of the institution under the State Board of control. We think the maximum allowance in your state for one child is two dollars a week. We can form no opinion as to whether you will be successful in such application without further information as to your financial condition. We think that you would not be entitled to any pension under the law unless you were entirely dependent and the children are entirely dependent upon you for their support.

C. M. V., Campbell, Mo.—As you will note by reading the heading of this column, it is not the policy of this paper to answer questions relating to divorce. We think you should take this question up with someone else.

Mrs. E. R., Edmondsville, Ill.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that if your husband cannot count on an adjustment of his claim against the man you mention, he should collect the estate from him. We think he should take action in this matter as soon as possible in order to protect himself against having his right to recovery barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. T. B., Calfax, Wash.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that except as to some limitations in favor of a surviving widow or husband and minor children, a decedent can dispose of his or her property by will in any manner he or she may see fit. We think, however, that such person must, at the time of making such will, possess testamentary capacity, must not be under undue influence and that the will must be legally drawn and executed and express his or her true intent, but the law allows a testator to prefer any one person above another in case he so desires and except as above stated.

H. A. M., Batesville, Ind.—We think the legal settlement of the estate of the woman you mention would be to have an administrator appointed, and that such administrator should collect the assets of decedent and pay the just claims against the estate, dividing the balance, if any, among her children. We think that in case her personal property is not sufficient to pay the debts, her real estate or her interest in real estate could be disposed of to pay her debts, the balance, if any, being divided among her children. We think that the real estate would be legally entitled to an equal share of the estate, after payment of the just debts and expenses, but that debts and expenses are legally paid first and the balance of the estate only divided. Of course, if all of the children are adults, we think that it may be possible to settle the estate among themselves, through a series of releases and deeds to the real estate without the appointment of an administrator, but as a general rule, we think the appointment of an administrator and a legal settlement of the estate is a cleaner way to settle the estate.

Mrs. L. S., Janesville, Wis.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that payment of the grocery bill against the man you mention can be enforced against any property he may own not exempt by law from levy under execution. Of course, if this man should move to another state, it would be probably necessary for his creditor to sue him in the state to which he moved.

Mrs. M. P., Houston, Mo.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that the second wife of the man you mention nor his child by such second wife would have any interest in the real estate or other property which formerly belonged to his first wife, except such portion of the same as came to the husband absolutely upon the death of such first wife. Of course, this portion will upon his death be administered as part of his estate, but as to the first wife's estate, we think that unless she left a will making

other disposition of same all her property, except the husband's share therein, would go to her own children and no further part would go to her husband's second wife or his children by a subsequent marriage.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

minutes to soften the hard skin, then scrape gently with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Wipe on a clean, soft rag, and while still soft and moist, rub with a mixture of equal parts of lard, flour of sulphur or carbolic vaseline. If necessary, repeat after three days. The gobbler might have had cholera, but as no other birds have been attacked, I am inclined to think he might have eaten some irritating substance. The best treatment for all such uncertain cases of bowel trouble is a dose of Castor oil—about three tablespoonfuls for a full-grown turkey.

Mrs. E. T., Rike Co.—As the goslings could not get out of doors, they should have had a tablespoonful of sharp sand or fine grit added to every cupful of food, and at least one half of the food should have been green stuff—young clover and grass cut fine and mixed with wheat bran. This is a good mash for goslings or young ducks. Water must be kept in vessels so constructed that the birds can only get their heads into them, but deep enough to allow them to submerge the whole head; otherwise the two small holes at the base of the bill, through which they breathe, get filled up with mash or dirt, and the birds die for want of sufficient air in the lungs. Goslings hatched from eggs laid by young geese are very liable to die off without any special cause. Geese should be at least two years old before they are used for breeding.

E. L.—As your land is too rocky to cultivate, the only remedy was lime or wood ashes, but I hope you have plenty of both for the hatching season, and when you could keep the fowls shut up for a few days, as fresh lime and wood ashes are both severe irritants, and if picked up by fowls or chicks, will make their mouths sore, and if any quantity is swallowed, inflame the crop and cause bowel trouble. As you know the place has been infested for several years, it would be well to yard your fowls for a week or two in the fall, and dress the land very heavily with unslacked lime. Meantime, move all the brood coops as far from their old stand as possible, as I suppose you know the gapeworm is a parasite, and the eggs are often carried by earthworms that live in the ground that has been infested for many seasons by poultry droppings. If you could confine the baby chicks to inclosures thickly covered with clean sand or cut hay or straw, it would prevent their being infected whilst too young to doctor. A good protective measure is to add three drams of silicate of soda to every quart of drinking water.

E. S. L.—As several birds were ill in the early spring with cramp and diarrhea, accompanied by foul breath, I fear your flock is in a bad condition, probably inbred, or have inherent roopy tendencies, which have been aggravated by the damp house in the spring and the overfeeding of table scraps and the lack of green vegetables in winter. Kill all birds whose breath is foul, and burn the carcasses. Remove all pieces of fat from the table scraps. Mix a grain mash with Castor oil, and give the first dose in the morning. Three days later, repeat the dose. Feed about half the quantity you are now giving at breakfast time. Use all the oil the meal will take up without becoming sloppy. Follow this treatment by dissolving twelve tablets of mercury bichloride, one one-thousandth of a grain each, for three days. Stop feeding oats for a time, and let the birds have an unlimited supply of fresh green vegetables. Clean and disinfect the house and all fixtures.

L. S.—The only safe and honest way to prevent eggs you sell for table use being used for hatching is to keep no more birds with the hens, for if you use any method of killing the germ in a fertile egg, the result will be the same, viz.: decomposition of the germ, which will, of course, affect the whole egg, and cause it to be unusable within a few days.

J. M. E.—Had you opened the geese after death you would have found small growths on the kidneys, caused by a minute form of animal life called coccidia. They also attack hens, pigeons, and small animals, but in these cases the trouble is found in the small intestines, near the gizzard. In geese they attack the kidneys. As they are distributed in the bird's droppings, the disease is likely to spread through the flock and other poultry, unless the place is thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. The first symptom, which you probably did not notice, is loss of flesh, though the appetite remains good. A slight diarrhea is the only symptom until the end approaches, when the birds become suddenly weak and cannot stand. The treatment is to put three grains of sulphate of iron or fifteen grains of colchicum in every quart of drinking water, and give two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil every second night until they have had four doses. Better doctor the drinking water for the whole flock, and feed a mash of ground corn and Castor oil one day a week for three weeks to check any further outbreak.

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26-Piece Daisy TABLE SET Premium No. 6808

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base and therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Sugar Shells and Butter Knives. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album or Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

F. G. Winquist, Denbigh, R. R. 2, N. Dak. Mrs. Maggie Baswell, Delcon, R. R. 1, Texas, Joe Kirby, Elmer, R. R. 1, Box 56, Okla.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted, help in locating my son, W. B. Woolsey, last heard from at Waynoka, Okla., in 1916. Mrs. Chas. Woolsey, Rolla, Mo.

Initials Engraved Free
1917
Friendship or Anniversary RING
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We furnish stock and pay you \$6.00 a pair and expenses for raising your own. Send for our book "Raising Hares," 10c. Nothing free. NATIONAL FOOD & FUN ASSOCIATION
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Will make your Complexion as white as the virgin snow. 2-cent stamp for free particulars. Address
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Will find pleasure at last in stamping her own embroidery designs. No soiling of hands, no spilling of material. See how many odd pieces of material you can make into dainty embroidered articles in doing your own stamping. All you need is a hot iron.

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Handsome Centerpieces, 3 complete Alphabets, Baby Clothes, Pillow Cases, Underwear Designs. Also Embroidery Hints, briefs of the latest fashions, novelties at bargain prices, all the latest stitches. Don't miss this Magazine.
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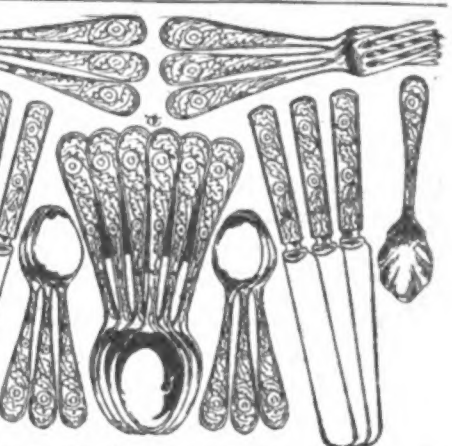


FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy the fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces.

There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber," and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc., are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this Outfit to be good quality. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit packed in good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 2862. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are sure that it will please every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6808. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Troubled, Chestertown, N. Y.—Maybe a Seventh Day Adventist, aged twenty, and a Roman Catholic, aged thirty-five, might marry and live happily ever after, both loving as you say you do, for love overcometh all things, but if the Seventh Day Adventist says she does not want to be married by a priest, and insists on not being so married, then there will be no marriage, at least no marriage that is a sacrament, because according to the principles of the Roman Church, the ceremony must be performed by a priest. Of course, if they love each other with the love that knows no turning, there will be a marriage in spite of Seventh Day Adventism and Roman Catholicism, and objecting parents and every other earthly obstacle. Have both of you got it that good and plenty? If not, better stop now before the trouble begins. (2) Third cousins may marry as they are not considered sufficiently consanguineous to make any difference. (3) No lady should ever try to win back any gentleman who shows no signs of coming back of his own accord. Love is not a winnable proposition.

Kid, Spencer, W. Va.—You may be abused at home and life may seem to be very hard for you there, because since your old girl have you and spirits, but it is much safer there for you than to go out and try to make your own way in the world, unless you are prepared to do well some kind of work which will support you comfortably. We should advise you to study stenography, because you cannot acquire that until you have learned to spell and write grammatically which you are far from doing now.

Dahl, Weatherford, Okla.—We hope you will have better judgment than your mother had, and not marry at fifteen, but in the mean time, don't imagine that you know more than your mother does now and can better take care of yourself than she can. We think she should watch you very closely now, but as you grow older, she should permit you to meet the respectable young men of your community and associate with them and she should meet them herself and know what kind of company her daughter is keeping. Parents neglect this safeguard and then wonder why their daughters get into bad company and sometimes come to harm. You are lying to your mother now and playing the sneak to have company, and she is partly to blame, but not nearly as much as you are, for she is trying to do right and you are not.

Butterfly, Cogswell, N. Dak.—You sign yourself "Butterfly," but you are not old enough to be the owner of the column, or you would know that it is very bad form for a lady to try to win a gentleman's attention, especially as his father has an auto which he is allowed to drive at times. He knows you and where you live and if he wants you to have his attention he will bring it around to you without any effort on your part beyond the usual ladylike politeness. You are too young yet anyway for the attention of gentlemen, and don't spoil your future chances by seeking them instead of letting them seek you.

B. B. S., Britton, S. Dak.—Don't measure the true worth of a man by his stature. The height of his mind above the average is not gauged by the height of his head above the ground. If you love the five-foot man better than any other you know, he's the one for you, even if you are half a head taller. (2) It is proper for the lady to drive the gentleman's car, if he is willing to risk his neck and the value of the machine with her at the wheel. At the same time, some women are much safer and saner drivers than men. (3) Your writing is fair, but could be better, because if it could not be better, it would be perfect and there is nothing perfect in this world.

Doll, Burlington, Texas.—We have met talkless men and we know women who have married them and between us we have come to the conclusion that the man who can talk and won't talk about the most tiresome thing on earth. If your caller will not talk when he comes to see you, we advise that you don't talk, either, and try the silent treatment on him and see how long he can stand your silence added to his own. We have asked several of these talkless individuals why they do not talk, we know they know plenty of things to talk about but have never yet received a satisfactory explanation. (2) If the lady does not wish to wear the gentleman's ring or pin, she should decline it when offered, instead of taking it and not wearing it. Do you think deceit is preferable to honest frankness? (3) Possibly when a lady is singing it would be rather difficult for her to return his smile, but conditions are rare when a smile is not to be returned. However, the gentleman should not smile at the lady when she is using her face in her vocal exercises.

Golden-hair, Guthrie, Okla.—Etiquette does not prescribe how long a lady shall, or may, go with a gentleman whom she does not intend to marry. He frequently prescribes that for himself. (2) A lady must either keep company with a gentleman who is present when the one she cares more for is absent, or have no company at all, which is the longer life. (3) The only presents a lady may properly accept from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged are books, flowers, candy and other inexpensive evidences of masculine appreciation.

Blue-eyes, Plainview, Nebr.—It was inexcusable for the gentleman not to introduce his friend to the ladies he had invited to accompany them in his car. Did he forget it, or didn't he know any better? Sometimes introductions are overlooked inadvertently, and it is quite proper to call the host's attention to it so that he may naturally by making your own introductions. We hope you did not spoil the occasion by declining to speak to the gentleman because he had not been introduced. That would have shown more ignorance of polite society than the failure to introduce.

Friend, Hickman, Ky.—A gentleman, who kept company with a lady and went to her house to a dance where he danced more with a lady "who wasn't considered much" than he did with his hostess, is utterly beyond the limits of the rules and regulations of polite manners. If he is further recognized by the lady who gave the dance, it will be her own fault.

Lonely Rose, Coulterville, Ill.—By all means wait a while longer till your two little girls have grown up to be able to take care of themselves and you, if necessary, and then, if your husband is as neglectful as he now is, you and the girls can quietly go away by yourselves and let him go his own way. During the years you must wait you should do everything you can to have your daughters properly prepared for positions that they can fill honorably and well. Your years of suffering should make you want to do all you can to prevent a similar fate befalling your daughters.

Wild Rose, Shuff, Va.—You can't be told what to say to the young men who call on you, or whom you meet elsewhere, because what you say will depend entirely upon the circumstances of your meeting. Certain set forms of speech are used on particular occasions, but even these are not rigid and one may shape them to suit the circumstances. Why don't you get a book on etiquette and study the subject? That's the best way to learn the theory of it. The practice you must get by going among people who know.

Black Eyes, Black Mountain, Okla.—When a gentleman takes a lady to an entertainment at which they must be separated until it is over, they should before parting settle between them on some point where they should meet again. If both of you were too careless to do this, or didn't know enough, you have our sympathy in trying to find each other after. (2) The lady waits for the gentleman to begin the correspondence.

Anxious, Harrisville, Pa.—At the marriage ceremony the bride stands at the left of the groom.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

He went slowly up-stairs, walked up and down the hall once or twice, then rapped again upon Edith's door.

There was no response from within.

He knocked again.

Still silence!

He tried the door.

It was not locked; it yielded to his touch, and he pushed it open.

A quick glance around showed him that no one was there, and with a great heart-throb of fear he boldly entered.

After a fruitless search of the rooms he turned into the rear hall and went down the back stairs.

Ah! the door at the bottom was ajar.

Another moment he was in the lower hall, to find the area door unfastened; then he knew how his bird had flown.

He instantly summoned the servants, and took them to task for their negligence.

Both the cook and the chambermaid avowed that no one but the gas-man had entered or gone out by the area door that afternoon.

But, upon questioning them closely, Emil Correlli ascertained that the outer door had been left unfastened "just a moment, while the man went to the meter, to take the figures."

A close search revealed the fact that the key to the stairway door was missing, and, putting this and that together, the keen-witted man reasoned out just what had happened.

Mr. and Mrs. Goddard returned about this time, both looking as if they also had met with some crushing blow, for the former was white and haggard, and the latter wild-eyed, and shivering from time to time, as if from a chill.

Both were apparently too absorbed in some trouble of their own to feel very much disturbed by the flight of Edith, although Mr. Goddard's face involuntarily lighted for an instant when he was told of her escape.

Emil Correlli flew to the nearest telegraph office and dashed off a message to a New York policeman, with whom he had had some dealings while living in that city, giving him a description of Edith, and ordering him, if he could, to lay his hands upon her, to telegraph back, and then

detain her until he could arrive and relieve him of his charge.

He reasoned—and rightly, as we have seen—to her old home, where she knew every crook and turn, rather than to seek refuge in Boston, where she was friendless and a comparative stranger.

A few hours later he received a reply from the policeman, giving him an account of his adventure with Miss Edith Allandale and her escort. "By heavens, she shall not thus escape me!" he exclaimed; and at once made rapid preparations for a journey.

Half an hour afterward he was on the eleven o'clock express train, in pursuit of the fair fugitive, in a state of mind that was far from enviable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How You Can Get This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling story of mingled romance and tragedy for it is one of the very best Mrs. George Sheldon has written. The heroine is a refined and beautiful character that will challenge your wonder and admiration and stir the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to the final chapter. The "Masked Bridal" will run as a serial in COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Don't Spend Money For Records!

Get Them Free By Raising Clubs For COMFORT!

If you own a phonograph you know what it costs to buy records for it. You know it is a big expense. Here, now, is your opportunity to get your records without paying a cent. By special and exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers we have secured the privilege of offering the new Par-O-Ket records as premiums to COMFORT readers.

Par-O-Ket records are not the cheap ten and fifteen cent kind. They are 7½ inch, double disc (a selection on both sides)—made by the finest musical talent—and in tone quality are equal to higher priced records. They will play as long as any 10-inch record—and on any machine using the ordinary steel needles. You are too "Victor" or a "Columbia" only a simple attachment is necessary—can be put on in a minute by a child—and we furnish the attachment as explained below. If your machine is any other make having the universal tone arm no attachment at all is needed.

We publish below a partial list of the latest, most popular song hits, dance music, concert and other instrumental numbers which can now be had in these new Par-O-Ket records. Send at once for at least one of them to convince yourself that they are really high grade and just as satisfactory as the higher priced records. We guarantee you will be pleased, and that you will spend no more money for records knowing that you can now get them from us without cost. When

ordering be sure to give the number of each record wanted, and if your machine is a "Victor" or a "Columbia" send us one extra one-year subscription (not your own) at 25 cents or 12 cents cash for which we will send you the necessary attachment postpaid. We will send you your choice of these records upon the terms of the following:

CLUB OFFER. For two one-year subscriptions to send you any one Par-O-Ket double disc record (two different selections) free by parcel post prepaid. For four one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you any two records, for six one-year subscriptions any three records—and so on. In other words, send two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each for each record wanted. When ordering be sure to give number of each record wanted.

REMEMBER—a small and simple attachment is necessary to play these records on either a Victor or Columbia machine. We will send you this attachment if you will send us one extra one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or, if you prefer, you can send 12 cents cash, if your machine is a Victor ask for Attachment No. 8061. If it is a Columbia ask for Attachment No. 8061. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

POPULAR SONGS

- 47 L-I-B-E-R-T-Y (Ted Barron) John Wilbur, Baritone.
- 48 Under the Mellow Arabian Moon (Leopold) Excelsior Trio.
- 49 On the South Sea Isle (Von Tilzer) Sterling Trio with Hawaiian Orchestra, Accompaniment.
- 50 Dear Little Mother O'mine (Sterling) Irving Gillette, Tenor.
- 51 In the Sweet Long Ago (Solman) Campbell and Burr, Tenor Duet.
- 52 Armourer's Song from "Robin Hood" (De Koven) John H. Meyer, Bass.
- 53 I Know I Got More Than My Share (Clarke-Johnson) Baritone Solo, John Wilbur.
- 54 A Friend of Mine "Told a Friend of Mine" (Kendall-Paley) Harry Dunn.
- 55 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia (Bland) Rose Bryant and Male Quartette.
- 56 Robin Adair, Tenor Duet by Webster and Gillette.
- 57 Shades of Night (Friedland) Par-O-Ket Mixed Quartette.
- 58 In the Time of Roses (Reichardt) Soprano Solo, Louise MacMahon.
- 59 Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman" (Offenbach) Soprano and Contralto, Grace Nash and Rose Bryant.
- 60 The Last Rose of Summer, Soprano Solo by Louise MacMahon.
- 61 Silver Threads Among the Gold (Danks) Henry Burr and Quartette.
- 62 Gate O'Donohue, Tenor Solo, Albert Campbell.
- 63 Onward, Christian Soldiers (Sullivan) Vesper Mixed Quartette.
- 64 Come Thou Almighty King (Giardini) Vesper Mixed Quartette.

CONCERT NUMBERS

(Rogers' Military Band)

- 11 Prepare for Action—March (Blankenburg).
- 12 Stars and Stripes Forever—March (Souza).
- 13 Baltimore Centennial—March (Herbert).
- 14 Blaze Away—March (Holzmann).
- 15 El Capitán—March (Souza).
- 16 Under the Double Eagle—March (Wagner).
- 17 Semper Fideles—March (Souza).
- 18 Warnock—March (Caser).
- 19 Violets—Valse (Waldteufel).
- 20 La Gitana—Valse (Bucalossi).
- 21 Light Cavalry (Suppe), Overture, Part I.
- 22 Light Cavalry (Suppe), Overture, Part II.
- 23 Carmen (Bizet) Scenes, Part I.
- 24 Carmen (Bizet) Scenes, Part II.
- 25 Mikado (Sullivan) Melodies, Part I.
- 26 Mikado (Sullivan) Melodies, Part II.
- 27 American Patrol (Meacham).
- 28 National Emblem—March (Bagley).
- 29 Pictures of the North and South (Part 1) (Bendix).
- 30 Pictures of the North and South (Part 2) (Bendix).

Above is but a partial list of Par-O-Ket records. We will send you a complete list free upon request. We can furnish you with any Par-O-Ket record listed at the rate of one record for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

POPULAR SONGS

- 22 Just Before the Battle, Mother (Root) Sterling Trio, with orchestra.
- 23 Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight (Lowry) Henry Burr, tenor, with orchestra.
- 24 Calvary (Rodney) Campbell and Burr, Tenor duet, with orchestra.
- 25 Abide With Me (Lyte-Monk), Campbell and Burr, Tenor duet, with orchestra.
- 26 Nearer My God To Thee (Mason), Echo Male Quartette.
- 27 Annie Laurie (Scott), Echo Male Quartette.
- 28 Alice, Where Art Thou (Gurnsey-Ascher), Sterling Trio, with orchestra.
- 29 Where the River Shannon Flows (Russell), Henry Burr, tenor with orchestra.
- 30 The Preacher and The Bear, Arthur Collins, baritone, with orchestra.
- 31 Way Down East, Byron G. Harlan, tenor, with orchestra.
- 32 Bake Dat Chicken Pie, Collins and Harlan, with orchestra.
- 33 Moonlight in Jungle Land, Collins and Harlan, with orchestra.
- 34 Marching Through Georgia (Henry C. Work) Sterling Trio.
- 35 I'll Be Waiting in the Gloaming, Sweet Genevieve (J. Fred Helf) Campbell and Burr.
- 36 When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Sterling Trio, with orchestra.
- 37 The Palms (Faure) Henry Burr, tenor, with orchestra.
- 38 The Sunshine of Your Smile (Ray) Henry Burr, Tenor.
- 39 Aloha Oe (Queen Liliuokalani) Echo Quartette, Hawaiian Orchestra Accompaniment.

NEW AND POPULAR DANCES

(Par-o-ket Orchestra)

- 2 Blue Danube Waltz (Strauss).
- 3 Amoureuse Waltz (Berger).
- 4 The Skaters—Waltz (Waldteufel).
- 5 Sobre Las Olas—Mexican Waltz (Rosas).
- 6 Old Home Songs—Waltz (Lazie).
- 7 Dreaming—Waltz (Joyce).
- 8 King Cotton—One-Step (Souza).
- 9 New York Girl—One-Step (Katzenstein).
- 10 Southern Echoes—Fox-Trot (Morrison).
- 11 Coconut Dance—Fox-Trot (Hermann).
- 12 The World Is Mine—Waltz (Fahrbach).
- 13 Love's Confession—Waltz (Waldteufel).
- 14 Evelyn—One-Step from "Pom Pom" (Felix) Introducing "Pom Pom's Here."
- 15 Kilima Waltz, Hawaiian Guitars, Louise and Ferera.
- 16 Johnny Get a Girl—One-Step (Puck) Introducing "Hello My Sweetheart."
- 17 Red Fox Trot (Ted Barron).
- 18 Turn Back the Universe—Waltz (Bill) Introducing "Good-by, Good Luck, God Bless you."
- 19 Ukulele Blues, Hawaiian Guitars, Louise and Ferera.
- 20 The Missouri Waltz (Knight-Logan).
- 21 I'm Going to Hit the Trail—Fox-Trot (Erdman).

3 Wheel Chairs in June 418 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Only three wheel chairs in June is indeed disappointing; the more so because the present year, up to June, has been the biggest and most successful in the history of our Wheel-Chair Club. Why this sudden decline in activities and drop in results in June? Is it due to the disturbing influence of the war? Or is it the weather? Or are people too busy planting and cultivating on an unusually large scale to give their accustomed thought and time to the interests of helpless shut-in sufferers? I know the weather has been unfavorable, the spring has been late and you have had your hands full of work, but I implore you not to forget or neglect the appeals of the shut-ins for aid in procuring wheel chairs. Surely you can find time to do your "bit" as usual for them.

The three June wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures opposite their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Mrs. Martha Timberlake, Sidon, Miss., 127; Paul S. Forbes, Shawboro, N. C., 105; Mrs. Catherine Fraisure, R. R. 1, Box 18, Fort White, Fla., 93.

Mrs. Timberlake, age 79, is a helpless paralytic. She suffered a stroke of paralysis five years ago. She is a widow dependent on her two daughters, one a widow, and both in poor health. The wheel chair will be a great boon to these women.

Paul S. Forbes, age 20, is so crippled by rheumatism and hip disease that he can not walk. He has been afflicted with sickness, pain and suffering all his life; when a small boy he fell a victim to the terrible hip disease. He is dependent on his parents. He and they will be very grateful for the much needed wheel chair.

Mrs. Fraisure, age 65, suffers severely from rheumatism which has drawn one of her legs up so that she can not touch the floor with her foot. She writes me that she is confined to her room, but if she had a wheel chair she could get out and about. She is a widow and is dependent on her married daughter who has a good husband but not plentifully endowed with worldly goods.

You will find this month's Roll of Honor and the following letters of thanks interesting. Give the poor cripples a helping hand by boosting the efforts of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of charging the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVITED WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who is willing to help him or her by sending in subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Wish You Could Have Seen Her Enjoying the First Use of Her Wheel Chair

OAKWOOD, GA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: The wheel chair that we have been working to get for Miss Ann Allen came in perfect condition and very fine indeed and freight prepaid. I can't thank you enough for it. My husband and I took it to Miss Ann and put her in it and rolled her about the house and to the table where she ate her dinner which she enjoyed the better for the wheel chair which enabled her to eat with the family in comfort. I wish you could have seen her enjoyment and pleasure at the time. Miss Ann is grateful to you and I thank her thanks to all who helped to get the chair for her. The chair will be a joy to her and a great help to her sister, Miss Martha, in caring for her. I hope it will be so I can help get another wheel chair for another shut-in. Sincerely your friend, Mrs. T. A. IYER.

Sure Her Wheel Chair Will Be a Comfort to Her

EUREKA, UTAH.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: The wheel chair has come and I am much pleased with it. I am sure it will be a comfort and I shall get so much pleasure out of it. I cannot express my gratitude to you and those who helped me get it. With many thanks, I remain your grateful friend, Mrs. L. T. CARTER.

Little Cripple Girl Enjoys Her Wheel Chair

VERNON, BOX 46, CONN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair all right and was more than pleased with it. The first day I got it I had my mother put me in it and now I have got so I can get from one room to the other very handy and find great comfort in it. I can sit up straight in it, which I couldn't do when I was in bed. I don't know what I would do without it now as I can't use my legs, but I think my arms are getting stronger, and you don't know how much better I feel in the chair. I ate my supper at the table sitting in my wheel chair for the first time in four months the night my chair came. You don't know how thankful I am to you all for the chair. Thanking you all with all my heart, Yours truly, WILHELMINA MOORE.

P. S.—I wrote this just as the little girl wanted me, as her hands are not quite strong enough yet to write much. Her father, WILLIAM MOORE.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. L. A. Williams, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 68; Mrs. Carrie Baisden, Kans., for Mrs. Margaret Baisden, 18; Lear Jack, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 37; Mrs. Emma Pentecost, Miss., for Mrs. Martha Timberlake, 35; Mrs. J. F. Clepper, Texas, for Martha Louise Sullivan, 24; W. M. Holder, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 22; Nancy McBride, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 22; Lela Darter, Ark., for Leithor D. Darter, 21; Ruth Knight, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 20; Mrs. W. F. Needham, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 17; Mary J. McLean, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 17; Mrs. Lillie O. Ward, N. C., for Sallie and George Jordan, 15; Mrs. Mary Karnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 15; Veva Sherrod, Wash., for Mrs. Arabella Sherrod, 15; Mrs. C. M. Duncan, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 14; Miss Anna Pickett, Miss., for Mrs. Martha Timberlake, 12; Vithale Lee Tyson, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 10; Mrs. J. C. Kirby, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 10; Arthur W. Taylor, Ark., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. A. E. Mitchell, La., for Mollie Fay Belle Ferguson, 9; K. J. Terry, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 9; Dollie Jones, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 9; Mrs. Freddie Hallmark, Okla., for General Fund, 8; Mrs. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 8; W. L. Terry, Texas, for Mrs. E. Pearl Strong, 8; Mrs. Orilla Empey, Utah, for Community chair, 7; M. A. Williams, Ark., for Callie Williams, 7; Mrs. J. A. Criswell, Wash., for General, 6; Mrs. Richard Williams, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 6; Ann Rinchard, Mich., for General, 6; Alice Skiles, Mo., for J. B. Clayton, 6; Mrs. Mattie Anderson, Iowa, for General, 6; Mrs. Ella McPhetridge, Mo., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 5; Mrs. Tena Robish, N. Dak., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 5; Fannie Walker, Okla., for Preston Morgan, 5; Jeppie Bynum, Ala., for Max Hazel, 5; Mrs. E. Gustafson, Mich., for Mrs. Catherine Fraisure, 5; Mrs. Ed Brown, Ga., for General, 5; Mollie McNeill, N. C., for General, 5; Lela BAKER, Ark., for Leithor Darter, 5; T. J. Moxley, Ga., for Mrs. W. J. McBride, 5; Mrs. J. H. Sandusky, Okla., for Preston Morgan, 5; Mrs. J. W. Dikeman, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 5; Mrs. Alison Foust, Pa., for General, 5.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents.—Big summer seller. Water filter. Makes muddy water clear as crystal. For farm or city homes. Prevents typhoid. Sells like wildfire. Every home needs it. Write quick for territory and sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1819 North St., Dayton, O.

Remnant Store. 1519 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 333 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—To Travel By Automobile. Introducing our Big Line of fast summer sellers. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day easy. Complete outfit and automobile furnished to workers. Write at once for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 8515 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Wanted.—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

We Start You In Business. furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents sell shirts direct to consumer. We will bring sample outfit. Money back with first order. Write proposition. Nizmen Shirt Co., 4650 3d Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free samples. Nacma, 211, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted.—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office, Dept. B-28, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors.—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted Stories, articles, poems etc. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Send Mss. to Cosmos Magazine, 1278 Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.25. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

Agents Profits.—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

\$1000 Per Man Per County.—Strange invention starts world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,500 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1,300 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$4.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 306 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents Wanted.—Big money selling our Automatic Self-Sharpening Shears. M. W. Snowdon Co., 270 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Ruah Request For Free Sample "Spik & Span." Wonderful new washing tablet. Washes clothes spotless, without rubbing. Tremendous seller. 200% profit. Free samples to boost sales. Newberry, 900 Lake, Chicago.

\$2.65 For Men's Made-To-Order Pants.—worth \$5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. 671 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 3x68 Imported Rug. \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$50. K. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

Money-making Farms. 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools, and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, New York.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventors Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 1917 edition 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 233 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted.—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Wash. D. C.

HELP WANTED

\$100 Month. Government Jobs. Men and Women Wanted. List positions free. Franklin Institute. Dept. D. 8. Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

No Strike: 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, \$120. Colored Porters, Experience unnecessary. \$28 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Do You Want a sure job with big pay, easy hours and rapid advance? Write for my big free book, DW1450 which tells you how you can get a good Government position. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Be A Detective. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write O. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Paterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$50.00 Nightly.—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free For Six Months.—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 408, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

Women—Learn expert dressmaking. Dress better for half. Write for sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. D660, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting, Tatting. Send 50c for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Office, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Given To Any Woman. Beautiful 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 5 dozen packages. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Company, 730-738 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—Old False Teeth. Doesn't matter if broken. \$1 to \$15 a set. Send by parcel post. Receive check by return mail. C. Block, 717 Shukert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards. Flag Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land For You! Stop working for the other fellow! Buy the land in Michigan's best counties at \$15 to \$25 an acre. \$5 down, \$4 monthly for ten acres; larger tracts also. Gen'l farming, stock, poultry, fruit. Good schools, towns. Big booklet with 115 illustrations free. Swigart Land Co., 1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Farming Is Pleasant and profitable in Va. and N. C. Good land \$15 acre up, easy payments. Climate, schools, churches, roads and neighbors that make life worth living. Close to markets—Fruit, Dairy and Stock Farms pay big here. Farm lists, magazine and interesting literature. Address: F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

Save all odd-looking money and stamps and send only 4c for Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Circular. It may mean much profit to you. We pay cash for all rare coins, bills and stamps. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Commercialized on cash and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2001 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Write Photo-Plays.—One dollar brings our story system. Literary experience unnecessary. Start today. Photo-Play Association, 337-338 Hippodrome Theatre Bldg., Peoria, Ill.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

We Will Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct free—and sell on Commission. Big rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31, Auburn, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks for sale cheap. 10 Varieties. Hatched by one of the oldest Hatcheries in the country. Circular Free. Old Homestead Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

PHOTO FINISHING

Films developed free. High class work. perfect prints at 3 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

Will Develop any six exposure roll under 45¢ make the prints and one 8x10 enlargement for 40c. Motion Picture Products, 3238 Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC FOR SALE

Patriotic—Up to the Minute Song.—"When the Flag of Peace is Waving I'll Return." Every American needs One—Copy 25 cents. 350,000 already sold. Unlimited Success; Great Hit. Meyer Music Company, Glynn Co. Bank Bldg. Brunswick, Ga.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

All Live Advertisers use advertising movies. Writing them both profitable and pleasant. New, uncrowded field. Special 30 days offer. Set of lessons and my four textbooks, \$12. Free particulars. Ernest A. Dench, 326 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

The Famous Beau Brummel

It was Beau Brummel who was described as the "glass of fashion and the mold of form" and today there are ordinarily only two things which the famous dandy of the English court suggests. One is an arbiter of fashion, and the other the incident in which Brummel asked of a companion of the Prince of Wales: "Who is your fat friend?"

Eighty years ago Beau Brummel was still living though today the character seems little more than tradition, but he was very real, though an obscure individual without fortune or rank. However, he conceived the idea of placing himself at the head of society in a country the most thoroughly aristocratic in Europe, relying, too, upon no other weapon than a well-directed insolence for the same individual to have triumphed splendidly over the highest and the mightiest—to have maintained a contest with royalty itself and to have come off victorious even in that struggle—for such a one no ordinary faculties must have been demanded.

A paper published in 1836 recalls the fact that George Bryan Brummel's father was Lord North's secretary, that the son at Eton and later at Balliol college acquired a reputation for being a "swell dresser," and that still later he was a favorite of the Prince of Wales who was to become George IV. of Great Britain.

The familiar story of the "fat friend" immortalized in a Punch cartoon, explaining the circumstances which led up to it, has so often been told. A mutual friend had dared Brummel to give an order to Wales, who was then Prince Regent, and at a dinner the dandy said to him: "Wales ring the bell." The Prince did so, and when a servant appeared said: "Show Mr. Brummel to his carriage."

It was to repay the Regent for this public humiliation that Beau Brummel uttered his famous question the next day in the street. The Prince was growing corpulent and sensitive of the fact, so a feud between the two was launched with the remark.

Up to this point the story is not new but there are other facts which the Mirror, a publication devoted to literature and the fine arts—almost a hundred years ago gave to the world and they have not been probably published since. Beau Brummel boasted that he would put the Prince Regent out of fashion, and made his plans at once and sprang his coup at a brilliant ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire. In the Mirror's own words: "When the whole assembly were conversing upon his supposed disgrace, Brummel suddenly stood in the midst of them. Could it be indeed Brummel? Could it be mortal who thus appeared with such an encirclement of radiant glory about his neck? Every eye was upon him, fixed in stupid admiration; every tongue, as it recovered from its speechless paralysis, faltered forth with 'What a cravat!'"

And then the description of the cravat which confounded the guests at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball:

"There it stood, smooth and stiff, yet light and almost transparent; delicate as the music of Ariel, yet firm as the spirit of Regulus; bending with the grace of Apollo's locks, yet erect with the majesty of the Olympian Jove; without a wrinkle, without an indentation. What a cravat! The Prince Regent saw and shook, and uttering a faint gurgle from beneath the wadded bag which surrounded his royal thorax, he was heard to whisper with dismay: 'Damn him, what a cravat! The triumph was complete.'"

Stumped
Little Lemuel—"Say, paw, what does 'cleave' mean?"
Paw—"It means to unite or stick together."

Little Lemuel—"Then if a butcher cleaves a bone does he stick it together, paw?"

Paw—"Why—I guess in that case it does mean to separate, son."

Little Lemuel—"And when a man separates from his wife does he cleave to her, paw?"

Paw—"Young man, you go and tell your maw it's time you were in bed."

The Terrified Traveler
The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah, Ga., and Baltimore, Md., when a scantily clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage," explained the captain.

"Too late?" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, very solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."

That "Stale" Egg

Some workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found an exploded artillery shell left by gunners who had been at target practise on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke upon the boss.

The next morning one of the hands, an Irishman, came around to look for eggs, and finding, as he thought, a large one, he seized on it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with direful effect. Pat was hurled several yards away but, strangely enough, beyond lying stunned for a few minutes he was unharmed.

"Whew, boys!" he murmured, when he recovered his speech, "bedad, that egg was the staliest I ever came across!"

"Auto" Be Ashamed

A New York man was driving an automobile over one of the smooth, hard roads of New Jersey when a man suddenly appeared in the highway and held up a warning hand.

"Halt!" he exclaimed in a voice that had the ring of authority. "You are exceeding the speed limit."

"What are you talking about?" in-

dignantly cried the autoist, bringing his machine to a stop. "I wasn't going fifteen miles an hour."

"That's what they all say. You can tell your story to the justice of the peace. It's just seven miles beyond. Drive on, please."

There was no help for it, and seven miles for the autoist were slowly traversed. Finally the town came in sight.

"Much obliged to you, pard," said the man, jumping from the car and starting away. "I hated to take advantage of you, but I was so tired I couldn't walk another step."

Very Unusual

"I had an unusual experience today."

"That so? What happened?"

"I upset an ink bottle on a clean tablecloth."

"Nothing unusual about that."

"Yes, there was. The bottle was empty."

Wrong Quarry

With a wild sweep the wind tore around a corner and removed the hat from the head of a respectable and near-sighted citizen who chanced to be passing.

Peering wildly around the man thought he saw his hat in a yard, behind a high fence. Hastily climbing over, he started

to chase it, but each time he thought he had caught it it got yet another move on. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded, shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat. Whereupon the woman said, in wonder:

"Your hat? I don't know where it is, but that's our little black hen you're chasing."—Tit-Bits.

The Voice of Authority

"Well, Aunt Rachel," said the young lady in the traveling suit, "I shall have to bid you a long farewell."

"If you're going on this train, ma'am," said the conductor, signaling to the engineer to go ahead, "you'll have to make it pretty short."

The City Nephew

Willie was on a visit to his uncle in the country and was watching him milking one evening. When he returned to the house his aunt asked him: "Is Uncle Hezzie through milking yet, Willie?"

"Not yet," answered Willie. "He's finished two faucets and has just commenced on the other two."

That's Right

The teacher was asking questions. She said:

"Now, pupils, how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.

Good Advice

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead.

"What," he asked, "do we learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a

little girl came:

"Please, sir; ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."—Tit-Bits.

Had to Have Him

The artful boy applied for a job.

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the manager of the offices, standing before him, cap in hand.

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the manager, with unpleasant emphasis on the "wants."

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed.

"Nobody needs a boy," came the discouraging reply.

The boy stuck his cap on the back of his head.

"Well, then, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The manager collapsed.

"I am sorry to say that we do," he replied, "and I think you're about what we have to have."

Just a Sample

Jacky had been asked out to a "grown-up" dinner. Swelling with pride, he took his seat at the bottom of the table and looked round—slightly awestruck—at the imposing collection of aunts and uncles.

Then his attention became fixed on the ancient relative who was carving an enormous turkey, and his mouth watered as he saw the big helpings being handed round.

But the carver, who did not know much about little boys, cut off a tiny portion for Jacky.

"Is that the part of the bird you like, my little man?" he asked, as the servant handed Jacky the plate.

Jacky looked at it a moment and then handed it back.

"Yes," he said; "I'll have some of that, please."

Bereaved

A vicar in England visited a widow, 75 years old, who had six children, all of whom had married and left her. The clergyman endeavored to sympathize with her. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now."

"Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lone-some. I've brought up a large family and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em, but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."—Christian Register.

The Prince of Wales sent an emissary

to Beau Brummel to learn the secret of the wonderful creation in neckwear, and that Brummel sent back word: "Tell your master that you have seen his master."

It was not until his debts forced him to leave England and to take the obscure position of British Consul at Caen, in France, where he contracted more debts and finally died insane in 1840, that the secret of the cravat became known.

There was found, after his departure, written upon a sheet of paper upon his table, the following epigram of scorn: "Starch is the man."

The cravat of Brummel was merely starched.



The Smile That Won't Come Off

What is *her* smile worth to you? Probably nothing you could do would bring quite so much gladness into *her* life as to drive home some afternoon and say "How do you like your new car?"

It would mean *her* liberation—and a bigger, broader, healthier, happier life for the whole family.

Nothing else would make that smile so nearly *her* habitual expression.

Isn't that worth far more than it costs?

In the Willys-Overland line of motor cars is the car of her heart's desire which you can buy for her and still keep on friendly terms with your pocketbook.

It is the most complete line of motor cars ever built by any one producer.

And there is a distinct advantage for you in many types built by one producer.

Our total production of motor cars is huge—second only to one

other producer of very much smaller cars.

This huge production enables us to distribute costs over a larger number of cars and to produce every type of car with virtually the same proportionate saving as though our entire production was centered on the one model of your selection.

And so you now can have virtually any kind of car you want at a lower price for the value offered than any other producer can deliver.

Look over the Willys-Overland line—you can discern this excess value with half an eye—and you have a wide range of selection.

And after you have made your selection you have the satisfaction of knowing that *back of your car you have a company that stands four square for integrity of value in its product throughout the whole of its life in your service.*

See the Willys-Overland dealer and make your selection now so that *she* may begin without delay to wear "the smile that won't come off."

Willys-Knights

Seven Passenger Four, Touring, 121 inch wheelbase
Seven Passenger Eight, Touring, 126 inch wheelbase
Four Passenger Four, Coupe, 114 inch wheelbase
Seven Passenger Four, Touring-Sedan, 121 inch wheelbase
Seven Passenger Four Limousine, 121 inch wheelbase

Light Sixes

Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 116 inch wheelbase
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 116 inch wheelbase

Light Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 106 inch wheelbase
Two Passenger Roadster, 104 inch wheelbase
Four Passenger Sport Model, 104 inch wheelbase

Model 85 Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 112 inch wheelbase
Three Passenger Roadster, 112 inch wheelbase
Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 112 inch wheelbase
Four Passenger Touring-Sedan, 112 inch wheelbase

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 912

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons